# Love Song For Bobby Long

## Grayson Capps

Brewton Alabama at The Colonial Inn
Hot day old orange juice and vodka on the night stand
There's a Chevy Nova with the seat burned out the back
From a Winston cigarette that was thumped into the window
Bobby Long was like Zorba the Greek
Side-tracked by the scent of a woman
Could've been an actor on the movie screen
Stayed in Alabama just a dreamer of dreams
He played football against W.S.Neil
Should've seen him running down the field
I grow old I grow old. I wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled

It's a love song for Bobby Long
A love song for Bobby Long

He was a handsome man he had Cherokee cheekbones
A fair haired boy where did he go wrong
He chose the road less traveled made all the difference
Now he's chastised criticized he don't make no sense
Brewton called him crazy said Bobby Long was nothing but a drunk
But all the thoughts in his head was way passed anything they done thunk

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But don't get me wrong Bobby Long wasn't no good
He'd drag you down if he thought he could
Well he would drag you down
The road I ride will be the death of me
Won't you come along stay
The road I ride is gonna set me free
It's gonna take me home
He was a friend of my papa's
He used to drink and tell lies
Praised Flannery O'Connors
Smoked cigarettes and philosophized
So here I am at The Colonial Inn
Me and Captain Long and my pretty girl-friend
Oh he charms her with a poem
Then he brakes down and cries

Smiles a crooked smile with his broken cheek-bone side
Tells about his life now he's 63
He looks me in the eyes and says come and go with me
He could walk on water walk on water
But you know he drowned himself in wine
God and the devil, God and the devil
God and the devil along inside his mind

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Lyrics submitted by sartorato.

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