

The Band, Rockin' Chair

Hang around, Willie Boy,
Don't you raise the sails anymore.
It's for sure, I've spent my whole life at sea
And I'm pushin' age seventy three;
Now there's only one place that was meant for me:

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginy,
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie.
We're gonna soothe away the rest of our years,
We're gonna put away all of our tears,
That big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.

Slow down, Willie Boy,
Your heart's gonna give right out on you
It's true, and I believe I know what we should do.
Turn the stern and point to shore,
The seven seas won't carry us no more.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginy,
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie.
I can't wait to sniff that air,
Dip'n snuff, I won't have no care,
That big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.

Hear the sound, Willie Boy,
The Flyin' Dutchman's on the reef.
It's my belief
We've used up all our time,
This hill's too steep to climb,
And the days that remain ain't worth a dime.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginy,
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie.
Would-a-been nice just t'see the folks,
listen once again to the stale jokes,
That big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.

I can hear something calling on me
And you know where I wanna be
Oh Willie, can't you hear that sound
Down In Old Virginy
I just wanna get my feet back on the ground
Down In Old Virginy
And I'd love to see my very best friend
They call him Ragtime Willie
I believe old Rockin' Chair's got me