## Jim Stafford "Swamp Witch"

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Black water Hattie lived back in the swamp Where the strange green reptiles crawl Snakes hang thick from the cypress trees Like sausage on a smokehouse wall

Where the swamp is alive with a thousand eyes An' all of them watching you Stay off the track to Hattie's shack In the back of the Black Bayou

Way up the road from Hattie's shack Lies a sleepy little Okeechobee town Talk of swamp witch Hattie Lock you in when the sun go down

Rumors of what she'd done Rumors of what she'd do Kept folks off the track of Hattie's shack In the back of the Black Bayou

One day brought the rain and the rain stayed on And the swamp water overflowed Skeeters and the fever grabbed the town like a fist Doctor Jackson was the first to go

Some say the plague was brought by Hattie
There was talk of a hangin' too
But the talk got shackled by the howls and the cackles
From the bowels of the Black bayou

Early one morning' 'tween dark and dawn when shadows filled the sky
There came an unseen caller on a town where road run dry
You'd swear there was found a big black round vat full of gurgling brew
Whispering sounds as the folk gathered round
"It came from the Black Bayou"

There ain't much pride when you're trapped inside A slowly sinking' ship Scooped up the liquid deep and green And the whole town took a sip

Fever went away and the very next day
The skies again were blue
Let's thank old Hattie for savin' our town
We'll fetch her from the Black Bayou

Party of ten of the town's best men Headed for Hattie's shack Said, "Swamp Witch magic was useful and good And they're gonna bring Hattie back"

Never found Hattie and they never found the shack Never made the trip back in There was a parchment note they found tacked to a stump Said, "Don't come lookin' again"

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