

# Tobacco Road

Eric Burdon

Oh, I was born in a dump  
My mama died, daddy got drunk  
He left me here to die or grow  
In the middle of Tobacco Road

I grew up in a rusty shack  
And all I owned was hangin' on my back  
The Lord knows how I loathe  
This place called, Tobacco Road

But it's home, it's really my home  
The only life I'll ever know  
But the Lord knows I loathe  
Tobacco Road

I'm gonna leave and get a job  
With the help and the grace of God  
I save my money, get rich I know  
Bring it back to Tobacco Road

Well, well, well  
Gonna bring me some dynamite, gonna bring me a crane  
Got to blow you up, got to tear you down, start all over again  
I'll rebuild the town, I'll be proud to show  
And keep the name of Tobacco Road

But it's home, it's home  
The only life that I've ever known  
I despise you 'cause you're filthy  
But I love you because you're my home

Tobacco Road, Tobacco Road  
Tobacco Road, Tobacco Road  
Say you're dirty and filthy  
I despise, I despise you 'cause you're filthy  
But I love you because you're my home

Tobacco Road, road  
Talkin' about a dirty, funky, filthy low down place  
Tobacco Road, well, you're so dirty and filthy

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