

A Hundred and Ten in the Shade

John Fogerty

Way out there in the cotton
Sun beatin' down so hard
Sweat rollin' of this shovel
Diggin' in the devil's boneyard
Sure like a cool drink of water
Soft rag to soothe my face
Sure like a woman to talk to in this place

It's a hundred and ten
Hundred and ten in the shade
Goin' way down
Mama won't you carry me

Handle so hot I can't stand it
Might shrivel up and blow away
Noonday sun make you crazy
Least, that's what the old men say

Bottom land hard as a gravestone
Couldn't cut it with an axe
Gonna lay me down right here
And that's a fact

It's a hundred and ten
Hundred and ten in the shade
Goin' way down
Mama won't you carry me

Sometimes late in the evenin'
Everything is quiet and still
I set here and think about leavin'
Lord, I guess I never will
Heartache down in that city
Bright light scares me anyway
Sure like a woman to talk in this place

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Hundred and ten in the shade
Goin' way down
Mama won't you carry me