

## Bob Away My Blues

Clint Black

Well I'm goin down to the river  
I've got a canepole in my hand  
I've got my redworms in a maxwell house coffee can  
I'm gonna sit under ashade tree on a riverbank where its cool  
I'm gonna close my and dream and let that cork bob away my blue  
s  
well I wake up every mornin I pick peaches all day  
And on Saturday night we'll have a dance or two we might waller  
in the hay  
Now the only thing that ever whipped my pa  
Was this bad dude called old age  
And his last years was his best years  
And this is what he had to say  
he siad boy I've worked this dirt all my life but things ain't  
been good for  
Awhile  
Why don't you move to the city make alittle money you might be  
the first one in  
The family ever to die with a smile  
Well I took his advice things goin well  
But my friends are far and few  
But whoever said a city boy can't have the the country blues  
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Whoever said a city boy can't have the the country blues  
Well honey they ain't talked to me and you