

Chickamauga

Uncle Tupelo

Never leave on your own
Where you're from and where you're going
I know these things like I know you hate me now

Catch yourself in mid-air thinking
Your dreams can never be bought
I couldn't help you then and I guess I can't help you now

When jousting is for pleasure
And pleasure is way out of hand
The time is right for getting out while we still can

Chickamauga's where I've been
Solitude is where I'm bound
I don't ever wanna taste these tears again
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Appalachian, so patient
The lessons we've traveled
As soon as we're out, we're kicking our way back in

Fighting fire with unlit matches
From our respective trenches
No authority can clean up this mess we're in

A miracle might point the way
To solutions we're after
And avert our chronic impending disaster

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