

The Mobile Line

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

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Well hey mama now did you ever go down on

G

Down on the Mobile Line

C

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

C

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Holler 'bout the Mobile Line

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C

Well it's a road to ride to ease your troublin'

G

mind

Well I got a letter, now this is the way it read

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout the way it read

Said come home baby because your lover is
dead

Well I ran out and I hopped out on the road

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout on the road

When I got there she was laying on a coolin'
board

Now when I die mama don't you bury papa at
all

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout your papa at all

Just throw my bones down in some alcohol

And when I die mama put my picture in a frame

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout a picture in a frame

Hang it up on the mantel you can see me just
the same

And when I die I think I'm gonna stop by
France

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout a stop by France

Gonna stop by France just to give all the women
a chance

And when I die mama put my picture in a frame

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout a picture in a frame

Hang it up on the mantel you can see me just
the same

Well hey mama now did you ever go down on
Down on the Mobile Line

Hey lordy mama, mama, hey lordy papa, papa

Holler 'bout the Mobile Line

Well it's a road to ride to ease your troublin'
mind

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