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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

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