

Jeff Finlin, Delta Down

June bug crawling out my window
June bug he don't make a sound
June bug, he don't feel the emptiness round here
Of this Delta down

Cotton fields outside my window
Her memory anywhere I'm bound
Can't break the chain of her goodbye in the breeze
Leaving me
So Delta down

Wind through her cotton dress,
Prayers in her Sunday best
Magnolias blooming can't cool me down
Thorns for her Congo skin
Where to begin again
Paying the price for freedom found

Blues from the Ivory Coast
Sugar and years to tote
Fall like rain into the ground
Just when I think I'm there
Smiles turn into despair
Thorns where there used to be a crown

Rusty clay in blue sky morning
Broken chains litter the ground
Home's just a heartache
And her kiss upon my cheek
Leaving me
So Delta down