

Fare Thee Well, Carolina Gals

Robbie Fulks

Those loose slim gals with swingery feet down at the airport side of Franklin Street
I've been wathing them in a not quite innocent way
I'm looking at them this evening Thinking about the plans I put on hold
While the town got smaller and the days unrolled
Now there ain't but two stories told and this one's about leaving Well I remember Katy then Rosalie
I was pressing my luck when I tried for three
Some shrink from a shamefull deed
Me I'd do it gladly If I hand you a line you know that's true
If I give you a couple then it's yours to choose
One story from a total of two has got a good chance to end badly
So fare thee well Carolina gals
I'm going where you can't find me
There'll be trouble in the days to come
And a lot more fools behind me Well I was just a lad about yay tall
Sniffing that glue when the north gate mall
Down where the anchorman say you all
And kindness is a show for strangers All them b school boys and old hippie men
Sweating in the sun to no clear end
I made a medium to poor boyfriend
And a pretty good house painter So fare thee well Carolina gals
I'm going where you can't find me
There'll be trouble in the days to come
And a lot more fools behind me
From his home dance heart couldn't be hume
Like a simple phrase in a well made tune
The stack-a-lee sound good on the moon
You don't need a king chair and a hound dog He'd sing the blues I just smiled
I was such a calm and settled child
Thanking the Lord never dreaming the while
He was laying out my downfall So with my hair in my eyes and my chest out-swelled
I stood on her porch and I buzzed the bell
Peaking round the blind and knowing full well
That her folks was gone to Boston And they mean quiet when they say lights out
But that was love making and it made me shout
Daddy would have come home fast no doubt
If he knew what the weekend had cost him So fare thee well Carolina gals
I'm going where you can't find me
There'll be trouble in the days to come
And a lot more fools behind me Now if a cruel word escapes my mind

Don't worry baby it's just the wine
On second thought it's not the wine
It's just me talking We mend poor at our problems
Like we think that they're unique
They cheer when they're baby starts to speak
Ought to give them a prize for stopping Baby don't you be too surprised
If I catch you in the farm after your mama dies
Get a Cadillac and just ride
Where the Pacific meets the bumper Stop looking at me like I've lost a screw
Like things had to lead where they led to
With the house have gone to codzoo
I'd be lucky to get a clunker By luck I landed in the upper south
By God I gotta make my own way out
I should have read the signs by now
I should have heard the locusts buzzing For old Tommy Thompson's dead and gone
And I've been feeling not so strong
Chapel Hill hasn't done me wrong
It was fine until it wasn't So fare thee well Carolina gals
I'm going where you can't find me
There'll be trouble in the days to come
And a lot more fools behind me Fare thee well Carolina gals
I'm going where you can't find me
There'll be trouble in the days to come
And a lot more fools behind me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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