

James Taylor, Copperline

(Price/Taylor)

Even the old folks never knew why they call it like they do.
I was wondering since the age of two, down on Copperline.
Copper head, copper beech, copper kettles sitting side by each.
Copper coil, cup o'Georgia peach, down on Copperline.
Half a mile down to Morgan Creek, leaning heavy on the end of the week.
Hercules and a hog-nosed snake, down on Copperline we were down on Copperline.

One Summer night on the Copperline, slip away past supper time.
Wood smoke and new moonshine, down on Copperline.
One time I saw my daddy dance, watched him moving like a man in a trance.
He bought it back from the war in France, down onto Copperline.
Branch water and tomato wine, creosote and turpentine,
sour mash and new moon shine, down on Copperline, down on Copperline.

First kiss ever I took, like a page from a romance book,
the sky opened and the earth shook, down on Copperline, down on Copperline.
Took a fall from a windy height, I only knew how to hold on tight
and pray for love enough to last all night, down on Copperline.
Day breaks and the boys wakes up and the dog barks and the birds sings
and the sap rises and the angels sigh, yeah.

I tried to go back, as if I could, all spec house and plywood.
Tore up and tore up good down on Copperline.
It doesn't come as a surprise to me, it doesn't touch my memory
and I'm lifting up and rising free down on over Copperline.
Half a mile down to Morgan Creek, I'm only living for the end of the week.
Hercules and a hog-nosed snake, down on Copperline, yeah, take me down on Copperline.
Oh, down on Copperline, take me down on Copperline.