

Classified

"Mary's Vineyard"

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The grapes in Mary's vineyard are the sweetest on the vine
Old man Oscar Dill lived back in the Tennessee hills
He's got him two or three stills and he makes heavy water
Oh I worked for him one time runnin' sour mash across the line
And he warned me to pay no mind to his three daughters
Yeah one was eighteen and one was twenty two one was just my age
One by one I opened the door to the gilded cage (yes I did now)
He don't know and I ain't gonna tell him what I've done one time
Cause he thinks he raised three little angels ah I think that's fine
I made love to his sweet Martha and pretty little Caroline
But the grapes in Mary's vineyard are the sweetest on the vine

Now old man Oscar Dill said he wouldn't hesitate to kill
Anybody messin' round his stills or his three daughters
But even so late at night when the moon wasn't shining too bright
I'd sneaked around get brave all right sippin' his heavy water
Yeah one was eighteen...
I made love to his sweet Martha...

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