

Glory

Joe Purdy

Leavin' from the water ain't never easy
Takin' to the city is harder still
Don't forget your brothers
And don't forsake your sisters
Because they will take you back when nobody will

You can have my money
And you can take my guitar
Just make sure you that use them and you use them well

Ain't nothin' wrong with ramblin'

Ain't nothin' wrong with dyin'
Just make sure when you're finished you got a story to tell

Take your painted pony and ride up on the hillside
And tell all of my loved ones that I'm glory bound
Take 16 pretty maidens with 16 pretty roses
Singing pretty to my darling as they lay me down