Natchez Trace

BÃ©la Fleck

Oh, ho, he rode into Virginia
Rollin' thunder, ridin' high
I was servin' table
Waitin' for that rideMy arms around his body
Well, we rode a thousand miles
He taught me how to love
He taught me how to fly, oh, ho, myHungry together, racin' the weather
Into the Natchez Trace
Warmin' and feedin' him
All the way to Cumberland, oh, ho, yesAnd I had his child in Memphis
And we watched him ride away
And now you know what a girl like me is doin' here today
I'm sorry mister, you can't stayHungry together, racin' the weather
Into the Natchez Trace
Warmin' and feedin' him
All the way to Cumberland, oh, ho, yesAnd when the piper gets to play, somebody's got to pay
And now you know what a girl like me is doin' here today
Oh, I'm sorry mister, you can't stay
I'm sorry mister, you can't stayHungry together, racin' the weather
Into the Natchez Trace
Warmin' and feedin' him
All the way to Cumberland, ohWhen the piper gets to play, somebody's got to pay
And now you know what a girl like me is doin' here today
Oh, I'm sorry mister, you can't stay
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay, oh hoSorry mister, you can't stay
Sorry mister, you can't stay, no
Sorry mister, you can't stay, oh, ho, ho, ho
Sorry mister, you can't staySorry mister, you can't stay, no
Sorry mister, you can't stay, oh
Sorry mister, sorry mister

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