

Southern States

The Essex Green

I have seen the moonlight
On the shoulder of the midnight road
On the county fire

I've been running for hours
Now my feet are broke, I haven't spoke

I gotta mind to pray

For the people in southern states
For to keep it underground
For your secrets you know I've got a yearning
From my head on down

For the autumn around the bend
For to carry over seas
For the person you know I've been searching for
In the city streets

And I could hear the landslide
When you asked to stay, I drove you away
To the outer bank

Since I've been counting the treetops
Listen all the day for your wheels to say
How could I be so wrong?

For the people in southern states
For to keep it underground
For your secrets you know I've got a yearning
From my head on down

For the autumn around the bend
For to carry over seas
For the person you know I've been searching for
In the city streets