

Carry Me Back (to Old Camp Hill)

Well there's a big black spot on the roadway down by the telephone pole
And there's a sweet young thing from the city who didn't know she'd never get old
And it's raining, it's pouring, it's coming up to my toe
So bundle me up in a blanket of sins and bury me deep in the coal

And there's a dog that sits by the front gate, weekdays at quarter to five
Master was tossed and Master was lost and sank in the salty brine
And it's raining, it's pouring, it's coming up to my knee
Paddle me out in a coffin canoe; I just can't get no relief

Out in Old Camp Hill there's a window sill that looks out over a glade
It was planted there by Old Miss Dare and houses her to this very day
And it's raining, it's pouring, it's coming up to my thigh
Take mamma's ring and a soldier's things and send me into the fight

Well there's a young man there with the vacant stare, he cried enough to go blind
Lost his sweet young thing from the city he's just about to lose his mind
Said it's raining, it's pouring, it's coming up to my throat
Carry me back to Old Camp Hill and bail out this sinking boat

And it's raining, it's pouring, it's coming up to my eye
Carry me back to Old Camp Hill and the ones that are left behind
Carry me back to Old Camp Hill and the ones that are left behind

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