Canaan

Black Dub

Yeah, yeah, I went walking on the avenue
Listen to low riders who may, yeah, listen to you
And my footsteps tangle with perfumeAnd the sound of lovemaking
Coming out of some room
And the Indians singHow far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?
How far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?There's a woman leaning on the corner
She waits for her gambler
Yeah, dressing babies up in cotton
On the front seat of her ramblerLow down
While she says that she remembers, yeah, mmm
Of a prayer that mama used to sing
Yeah, and the battered wife singHow far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?
How far am I from joy, from joy?How far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?
How far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?How far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?
How far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy?How far am I from Canaan?
How far am I from joy, from joy, from joy?

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