Bob Away My Blues

Clint Black

Well I'm goin' down to the river
I've got a cane pole in my hand
I've got my red worms in a
Maxwell House coffee canI'm gonna sit under a shade tree
On a river bank where it's cool
I'm gonna close my eyes and dream
And let that cork bob away my bluesWell I'd wake up every mornin'
I'd pick peaches all day
And on Saturday nights we'll have a dance or two
We might waller in the hayNow the only thing that ever whipped my Pa
Was this bad dude called old age
And his last years was his best years
And this is what he had to sayHe said,"Boy I've worked this dirt all my life
But things ain't been good for a while
Why don't you move to the city make a little money?
You might be the first one in the family
Ever to die with a smile"I took his advice, things goin' well
But my friends are far and few
But whoever said a city boy can't have the country blues
Whoever said a city boy can't have the country blues
Whoever said a city boy can't have the country bluesWell Honey they ain't talked
To me and you

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