

Gone To Carolina

Shooter Jennings

Every time I think I smell that sweet southern rain
It takes me to a station on the long black train
I wanna hear the wind blow and feel the earth move below me
Despite of all the good times, I gotta rest my soul So I'm gone, yes, I'm gone
Gone to Carolina, where I know that I belong
Yes, I'm gone, yes, I'm gone
Gone to Carolina, where I know I have a home Every time I think I see your face in a crowd
It's like a bell inside of me and it's ringin' out loud
I've been so high for so long, there's nothing tried nor true
I'm thinking bout coming down, to lay a little on you And I'm gone, yes, I'm gone
Gone to Carolina, where I know that I belong
Yes, I'm gone, yes, I'm gone
Gone to Carolina, where I know, I have a home
Take me home

Songwriters

JENNINGS, WAYLON ALBRIGHT Published by

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