

Lawrence, KS

Richard Shindell

Dirt roads and dryland farming might be the death of me
But I can't leave this world behind
My debts are not like prisons where there's hope of getting free
And I can't leave this world behind I've been from here to Lawrence, Kansas
Trying to leave my state of mind
Trying to leave this awful sadness
But I can't leave this world behind South of Delia there's a patch out back by the willow trees
And I can't leave this world behind
It's a fenced-in piece of nothin' where I hear voices on my knees
And I can't leave this world behind Some prophecies are self-fulfilling
I've had to work for all of mine
Better times will come to me, God-willing
Cause I can't leave this world behind This world must be frightening, everybody's on the run
And I can't leave this world behind
My house is a wooden one and it's built on a wooden one
Seems I can't leave this world behind Preacher says that when the master calls us
He's gonna give us wings to fly
My wings are made of hay and corn husks
So I can't leave this world behind

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