

James Taylor, Woh, Don't You Know

Talking bout Jumping Jim, talking bout Mud Slide Slim.
Don't you know that a fish got to swim, don't a goose got to fly high?
Little dog got to die and I'm going home.
Woh, don't you know. Woh, don't you know.

Talking bout a life on the street, gonna think about an itch in my feet.
Can't you hand me down them highway shoes?
Lord knows I'm talking 'bout the walking blues,
got the rocking pneumonia blues and I'm headed home, bye-bye.
Woh, don't you know. Woh, don't you know

Listen here now, don't you come round talking bout over yonder, listen,
bound to wake up the walking man in me and I'm bound to wandering, hey now,
talking all about spooning into bone, looking just like Sherlock Holmes.
Looking for a needle in a haystack, seeing and eating lots of fatback,
hey, talking bout a railroad track and I'm going home, bye-bye.
Woh, don't you know. Woh, don't you know.
Woh, who, don't you know. You oughta know, you oughta know, you oughta know.
You oughta know like a fish in the stream, oughta know like a leaf on the tree.
Oughta know like a boat in the sea.