

Adrienne Young "Rastus Russell"

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Rastus Russell

Adrienne Young / Mark D. Sanders

It was down in a grove off Curlew Creek
Mr. Brown went out on her porch to sweep
Was the Sabbath Day, late July
The day Mrs. Brown was bound to die

Was rumor goin' round about money hid
Not many believed it but Rastus did
All he had in his hand was a Barlow knife
Yeah that's what he used to take the first two lives

They found the Browns tied to their bed
When the Crumbs drove up
The Browns were dead
Old Rastus said hello with a loaded shotgun
Never gave the Crumbs a chance to turn and run

Rastus Russell born of bad blood
Raised on misery, murder, and mud
Only good thing in this whole song
Is Rastus Russell is a dead and gone

Well Sheriff Ted Tucker saw the mob on the street
Radioed every cop on the beat
Said no warnings given no questions asked
Just find this Rastus and find him fast
The hounds led 'em down to the old causeway
Found him fishing in Dunedin Bay
Took three strong men to reel him in
And a fourth to finally put the cuffs on him

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Nobody'd ever broke out of that Clearwater jail
Oh but Rastus did and left a bloody trail
There were red hand prints on a stolen truck
Yeah Rastus was runnin' out of luck

Some kind won't stop at anything
He was diggin' up his mama for her diamond ring
In the graveyard there they laid him love
And that's a fittin' end to this trail of woe

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