

## **Grant Lee Phillips**

### **"Susanna Little"**

Visit "[Susanna Little](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little  
Gone 'fore I ever arrived  
Questions that stream through my own Creek blood  
The odyssey of your life

A motherless child , you were torn from your home  
By decree of the county affairs  
Good Christians, they gave you a lily-white dress  
And shorn back that Indian hair

Told ya study your Bible, be silent and still  
And take to the ways of the whites  
Nothin' they offered could break down your will  
For you ran for the gates one night

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little  
Gone 'fore I ever arrived  
Questions that stream through my own Creek blood  
Stories that keep you alive

Your daddy , Joe Little, had woes of his own  
Drink was much stronger than greed  
But some in the city felt native red hands  
Were no place to let rest a deed

Oklahoma was rich with the stench of black oil  
And the men who came there to drill  
In the sun baked clay of Indian lands  
There, in the desolate fields

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little  
Gone 'fore I ever arrived  
Questions that stream through my own creek blood  
Songs that'a keep you alive

Mysterious crimes, oh they swept through the county  
Waving the finger of blame  
Eyes turned to Joe Little  
A couple too many acres of land to his name

No one would have heard the lone shot in the night  
They never posted his bail  
Big Joey Little, never walked out  
Of Sheriff Stanton's jail

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little

Gone 'fore I ever arrived  
Questions that stream through my own Creek blood  
The odyssey of your life

For all of the lives you had lived this far  
No part of you could have known  
The evil hearts of the men who would fetch ya  
One night by the side of the road

The moon, it grew dark and the frost would form  
Before ya finally were found  
Chained to a log in a torn white dress  
Shakin' wild eyed on the ground

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little  
Gone 'fore I ever arrived  
Questions that stream through my own creek blood  
Such were the trials of your life...

Yet in the years to come, you took a man  
Raised five of your own  
And for a spell it was as almost as though  
The light of justice had shown

The hand that had written this part but for you  
And made it all plenty hard  
Gave you a gusher, a well spring of oil  
There in your own back yard

So pile them kids in the plush back seat  
Ridin' shotgun in the Packard to town  
With your man, Tom Fisher, one hand on the wheel  
The other on your knee now

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little  
Gone 'fore I ever arrived  
Questions that stream through my own Creek blood  
The odyssey of your life

Sussana Little

Sussana Little  
Sussana Little  
Sussana Little

Visit [Grant Lee Phillips](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.