

## Grant Lee Phillips "Josephine Of The Swamps"

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Oh the slough winds all serpentine  
Full of black delta peat  
Yellow bronze grapes of muscadine  
Growing wild and sweet

On the shore Lady, there ya were  
In your robes of a queen  
And your lips sang a heron's song  
In my hour of need

And I feel I wanna' crow  
Howlin' in my sleep  
Churning in my soul  
Josephine

Oh the wasteland is plenty wide  
Far as I ever seen  
And the swamp, she's a full of moonlight  
Full of mangrove trees

And I feel I wanna' crow

Howlin' in my sleep  
Churning in my soul  
Josephine

Pity darkness to follow me  
With it's crocodile leer  
For the hatchet of Josephine  
Of the swamps might appear

And I feel I wanna' crow  
Howlin' in my sleep  
Churning in my soul  
Josephine

And I feel I wanna' crow  
howlin' in my sleep  
churning in my soul  
Josephine

