

Blues from the Front Porch

John Mellencamp

Well it's another hot day
In Lima, Mississippi.
Evan played the harmonica,
And the old group sang.
Some are laughin', some are crying'
Most are still relyin' on the old (damn tar ?).

Yeah in Shannon County,
No one's overworked today.
There ain't no use to,
So they took our dignity and ran away.
Well who we are,
And we what we achieve,
When it comes to (cruzmitat ?),
Well maybe someone will believe,
In Shannon County
Here in the Midwest,
Farm prices are a slow burn.
Well I know it ain't my fault,
So I reckon it must be my turn.
Aimless days,
Empty future,
Whose got the fizzle,
You know we ain't no quitters here
In the county.

Just keep a talkin',
Do you know what I mean?
You can keep all those big deals,
Don't take away our reason to believe.
We can work and we feel,
And plant your farm in green,
Send soldiers in the world,
(And peace signs ?) keep our dream,
We'll just keep on talkin'.