

## Wayside/Back in Time

Gillian Welch

Standing on the corner  
With a nickel or a dime  
There use to be a rail car  
To take you down the line

Too much beer and whiskey  
To ever be employed  
And when I got to Nashville  
It was too much soldiers joy

Wasted on the wayside  
Wasted on the way  
If I don't go tomorrow  
You know I'm gone today

Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine  
Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine

Black highway all night ride  
Watching the times fall away to the side  
Clear channel way down low  
Is comin' in loud and my mind let go

Peaches in the summertime  
Apples in the fall  
If I can't have you all the time  
I won't have none at all

Oh, I wish I was in Frisco  
In a brand new pair of shoes  
'Cause I'm sittin' here in Nashville  
With Norman's Nashville blues

So come all you good time rounders  
Listenin' to my sound  
And drink a round to Nashville  
Before they tear it down

Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine  
Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine

Hard weather, drivin' slow  
Buggies and the hats in town for the show  
Oh darlin', the songs they played  
All I got left is the love we made

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I wanna go back when you were mine  
Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine