

Mobile Line

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

Well hey mama now did you ever go down on
Down on the Mobile Line
Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa
Holler 'bout the Mobile Line
Well it's a road to ride to ease your troublin' mind

Well I got a letter, now this is the way it read
Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa
Holler 'bout the way it read
Said come home baby because your lover is dead

Well I ran out and I hopped out on the road
Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa
Holler 'bout on the road
When I got there she was laying on a coolin' board

Now when I die mama don't you bury papa at all
Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa
Holler 'bout your papa at all
Just throw my bones down in some alcohol

And when I die mama put my picture in a frame
Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa
Holler 'bout a picture in a frame
Hang it up on the mantle you can see me just the same

And when I die I think I'm gonna stop by France
Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa
Holler 'bout a stop by France
Gonna stop by France just to give all the women a chance

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