

In Memory of Elizabeth Cotton

Firehose

I was sitting around the other day tapping my feet
A publication came to my door
Said you'd died and gone to sleep
But I couldn't shed a tear, I never knew you well
But I'm missing you just the same
Libba please rest easy down on Chestnut Street
â€˜cause I'm hearing that old freight train, sounds like â€œooh-oohâ€•
Now I am sitting around this very night
I'm listening and it makes me grin
Libba please rest easy down on Chestnut Street
â€˜cause I'm hearing that old freight train
I know he let you in, â€œooh-oohâ€•

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