

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