Hurry On Now

Alice Russell

Now my road has turned to tracks,
Stones to pebbles, see them roll away.
My wandering troubles need not break my back,
Mmm, sorrow is the price I pay.
I sing my sorrows to the morning; I speak them to the night.
You best believe I? ll keep singing until I make my wrongs so right.
Devil said, a pity for your troubles to take your tired old soul?
So you know you got to go.
Hurry, to catch the morning.
You got to hurry on now,
In the night.
I would heed my sorrow.
And it knows, won? t be long now?
Hurry.
Now with blind hands, I crawl this lonely place,
As my dry tears fall and roll away.
I can? t see troubles as they dance behind my back,
Ooo, sorrow is my soul to slay.
He stole my sorrows from the morning; he ripped them from the night.
And you best believe I? ll keep singing to make my wrongs so right.
Devil took a pity of my troubles; he holds my tired old soul
So I know I got to go?
Hurry, to catch the morning.
I got to hurry on now,
In the night.
I would heed my sorrow.
Now I know, won? t be long now?
Hurry.

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