

The Legend of Wooley Swamp

Charlie Daniels

If you ever go back into Wooly Swamp son you better not go at night
There's things out there in the middle of them woods
That'd make a strong man die from fright
There's things that crawl and things that fly
And things that creep around on the ground
And they say the ghost of Lucias Clay gets up and it walks around
But I couldn't believe it, I just had to find out for myself
And I couldn't conceive it, I never would listen to nobody else
No I couldn't believe it, I just had to find out for myself
That there's some things in this world you just can't explain
The old man lived in the Wooly Swamp way back in the gurgling woods
And he never did do a lot of harm in the world
But he never did do no good
People didn't think too much of him
They all thought he acted funny
The old man didn't care about people anyway
All he cared about was his money
He'd stuff it all down in Mason jars and bury it all around
But on certain nights if the moon was right
He'd dig it up out of the ground
He'd pour it all out on the floor of his shack
And run his fingers through it
Old Lucias Clay was a greedy old man
And that's all there ever was to it
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The Crayton boys were white trash they lived over on Parvis Creek
They were a real snake and sneaky as a cat
And belligerent when they'd speak
One night the oldest brother said ya'll meet in the Wooly Swamp later
We'll get old Lucias' money and we'll pitch him to the alligators
They found the old man out in the back with a shovel in his hand
And thirteen rusty Mason jars he just dug up out of the sand
And they all went crazy and they beat the old man
Then they picked him up off the ground
Then they threw him in the swamp and they stood there and laughed
Till the black water sucked him down
Then they turned around and went back to the shack
And they picked up the money and ran
But they hadn't gone nowhere when they realized
They were running in quicksand

And they struggled and screamed but they couldn't get away
Then just before they were gone
They could hear that old man laughing
In a voice that was loud and strong Now that's been fifty years ago an' if you go back by there
again
There's a spot in the yard in back of that shack
Where the ground is always wet
And on certain nights if the moon is right
And you're down by the dark footpath
You can hear three young men screaming
And you can hear that old man laugh If you ever go back into Woolly Swamp son you better not
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