

Ginseng Sullivan

By Norman Blake

Capo on 2

C
About three miles from the Batelle yard
F

From the reverse curve on down
C

Not far south of the town depot
F Am

Sullivan's shack was found

G C
Back on the higher ground.

C
You could see him every day
F

walking down the line
C

With an old brown sack across his back
F Am

And his long hair down behind

G C
Speaking his worried mind.

Chorus:

C
It's a long way to the delta
F

From the North Georgia hills
C

A tote sack full of ginseng
F7

Won't pay no travelling bills
Bb C

Now, I'm too old to ride the rails
Dm G

Or thumb the road alone

C F C
So I guess I'll never make it back to home
C F G C

My muddy water Mississippi delta home.

C
The winters here, they get too cold
F

The damp it makes me ill
C

Can't dig no roots in the mountain side
F Am

With the ground froze hard and still
G C

Gotta stay at the foot of the hill.

C
But next summer, when things turn right
F

The companies will pay high
C

I'll make enough money to pay my bills
F Am

and bid these mountains goodbye
G C

Then he said with a sigh:

Chorus: