

Band Of Annuals, Mercy

I'm a man of humble means,
And I try not to let it get me down.
No, I just keep movin' around
Onto the next town.

Well, I'd rather live my life
With a hand on this suitcase of mine.
Yeah, with just enough close to get me by,
And I'll be just fine.

Nobody, beautiful
To hear the wind whisper through the trees.
Nobody, it's sort of sweet.
I'm missing Kentucky.
But I guess I'll just keep movin' on.
Lord, have mercy while I'm gone.

I miss the water and the levy,
And I miss riding in Adam's old Chevy,
Knowing how my heart gets awful heavy
When it's time to leave town.

And the people are always friendly,
And they like drinking, evidently.
And also, Lord, let me down gently
This time.

And nobody, beautiful
To hear the wind whisper through the trees.
And nobody, it's sort of sweet.
I'm missing Kentucky.
But I guess I'll just keep movin' on.
Lord, have mercy while I'm gone.