

Tennessee Rain

Joe Strummer

I Well I wish I was drunk in havana
I wish I was at the mardi gras
I wish I had me two pretty ladies on a buckboard down on the south Georgia farm
Run, run, run were the coyotes roam
Never to return to the transit road
That's were they bury the american dead
That's were they bury the american dead
Well I wish I had one drop of liquor that runs like a river in the cotton wood hills
Making me forget the maggots, and the chiggers
I'd like to spend an evening with a moonshine still
Run, run, run, were the wild wind blows
Never to return to the transit road
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain
Well I wish I was a helmsman on a clipper bound for the spanish main
Breathing fancy breezes
Gold jamaican sugar cane
Run, run, were the wild wind blows
Never to return to the transit road
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain

shake it out

Run, run, were the wild wind blows
Never to return to the transit road
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain
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