

Chuck Prophet

"Bloody Shells"

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They took him in arrest with a shot through his chest
And many more followed through
The men folk shook their heads and said we did what
we had to do

While the women folk buried their heads in their hands
and covered the children's eyes
Before that mob turned to see Mr. Watson's children
and wife crying

Oh Lord, why the storm?
These shores you scorn
In the times we make
While our lives you take
Well you sent a devil down to the Ten Thousand Islands
To raise cane and wreck hell
Oh and now he's face down, face down in those bloody
shells

Here life ain't grand as sugar cane is sweet
When the tides bring misery
Of two young lovers shot all to hell over land while
Watson's free

Oh Lord, why the storm?
These shores you scorn
In the times we make
While our lives you take
Well you sent a devil down to the Ten Thousand Islands
To raise cane and wreck hell
Oh and now he's face down, face down in those bloody
shells

Boys raise an ear before you raise your iron
Unless you aim with will
For Edgar J. won't back down to you son
And that's why he will be killed

Oh Lord, why the storm?
These shores you scorn
In the times we make

While our lives you take
Well you sent a devil down to the Ten Thousand Islands
To raise cane and wreck hell
Oh and now he's face down, face down in those bloody
shells

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