

## Folklore

Jeff Black

My dear sweet daddy was the banjo boy  
Grew up poor on a little farm  
Old dirt town ain't there no more  
Just a road through the field was all we found

If you close your eyes and free your mind  
You can see the store and the little mill  
Brothers jumping down the railroad track  
Lotos' voice rolling down the hill

Folklore hovers around the jamboree  
Where the tree line meets the sky  
Wrap the words in a ribbon  
Around her broken wing  
That's how you're going to learn to fly

Bob-white whistler through the summer wheel  
Don't you know he's got a better view  
Grandma claimed a quarter cherokee  
I got the blood and the locket  
And the picture she drew

Imagination is blessed thing  
To have and hold just what you want  
You can conjure up a bright light dream  
Or find a dark old house to haunt

Dance all night and don't slow down  
Jump so high to steal the crown  
Bless the child and all we found  
Cuss that ivy moon  
Promenade a dance hall reel  
Never mind the whippoorwill  
I found an arrowhead in a cotton field  
That was just about to bloom

My old body is going to die someday  
I want to turn to dust on a country road  
Tune me into the song you play  
So this world won't ever let me go