

## Claude King "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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