

Down to the Well

Hard Working Americans

some mud covered dogs guarding shotgun shacks
a red door on a green cadillac
hot wind blowing smoke through a graveyard street
a face I recognize staring right through me[chorus]
ain't going down to the well no more
believe I've had my fill
I worked that ground 'til I done got sore
ain't going back down to the wellI played that dive twenty-some odd years
through the faith and whiskey, you face your fears
I remember the night you broke down to the core
you threw a black stratocaster through a plate glass door[chorus][chorus]see that woman in the corner, brother
she knows
every inch my body, every mile of my soul
we used to shake them on down to the blazing day
what's she doing here tonight watching me that way?[chorus], repeat

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