

Cherokee

Hank Williams Jr.

Wake up sweet Cherokee I'm coming home
I see the haze of the fog in the canyons where we used to roam
But your people didn't like my white man's ways
But I love you Cherokee don't care what they say

Time is catching up with me cause I've been on the road
I traveled way up north and then down through Mexico
If I had a nickel for the times I've slept in the cold
I'd be a rich man for a while then I'd lose it all
I'd be a rich man for a while then I'd lose it all

Wake up sweet Cherokee I'm coming home
I see the haze of the fog in the valleys where we used to roam
The nightmares and scars of the memories have gone away
And I think I'm coming home to stay

On the way back home through Oklahoma I had a thought
Wondered if you'd look at me or even talk at all
Cause I told you I had to leave and move along
It was so wrong for me to go all on my own

Wake up sweet Cherokee I'm coming home...

I love you Cherokee don't care what they say