Sinkin' Low

Joe Purdy

I'm sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been high and low, faces on these stone walls, who know where she goes? But I know that she's gone.
Her skin is dark and softer than a baby, and when she sings to me, her voice is sweet as candy. And her lips are rosey red, and sweet as cherry wine. Her eyes are green and blue, they can't make up their mind.
Been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been high and low, faces on these stone walls, who know where she goes? But I know that she's gone.
Went down to the station. I thought that I would find you with your suitcase on the ground I knew I was right behind you. Yeah, and as the train doors closed, I saw you through the window. You watched me as I waved and the train took you away.
I've been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been high and low, faces on these stone walls, who know where she goes? But I know that she's gone.
I know that she's gone.
I Saw that building burn down when I got to your front lawn, I thought that you'd be here, yeah but you'd already gone. And I went down to the river, you hid under the water, and then you held your breathe, yeah and then you disappeared.
I've been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been sinkin' low, and I can't find my baby. I've been high and low, faces on these stone walls, who know where she goes? I don't know where she goes.

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