

Melissa McClelland

"Go Down, Matthew"

Visit "[Go Down, Matthew](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Go down Matthew, down below
There are footsteps in the mud for you to follow

The black eyed boy with the crocodile smile made his
way to Tennessee
They dipped his head in a river and said "blessed son,
you're pree"

The shackled bride with the violet eyes fled Lafayette
She'd sooner stone Al Capone than pay a rich man's
debt

Go down Matthew, down below
There are footsteps in the mud for you to follow

He caught her eye on the fourth of July, waving an
american bill
He walked towards her with a prisoner's limp and a
bottle of swill

Midnight came on an empty street, a shit faced
Cinderella
Sang "Devil's gonna git you" and bit his lip, Sweet
Bessie a capella

Go down Matthew, down below
There are footsteps in the mud for you to follow

The smell of Satan like a bouillabaisse of gasoline and
burnt tires
She fled the scene like a wolverine from a forest fire

They found the chief in his sunday briefs, the press
armed with ink
The sheriff said "they're probably dead, now get
yourself a drink"

Go down Matthew, down below
There are footsteps in the mud for you to follow

Put your shovel in the ground, Matthew

Put your shovel in the ground, Matthew

Put your shovel in the ground, Matthew

Put your shovel in the ground, Matthew

Visit [Melissa McClelland](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.