

## **Charlie Daniels Band**

# **"The Legend Of Wooly Swamp"**

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Well, if you ever go back into Wooley Swamp  
Well, you better not go at night  
There's things out there in the middle of them woods  
That make a strong man die from fright  
Things that crawl and things that fly  
And things that creep around on the ground  
And they say the ghost of Lucius Clay  
Gets up and he walks around

But I couldn't believe it  
I just had to find out for myself  
And I couldn't conceive it  
'Cause I never would have listened to nobody else  
And I couldn't believe it  
I just had to find out for myself  
There's some things in this world  
You just can't explain

The old man lived in the Wooley Swamp  
Way back in Booger Woods  
He never did do a lot of harm in the world  
But he never did do no good  
People didn't think too much of him  
They all thought he acted funny  
The old man didn't care about people anyway  
All he cared about was his money

He'd stuff it all down in mason jars  
And he'd bury it all around  
And on certain nights if the moon was right  
He'd dig it up out of the ground  
He'd pour it all out on the floor of his shack  
And run his fingers through it  
Yeah, Lucius Clay was a greedy old man  
And that's all that there was to it

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The cable boys was white trash  
They lived over on Carver's Creek  
They were mean as a snake and sneaky as a cat  
And belligerent when they'd speak  
One night the oldest brother said  
"Y'all meet me at the Wooley Swamp later  
We'll take old Lucius's money  
And we'll feed him to the alligators"

They found the old man out in the back  
With a shovel in his hand  
Thirteen rusty mason jars  
Was just dug up out of the sand  
And they all went crazy and they beat the old man  
And they picked him up off of the ground  
Threw him in the swamp and stood there and laughed  
As the black water sucked him down

Then they turned around and went back to the shack  
And picked up the money and ran  
They hadn't gone no where when they realized  
They were running in quicksand  
And they struggled and they screamed  
But they couldn't get away and just before they went  
under  
They could hear that old man laughing  
In a voice as loud as thunder

And that's been fifty years ago  
And you can go by there yet  
There's a spot in the yard in the back of that shack  
Where the ground is always wet  
And on summer nights, if the moon is right  
Down by the that dark footpath  
You can hear three young men screaming  
You can hear one old man laugh.

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