Pan Bowl

Sturgill Simpson

I'd give anything to go back
Days I was young.
All the way back to Pan Bowl
I sit down on the lakebed
Stare at the sun.
Then I'd walk out in the water
Let it cleanse my soul.
Spend my days up on quicksand
There I would play.
Wild as a rattlesnake
Right from the start.
I'd push August in
Swing all day.
Well she was the first girl that ever broke my heart.Miss the days when this old life
Free from all the pain and strife.
And all the sorrow it has brung.
I'd give anything to go
All the way back to Pan Bowl.
All the way back to days when I was young.Spend my summers hearing stories
Bout the one that got away.
On a dock down at Watt's bar
Every 4th of July.
Uncle Everett was the coolest.
Never had a word to say.
When he died was the only time
I ever seen papaw cry.
Every Sunday we'd go visit
My great-grandma Mary Ann.
Lord I cry just thinking
About how good she was to me.
My great-grandad Eli
Was a coal-mining man.
Not a tooth in his head
But his eyes held the sea.Miss the days when this old life
Was free from my old pain and strife.
And all the sorrow it has brung.
I'd give anything to go
All the way back to Pan Bowl.
All the way back to days when I was young.I'd climb up on high-tops

Stare as far as I could see.
At the one and only home
My heart has ever known.

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