

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

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