

Down in the Hollow

Leftover Salmon

went down in the hollow
where the wild redbills fly
and the oaks and the sycamores
reach up to the sky
the old river was
clear outta sight
back to a time
on a cold southern nightway up in the hills
in the woods dark and deep
the light and the shadows
silently creep
the owl and the whippoorwill
called out through the mist
and the call of the moonlight
and the will of the winds if I could return
to the days of my youth and the time that I spent
in those Tennessee woods
seems like just yesterday
but it was so long ago
how the time slips away
so much more than we know
went down in the hollow
where the wild redbills fly
and the oaks and the sycamores
reach up to the sky
the old river was
clear out of sight
back to a time
on a cold southern night
went back to a time
on a cold southern night

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

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