

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' mind Well, 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 dead Well, 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' board Now 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 alcohol Now 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 same And 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 chance 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' mind
Well, it's a road to ride to ease your troublin' mind

Songwriters

Gilmore Jimmie Dale Published by

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