

Ball and Chain

Anthony Hamilton

Mmmmmmm mmmmmmm
Ohhhh oohhhh 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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Tomatoes grow where I can pick em'
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Green grass, tear stains, shadow dancing in the pouring rain

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

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