

# Asheville

## Richard McGraw

Oh brother what have you done,  
grown your hair in the sun?  
You left your mother, your hometown scene  
for some crazy dream. You left your will in Asheville,  
now you're coming back home  
to the place where Gods grace  
goes gleefully unknown. Did all them trees and starry nights  
cure what can't get better,  
your hungry heart, your uncertainty  
and tell me, did you forget her? Your brother is ill, that's nothing new,  
now you're coming back home.  
Your mother's here, your deepest fear  
come on, come on back home.  
You took a man from Gods plan  
and now you're coming back home.  
If God where here to see you steer  
would he grab that fucking wheel?

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