

# Lawrence, Ks (acoustic)

[Josh Ritter](#)

Dirt roads and dryland farming might be the death of me  
But I can't leave this world behind  
Debts are not like prison where there's hope of getting free  
And I can't leave this world behind I've been from here to Lawrence, Kansas  
Trying to leave my state of mind  
Trying to leave this awful sadness  
But I can't leave this world behind South of Delia there's a patch out back by the willow trees  
And I can't leave this world behind  
It's a fenced in piece of nothing where I hear voices on my knees  
And I can't leave this world behind Some prophecies are self-fulfilling  
But I've had to work for all of mine  
Better times will come to me, God willing  
Cause I can't leave this world behind This world must be frightening everybody's on the run  
And I can't leave this world behind  
And my house is a wooden one and its built on a wooden one  
Seems I can't leave this world behind Preacher says when the Master calls us  
He's gonna give us wings to fly  
But my wings are made of hay and corn husks  
So I can't leave this world behind

Songwriters

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