

Cherry Monroe

"Hazel, South Dakota"

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Ivy creepin' up the old gravestone
Ivy creepin' up the old gravestone
Willow tree swayin' like a ghost 'neath
the yellow moon That big black train is moanin' in the
stockyard That big black train is moanin' in the
stockyard Devil bury daddy down deep in hell
The last time i saw him, he was dead drunk
Leavin' in a box car I'm one mean orphan
hitchin' through the badlands I'm one mean orphan
hitchin' through the badlands With a cracked and faded
picture of the man i call dad When i find you,
you're gonna know it I'm gonna teach you a lesson
your kid has learned You're gonna sleep right next
to your wife, man Never go back on your word
But i still want to meet him I never knew my dad
"there is some blood on your hands" I'm gonna tell
that man, I never knew my dad But i still want to
meet him I'm gonna tell that man Whether you loved
us or not Garbage is stuff you throw out Can't stop
coughin' and my hat's filled with rain Can't stop
coughin' and my hat's filled with rain Ma got frail
and i watched her suffer I got hunger burnin' Like
a fever in my brain Ma got frail and i watched her
suffer I swore to her i'd hunt you down and bury
you Now she's dead and her blood's on your hands
Right next to her on our land But i still want to
meet him I never knew my dad Whether you loved
us or not I'm gonna show that man I'm just the
son you don't want Garbage is stuff you throw out

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