

John Fogerty, A Hundred And Ten In The Shade

Way out there in the cotton
Sun beatin' down so hard
Sweat rollin' of this shovel
Diggin' in the devil's boneyard
Sure like a cool drink of water
Soft rag to soothe my face
Sure like a woman to talk to in this place

It's a hundred and ten
Hundred and ten in the shade
Goin' way down
Mama won't you carry me

Handle so hot I can't stand it
Might shrivel up and blow away
Noonday sun make you crazy
Least, that's what the old men say

Bottom land hard as a gravestone
Couldn't cut it with an axe
Gonna lay me down right here
And that's a fact

It's a hundred and ten
Hundred and ten in the shade
Goin' way down
Mama won't you carry me

Sometimes late in the evenin'
Everything is quiet and still
I set here and think about leavin'
Lord, I guess I never will
Heartache down in that city
Bright light scares me anyway
Sure like a woman to talk in this place

It's a hundred and ten
Hundred and ten in the shade
Goin' way down
Mama won't you carry me