

I'm Still Sweet

Donovan Woods

Here's a song that soldiers used to sing
You can hear it on the plain
Jimmy was a folk song and
Harold said a parable the same

Back at home things are getting weird
My sister fell in love with my old friend
We had a falling out so long ago
I don't remember when

But I'm still sweet, I'm still sweet
I'm still down there writing lines
Up to your sister, she was fine
But I was sweet

And if I had gone back home
I woulda known
I woulda known
I woulda known
I woulda known

Back from war he's screaming out,
He's scratching round for some kind of proof
He says we're painting over culture, love
We're blowing out the door to save the roof

Back at home, getting hated on
My sister hates the guts of my old friend
We had a falling out, we shoulda fixed it
Before it began, we didn't know back then

But I'm still sweet, I'm still sweet
I'm still down there writing lines
Up to your sister, she was fine
But I was sweet

And if I had gone back home
They say that'll still your soul
Leave your heart in the cold
But I'm still sweet, I'm still sweet

I'm still sweet, oh Lord I'm still sweet
I'm still down there writing lines
Up to your sister, she was fine
But I was sweet

And if I had gone back home
If I had gone back home
If I had gone back home
I woulda known
I woulda known
I woulda known
I woulda known