

Gravel Road

William Elliott Whitmore

I'm going down that gravel
Gonna take the right hand road
I'm going down that gravel
Gonna take the right hand road
And I ain't stopping till my baby's home
That girl I'm loving got great long curly hair
That girl I'm loving got great long curly hair
But her mother and her father sure don't want me there
I got to study some scheme
Lord, get my baby back to herself
I got to study some scheme

Lord, get my baby back to herself
Lord, I love that woman and I don't want nobody else
I looked down that road just as far as I could see
There was a bunch of women and they be following me
The brook run into the ocean
The ocean run into that deep blue sea
The brook run into the ocean
The river run into that deep blue sea
You ought to have seen them women
Lord, they be fishing after me

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