

Going Back To Caswell

I'm going back to Caswell.
The city's not for me.
I want the red dust in my britches
Like it use to be.

Summer nights, ploughed land
Moonlight on the scene.
No one but a Caswell man
can know just what I mean.

The Ol Oaken Bucket
bumping in the well,
Bringing up a sparklin' drink
To cool the magic spell.

No Clorene or chemicals.
Just plain Ol Country Water.
But by Golly it was good
And tasted like it aughta.

"I'm going back to Caswell
Where I can sleep at nights.
I'm tired of all the noise
And all the city lights.

Trains coming, whistles blowing.
Fire truck on a round.
When I lay down in Caswell
There aint a single sound.

Here, they got me all steamheat-
ed.

Weatherstripped by door.
It's nice but (cough) I keep a
cold.
I never did before

When we lived in Caswell
The snow blowed through the
sills

But we never got the sniffles.
It was healthy in them hills.

I'm going back to Caswell.
I've been braggin'—but you see
That bunch O' Plain Old Hills
Is Home Sweet Home to me.

By A. A. Allison
