

Walking Into Clarksdale

Robert Plant

When I was born I was running
As my feet hit the ground
Before I could talk I was humming
An old railroad sound
Things didn't get much better
When by the age of five
They found me walking into Clarksdale
Trying to keep my friends alive
No time for celebration
Now there's no known cure
Seeing I was born and raised
On the wrong killing floor
And my loved ones gathered round
To see the experiment at work
I was misplaced out of time
Never rich - never worse
Oh momma, please don't cry for me
Tears to the river - tears to be free
And I see twelve white horses walking in line
Moving east across the metal bridge
On highway forty-nine

And standing in the shadows of a burnt out motel
The King of Commerce Mississippia waited with his hound from hell
A shiny neon riverboat taking income from the poor
It's floating by the levee in an artifical pool
There's a six-mile tailback back out of junction 304
A stranger at the crossroads
I believe I'd seen his face before
Oh, don't cry for me
Tears fill the river - tears to be free
I'm sad to be leaving
The sun's gone down and I've really got to go now
Sad to be leaving
The sun's gone down - I've really got to go now
Yeah, really got to go now
I've got to go - I've got to move
Sad to be leaving
Sun's gone down - I've really got to go now

Sad to be leaving
The sun's gone down and I've really got to go now
Yeah, really got to go now

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