

Link Wray "Black River Swamp"

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I was born down in the country
Down where the cotton grows
Turnin' off the main highway
Goin' down that country road

There's a place down in the country
Where the pine trees grow so tall
Walk across that old log bridge
Stretching 'cross Black River Swamp

I can hear them bullfrogs croaking
In the blackness of the night
Calling me back to my childhood
Down here in Black River Swamp

Saw my name carved on a big oak tree
Down there by the fishing hole
And the smell of old Black River
Where the waters are deep and cold

I can hear the hound dogs howlin'

Chasin' that old fox
Where I used to roam
Down there in the country
Callin' me to Black River Swamp

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