

Delta Dreams

Martin Simpson

We drove North from New Orleans
In a '55 Bel Air
Music on the bench seat,
Expectation in the air
There's room for a man to wear his hat
In this church of red and cream
And we are pilgrims of purpose,
Driving in this dream

[Chorus]
"Is that a '55, man?"
"I used to drive a '55..."
"What you got under the hood, man? "
"She makes me feel alive"

Live oaks draped with Spanish moss
Like rags of shawls and ball gowns
Shade the shame-faced dowagers
Along the river road
And on the bluffs at Vicksburg
The big guns still guard the river
Menacing the barges
As they haul their heavy load

[Chorus]
Outside the closed down undertakers
Two Lincoln hearses stand there
Rusting and a peeling
In the unforgiving air
The church where Sonny Boy lies buried
Burned down to the ground
The crucifix of rusty nails
And ashes there I found

There's no panther in the canebreak
No devil at the crossroads
But here's a '57 Cadillac
And it's tearing down the road
It's Birdbreath and his buddies

They're coming from Chicago
They got a fifth of whiskey
They got a hundred miles to go
They are barrelling from the West Side
To the Gulf of Mexico

[Chorus]

Oh the young people they left here
For the steel mills and assembly lines
The marshalling yards and the killing floor

Many years ago
But the cities they are dying
And the industries are wasted
And there sure is no good reason
To come back here any more

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

Lyrics submitted by HF.

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