

Tony Joe White, On The Return To Muscle Shoals

Broke the drum out of the closet tuned up the bass and we hit an E
Hawk on the hood big motor running little Stevie windows on the B3
Seven long years and I was needing to ease my soul
And there was sweat in the room on the return to Muscle Shoals

Over in Paris it was happening again like it always seemed to do
I don't know why but they seem to understand talking bout the swampy hoodoo
A long way from Goodwill but they let me see their soul
And there was talk in the air on the return to Muscle Shoals

Over in Stockholm they were getting on down we were reaching for the moon
I was bedridden in Amsterdam the silence of my guitar filled the room
I had become disoriented stranded on the road
And I bet they're frying fish tonight way down in Muscle Shoals