

Mobile Line (France Blues)

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

Well, hey, mama, now did you ever go down on
Down on the Mobile Line

Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa, papa
Holler 'bout the Mobile Line

Well, it's a road to ride to ease your troublin' mindWell, I got a letter now, this is the way it read
Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa papa
Holler 'bout the way it read

Said come home, baby, because your lover is deadWell, I ran out and I hopped out on the road
Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa, papa
Holler 'bout on the road

When I got there she was laying on a coolin' boardNow when I die, mama, don't you bury papa at all
Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa, papa
Holler 'bout your papa at all

Just throw my bones down in some alcoholNow when I die, mama, put my picture in a frame
Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa, papa
Holler 'bout a picture in a frame

Hang it up on the mantle, you can see me just the sameAnd when I die I think I'm gonna stop by France
Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa, papa
Holler 'bout a stop by France

I'm gonna stop by France just to give all the women a chanceWell, hey mama, now did you ever go down on
Down on the Mobile Line
Hey lordy, mama, mama, hey lordy, papa, papa
Holler bout the Mobile LineWell, it's a road to ride to ease your troublin' mind
Well, it's a road to ride to ease your troublin' mind

Songwriters
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