

Ginseng Sullivan
Norman Blake

Ginseng Sullivan
(Norman Blake)

D
About three miles from the Batelle yard
G
From the reverse curve on down
D
Not far south of the town depot
G **Bm**
Sullivan s shack was found
A **D**
Back on the higher ground.

D
You could see him every day
G
Just walking down the line
D
With his old brown sack across his back
G **Bm**
And his long hair down behind
A **D**
Speaking his worried mind.

D
cho: It s a long way to the delta
G
From the North Georgia hills
D
A tote sack full of ginseng
G G7
Won t pay no travelling bills
C **D**
Now, I m too old to ride the rails
Em **A**
Or thumb the road alone
D **G** **D**
So I guess I ll never make it back to home
D **G** **A** **D**
My muddy water Mississippi delta home.

D
The winters here, they get too cold
G
The damp it makes me ill
D

Can t dig no roots in the mountain side

G

Bm

With the ground froze hard and still

A

D

Gotta stay at the foot of the hill.

D

But next summer, things turn right

G

The companies will pay high

D

I ll make enough money to pay my bills

G

Bm

Bid these mountains goodbye

A

D

Then he said with a sigh:

[chorus]

See ya

-Bo Parker

Bo.Parker@msfc.nasa.gov (