Atlanta Moan

Barbecue Bob

Lord nobody knows Atlanta like I do,
Lord nobody knows Atlanta like I do.
But the reason I know it,
I traveled it through and through.Have you got a good woman,
heres a lesson I give to you.
Lord you got a woman,
Lesson i give to you.
Dont take her to Atlanta,
the mens 'll take her away from you.Lord im taking my woman,
tied me to the board.
Lord im taking my woman,
tied me to the board.
Thats the reason why you hear me cry and moan.
Ive taken one woman,
Believe me I am through.
Lord ive taken one woman,
Believe me I am through.
Just for what you do Im coming home for you.Oh dont you hear that steep old whistle blow,
Oh dont you hear that steep old whistle blow.
And it blows just like it never blowed before.Thats alright baby,
how you run around.
Lord thats alright baby,
how you run around.
But you outta say sorry,
when bob gets back to town.
If you take my woman,
I wont get mad with you.
oh if you take my woman,
I wont get mad with you.
If you take her from me sombody should take her from you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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