

Lawrence, KS

Josh Ritter

Dirt roads and dry land farming might be the death of me
But I can't leave this world behind
Debts are not like prison where there's hope of getting free
And I can't leave this world behind

I've been from here to Lawrence, Kansas
Trying to leave my state of mind
Trying to leave this awful sadness
But I can't leave this world behind

South of Delia there's a patch out back by the willow trees
And I can't leave this world behind
It's a fenced in piece of nothing where I hear voices on my knees
And I can't leave this world behind

Some prophecies are self-fulfilling
But I've had to work for all of mine
Better times will come to me, God willing
Cause I can't leave this world behind

This world must be frightening everybody's on the run
And I can't leave this world behind
And my house is a wooden one and its built on a wooden one
Seems I can't leave this world behind

Preacher says when the Master calls us
He's gonna give us wings to fly
But my wings are made of hay and corn husks
So I can't leave this world behind