

# Ball and Chain

Anthony Hamilton

Mmmmmmm mmmmmmm  
Ohhhh ooohhh yea  
Sitting here thinking  
Damn I'm getting a little older  
Trying to find some piece of mind  
Take the weight of the world off my shoulders  
Mmmm got me driving down the highway  
Trying to make it through each and every day  
Fade to black n all poverty  
Take a truck and move my people down south with me

Trade my ball and chain in for a ticket  
On a one way trip into Georgia  
Big smiles, apple pies, my people, and blue skies  
Tomatoes grow where I can pick em'  
On an open highway through Georgia  
Green grass, tear stains, shadow dancing in the pouring rain

Sitting here looking in the mirror  
Damn it's getting a little clearer  
If I could paint a perfect picture  
Would u dare take it wit ya, take it wit ya, take it wit ya  
Picture us whistling while fishing  
Picture us dancing while romancing  
To a tune that belongs to me and u  
My ball and chain we will all be free yea

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We can be dancing, steady romancing  
Whistling, while we steady fishing  
Yea, yeah, oooh, oooooooh  
Oooooooh, yeah

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