

The Allman Brothers Band, Long Time Gone

Out on the lonesome highway
Suitcase and an old guitar
Just outside Oklahoma City
In a place called Johnny's Roadside Bar
Having fun
Son of a gun
I ain't fit to be tied
I'm on my way back to Georgia
Won't you give me a ride

Sometimes it at easy
When you don't have much to spare
Traveling light
Lord, counting on my fifth
But the little bit hear and there
She's got the prettiest big brown eyes
When she's satisfied
But I'm on way back to Georgia, boys
Won't you give me a ride

I'm a long time gone
On my way back home, Lord
Long time gone, gone

[solo]

I'm a long time gone
On my way back home, Lord
Long time gone, gone

I'm a long time gone
On my way back home, Lord
Long time gone, gone