2013

Ain’t Got Nowhere To Go

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Ain’t Got Nowhere To Go

by Anjeta Williams

Sit’n on the fence,

Listening to that ole train horn blow.

Wish I was on it,

But ain’t got nowhere to go.

The man done sold the place,

My lovely home is gone.

Mama don’t seem worried,

But we ain’t got nowhere to go.

Mama’s cleaning the ole house up,

The place I use to sleep.

Keep ask’n were we gonna go.

She jes keep say’n God’ll show up, he’ll make a way.

Sure hope He hurry,

Cause we still ain’t got nowhere to go.

It’s almost dark and what do I see,

God com’n down the street,

Look’n like Mr. Tarrent and his mule Dee
Com’n to get mama and me.

Mama was right, God showed up on time,

Now, got somewhere to go for mama and me.