**The Moanin’ Morning**

Will you listen to the moanin mornin

Drainin the rain from his eyes

I think he’d like to tuck up his hat

And tell the world goodbye

Can you hear the wind calling for her child?

She can faintly hear him cry

I think I know just how she feels

Guilty for wanting to die

I been a friend to this river for 25 years

I never heard her sing so sad

Must be somewhere awful that he’s goin to

That could make him feel so bad

I wish I was a hundred-and-ten years old

A shroud pulled up over my head

I got 61 years to stare through these bars

For being guilty of wishin’ I’s dead