

Pile Of Woe

Laura Cantrell

Come on baby stop your cryin'
You know you shouldn't bother so
Didn't your momma ever tell you
This world's a pile of woe

What's been born is busy dyin'
Our fortunes with the four winds blow
Don't dread the night, don't fear the morrow
Don't let this bed of sorrow grow

You're the green light in the deep wood and it's drifting autumn view
Please don't take my comfort and go
Let's break it down together, and turn it over slow
Ploughin' this pile of woe

Oh, flowers in the green fields
Purple yellow white and blue
Wicked, we're forever thieving
And weeping willows crying too
You know some mother lost her daughter
Some brother lost his guiding light
Who hears the silent shadows wailing
In the hollow of the night

But if you hear a sweet song on a bright afternoon
And meet me at the head of a road
We'll sing it shade to shade all up and down the tune
Ploughing this pile of woe
Pile of woe, this whole world's a mess of trouble

But now I'm looking out for rain with every grain of hope I sow
Ploughing this pile of woe

They say that we two are too different
You're a jewel and I'm a thief
But a thief takes for the taking
And darling I want you to keep
They say we don't have any money
But what we got's what they don't know
I'd better ease this rock of ages
And let sweet silver waters flow

And if King Solomon can marry the pharaoh's daughter
Why can't I be with you that I love so
Take my hand upon the sand and walk beside the waters
Washing this pile of woe

Pile of woe, this whole world's a mess of trouble

But now I'm looking out for rain with every grain of hope I sow
Ploughing this pile of woe