

The Charlie Daniels Band "The Legend Of Wooly Swamp"

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(V-1)

If you ever go back into Wooly Swamp son you better
not go at night

There's things out there in the middle of them woods

That'd make a strong man die from fright

There's things that crawl and things that fly

And things that creep around on the ground

And they say the ghost of Lucias Clay gets up and it
walks around.

CHORUS:

But I couldn't believe it, I just had to find out for myself
And I couldn't conceive it, I never would listen to
nobody else

No I couldn't believe it, I just had to find out for myself
That there's some things in this world you just can't
explain.

The old man lived in the Wooly Swamp way back in the
gurgling woods

And he never did do a lot of harm in the world

But he never did do no good

People didn't think too much of him

They all thought he acted funny

The old man didn't care about people anyway

All he cared about was his money.

He'd stuff it all down in Mason jars and bury it all
around

But on certain nights if the moon was right

He'd dig it up out of the ground.

He'd pour it all out on the floor of his shack

And run his fingers through it.

Old Lucias Clay was a greedy old man

And that's all there ever was to it.

CHORUS

The Crayton boys were white trash they lived over on
Parvis Creek

They were a real snake and sneaky as a cat

And belligerent when they'd speak.

One night the oldest brother said ya'll meet in the
Wooly Swamp later

We'll get old Lucias' money and we'll pitch him to the

alligators.
They found the old man out in the back with a shovel in
his hand
And thirteen rusty Mason jars he just dug up out of the
sand.
And they all went crazy and they beat the old man
Then they picked him up off the ground
Then they threw him in the swamp and they stood there
and laughed
Till the black water sucked him down.
Then they turned around and went back to the shack
And they picked up the money and ran.
But they hadn't gone nowhere when they realized
They were running in quicksand.
And they struggled and screamed but they couldn't get
away
Then just before they were gone
They could hear that old man laughing
In a voice that was loud and strong.

Now that's been fifty years ago an' if you go back by
there again
There's a spot in the yard in back of that shack
Where the ground is always wet.
And on certain nights if the moon is right
And you're down by the dark footpath
You can hear three young men screaming
And you can hear that old man laugh.

Repeat (V-1)

CHORUS...

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