American Hotel

Tom Russell

Stephen sprawled across the bed,
Raised the bottle to his mouth.
Pictures danced inside his head,
Gentle breezes from the south,
Cotton fields with voices ringin' low,
Old Black Joe.And here's to one tender and fair
Jeannie with the light brown hair
Raised a banjo to her knee,
Sang a lovely melody.
Weep no more, my lady; shed your care.
I'll be there.
And the Swanee River runs outside the door,
And the whiskey bottles gather on the floor,
And the camp-town ladies stop and ring the bell
Of the American Hotel.He wrote a song for ev'ryone,
Lifted hearts throughout the land.
Now his world's an empty one,
A broken dream and a tremblin' hand,
Sad and weary ev'rywhere he'd roam,
Kentucky home.
And the Swanee River runs outside the door,
And the whiskey bottles gather on the floor,
And the camp-town ladies stop and ring the bell
Of the American Hotel.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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