

# Tobacco Road

Johnny Winter

I was born in a trunk.  
Mama died and my daddy got drunk.  
Left me here to die alone  
In the middle of tobacco road.

Growin' up lord in a rusty shack,  
And all I had was hangin' on my back.  
Lord knows how I loathe  
This place called Tobacco Road.

But it's home,  
The only life, life, life I've ever known.  
And I guess I can't help but  
Loathe Tobacco.

Gonna leave, and get a job  
With the help and the grace from above.  
I'll save my money, get rich and old,  
And I think I'll bring it all back to Tobacco Road.

Bring dynamite and a big old crane,  
And I'll blow it up, start all over again.  
I'm gonna build me a town, that I'll be proud to show.  
And I think I'll give it the name Tobacco Road.

But it's home,  
The only life I've ever known.  
I guess I can't help but love you  
'Cause you're home

Tobacco Road  
Tobacco Road  
Whoah, Tobacco Road

Bring dynamite and a big old crane,  
I'll blow it up, tear it down and start all over again.  
I guess I can't help but I love...  
I love you...  
Yeah...  
Tobacco...!

I love you!  
Oh I love you!  
Oh I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!

I love you 'cause you're home  
I'm talkin' 'bout Tobacco Road, yeah  
Tobacco Road, yeah!