

## **Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer "Tillman Co"**

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Mother red river she wind like a copperhead  
Coils and boils over dennison dam  
Little white houses, eggs on the rocky bed  
I am the sun of the serpent, I am

Raised on the river, washed in the blood  
Blood run thicker than bottomland muc  
And the wheel sinks deeper as the years spin 'round  
Thirty bad summers in tillman county

My uncle little tree dreams of another life  
Coddles his cattle and he rents his range  
Holds the fan to the face of his pretty wife  
She knows nothing ain't ever gonna change, she was

Raised on the river

Daylight's dragon fenceline keeps me working in this  
trance  
Poundin down the bedrock with this rusty lance  
We don't stand a chance  
Chikasha trickster call to the funnel cloud  
Demon come screamin over Wichita falls  
Lines down, power out, ryan and points south  
Time and direction don't matter all when you're

Raised on the river

Maybe old moses come and turn this current back  
Cross me over ever holy and dry  
Climb me a crooked oak, scar-faced, bible-black  
Swing this shovel till it cracks the sky, I was

Raised on the river

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