Jonah

Matthews' Southern Comfort

Half an hour would change your strings and tuned up
Sizing the room up, checkin' the bar
Local girl's unspoken conversation
Misinformation plays guitar
They say, "Jonah, he was swallowed by a whale"
But I say, "There's no truth to that tale"
I know Jonah, he was swallowed by a song
No one gives their dreams away too lightly
They hold them tightly warm against cold
One more year of traveling 'round this circuit

Then you can work it into gold
They say, "Jonah, he was swallowed by a whale", hmm
But I say, "There's no truth to that tale"
I know Jonah, he was swallowed by a song
Here's to all the boys who came along
Carrying soft guitars in cardboard cases all night long
An' do you wonder where those boys have gone?
Do you wonder where those boys have gone?

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