

# Return of the Grievous Angel

Emmylou Harris

Won't you scratch my itch sweet Annie Rich  
And welcome me back to town  
Come out on your porch or I'll step into your parlour  
And I'll show you how it all went down  
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels  
And a good saloon in every single town

Oh and I remember something you once told me  
And I'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you

'Cause I headed West to grow up with the country  
Across those prairies with those waves of grain  
And I saw my devil, and I saw my deep blue sea  
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

We flew straight across that river bridge, last night half past  
two  
The switch-man wave his lantern goodbye and good day as we went  
roling through  
Billboards and truck stops pass by the grievous angel  
And now I know just what I have to do (pick for me James)

And the man on the radio won't leave me alone  
He wants to take my money for something that I've never been sh  
own  
And I saw my devil, and I saw my deep blue see  
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

The news I could bring I met up with the king  
On his head an amphetamine crown  
He talked about unbuckling that old bible belt  
And lighted out for some desert town  
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels  
And a good saloon in every single town

Oh but I remember something you once told me  
And I'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you  
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you