

Leavin

North Mississippi Allstars

When the evening sun goes down
I'm going to ball you baby, and ramble on
Don't you let my leavin' grieve you
When it comes to rambling, lord, I'm natural born
Don't let my leavin' grieve you

Don't know where I'm headed
Don't remember where I'm from
Only when they lay me down will I feel at home
Don't let my leavin' grieve you

Ten thousand women came from the east and the west
To the burial ground as I got my rest
"Low down, good for nothin'" she said in her Sunday dress
But when it comes to ramblin' yonder lies the best

Don't let my leavin' grieve you

When the evening sun goes down
I'm bound to ramble on