

I GOT MY OWN
(Eric Bibb/Glen Scott)

Son House came to me in a dream
And he was singin' - just like this:

I got my own railroad car
Settin' out there in the backyard
It's always there - rain or shine
Ya might not think I'm goin' far
But sittin' out in that railroad cart
I'm goin' plenty places
Plenty places in my mind

Chorus:

I got my own, don't need yours
I got the key to all the doors
I've been buked and I've been scorned
But I got my own

Got my own airplane
On my very own runway
Silver wings shinin' in the mornin' sun
You might not believe I can fly
But that's me way up in the sky
I'll be flyin' when your flyin' days
Your flyin' days are done

Chorus

Walkin' in Memphis the other day
Man tried to sell me some old beat-up Cadillac
Any fool, any fool could tell
It was on its last, on its last go around
I said, I appreciate your offer, Sir
But that's my new Lincoln parked by the curb, yes it is
Now I must be goin'
I got a meetin' with the mayor downtown

I got my own highway to victory

Where I'm goin' I can clearly see
No use tryin' to block my road
Can't slow me down
And you know you can't, can't turn me around
I got my own highway to victory
And I'm on my way

Chorus