

Gonesville

Bob Weir

If I'm alone, will you take my hand
Will you stand by me in the pouring rain
To my seven sins and my contraband
In the vanity that still remains I'm going, gone to Gonesville
I'm going, gone to Gonesville
Go, going, gone to Gonesville
I'm going all the way
Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey
Well, here come the thunder, here come the rain
Hear that whistle moan, here come the misery train
Well they say it might rain forever, but it sure can't rain on me
I'm bound to get gone, I'm about to be free
Oh say little bluebird, if I was like you
I might fly from my cares, like the mockingbirds do
I might fly from my troubles if I was a crow
Well I'm just a man, but I still know where to go
Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey
Hey hey hey hey

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