

# Pile of Woe

Laura Cantrell

Come on baby stop your cryin'  
You know you shouldn't bother so  
Didn't your momma ever tell you  
This world's a pile of woe What's been born is busy dyin'  
Our fortunes with the four winds blow  
Don't dread the night, don't fear the morrow  
Don't let this bed of sorrow grow You're the green light in the deep wood and it's drifting autumn view  
Please don't take my comfort and go  
Let's break it down together, and turn it over slow  
Ploughin' this pile of woe  
Oh, flowers in the green fields  
Purple yellow white and blue  
Wicked, we're forever thieving  
And weeping willows crying too  
You know some mother lost her daughter  
Some brother lost his guiding light  
Who hears the silent shadows wailing  
In the hollow of the night But if you hear a sweet song on a bright afternoon  
And meet me at the head of a road  
We'll sing it shade to shade all up and down the tune  
Ploughing this pile of woe  
Pile of woe, this whole world's a mess of trouble But now I'm looking out for rain with every grain of hope I sow  
Ploughing this pile of woe  
They say that we two are too different  
You're a jewel and I'm a thief  
But a thief takes for the taking  
And darling I want you to keep  
They say we don't have any money  
But what we got's what they don't know  
I'd better ease this rock of ages  
And let sweet silver waters flow And if King Solomon can marry the pharaoh's daughter  
Why can't I be with you that I love so  
Take my hand upon the sand and walk beside the waters  
Washing this pile of woe Pile of woe, this whole world's a mess of trouble But now I'm looking out for rain with  
every grain of hope I sow  
Ploughing this pile of woe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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