

# Page & Plant, Walking Into Clarksdale

When I was born I was running  
As my feet hit the ground  
Before I could walk I was humming  
An old railroad sound

Things didn't get much better  
When by the age of five  
They found me walking into Clarksdale  
Trying to keep my friends alive

No time for celebration  
There was no known cure  
Seems I was born and raised  
In the wrong killing floor

And my loved ones gathered 'round  
See if the experiment had worked  
I was misplaced, out of time  
Privileged and worse

Oh, mama please  
Don't cry for me  
Tears to the river  
Tears to be free

Now I see twelve white horses, yeah  
Walking in a line  
Moving east across the metal  
Bridge on highway 49

And standing in the shadows  
Of a burnt out motel  
The king of Commerce Mississippi waited  
With his hound from hell, oh

A shiny noon riverboat taking  
Income from the poor  
It's floating by the levee in  
An artificial pool

There's a six mile tailback  
Back on junction 304  
A stranger at the crossroads  
Believe I've seen his face before

Don't cry for me  
Tears fill the river  
Tears to be free

Oh, I'm sad to be leaving  
The sun is going down and I really got to go now  
I'm sad to be leaving  
The sun's going down, I really got to go now  
Really got to go now, ah

I gotta go  
I've got to move  
I've got to move, yeah, ah

I'm sad to be leaving  
Sun's going down and I really got to go now  
I'm sad to be leaving  
The sun's going down and I really got to go now  
I really got to go now, oh ooh

I'm sad to be leaving  
Sun's going down and I really got to go now  
I'm sad to be leaving  
The sun's going down and I really got to go now

Really got to go now, yeah  
Oh, gotta go now, yes  
Yes, gotta go now  
Yeah