

## 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  
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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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