

James Chadwick, Down To The Ground Blues

Looking for a soul just strollin' down the highway where 61 meets 49,
All the while I was looking for the devil's but the devil was looking for mine.
Strumming my guitar feel the spark like moonshine whiskey in may.
I'm a steady rolling girl with a best Sunday dress still nothing's gonna come my way.

So tell New York I'm coming
I'm gonna quit this crazy town
Had dirt on my clothes too long
Now nothing's gonna drag me down
Down to the ground.

Daddy's little girl with a string of shining pearls like a rope around her neck,
She works her fingers to the bone just to get home to her starlight hotel bed.
Well I could waste my life in the same old place but it's bringing me misery.
Well you'd better watch out 'cause I won't slow down and you're not gonna come with me.

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Now nothing's gonna drag me down
Down to the ground.

I'm not like the others
But I'm no different
I'm just gonna get out of here

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