

## Healing Land

My life is full of sorrow, it's full of grief and strife,  
I said my life is full of sorrow, it's full of grief and strife,  
I think I'll head on to the Delta, the Delta will dry these weary eyes.

See my old lady don't love me anymore, our love is dead and gone,  
See my old lady don't love me anymore, our love is dead and gone,  
Guess I'll pack my bags and head to the Delta, the Delta has always been my home.

For years Clarksdale has been my medicine, it provides healing when I am sick,  
For years Clarksdale has been my medicine, it provides healing when I am sick,  
It's time to head down to Red's Lounge, my family that I need to spend time with.

My people is at the juke joint, it's the only family I know,  
My people is at the juke joint, it's the only family I know,  
Each time I go to hear some blues, my family continues to grow.

Weekend long festivals, from Benton to the Hills,  
Weekend long festivals, from Benton to the Hills,  
The depression that tags along with me, is as heavy as a whiskey still.

The blues, the food, the culture, and the people from all around,  
The blues, the food, the culture, and the people from all around,  
My depression is slowly lifted, from the sounds on this spiritual ground.

The drive back home is always the hardest, the reality of life begins to set in,  
The drive back home is always the hardest, the reality of life begins to set in,  
The life I live from day to day, the days that I often wish will never begin.

Like the rain drops falling from a cloud, the blues weigh heavy on my soul,  
Like the rain drops falling from a cloud, the blues weigh heavy on my soul,  
And like rain drops falling from a cloud, the Delta pours life back into a heart that's dark  
and cold.

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Written after a very uplifting week in the Delta by Willie Mounce.  
June 25, 2023

This is written in the style of 12-bar blues in an AAB pattern.