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Take me back to Carolina

Take me back to Carolina on a busman's holiday
where the apples in the orchard sway
waiting to be plucked and peaches are in the tree
sugar in the shortcake and butter in the creamery
catfishin' and guitar pickin'

Sounds like the good life to me

Point me in the right direction and send me home
away from the urban chaos and the car-burglar alarms
Sometimes it's best to resist the temptation
It's easy to end up in a change of direction
always when someone's married there's eventually a need - a necessity to confess
the sins of Saturday night's pillows
under the canopy of Spanish willows
laid to rest

Recreation is sweeping the nation
hopping in bed with a fantasy is the latest remedy to our fancy maladies
maybe it's all a question of animal chemistry
some men grow corn some men grow roses
some men just grow old and grey like me

Ambassadors of the Lord ride in the back of Mercedes sedans
spreading the gospel of the day practicing devotion
earning their money and pinky rings of diamonds surfacing emotions
three days at home and four days away

Take me back to Carolina on a busman's holiday
catfishin' and guitar pickin' where the air is soft with dogwood perfume
and the muslin of southern cotton looms
life is plain and easy once again

the apache kid

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