

## **Cherry Poppin Daddies "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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