

Oh Susanna "Jackson Wilson"

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Medicine bottle
And a preachin' bone
Boxcar daughter
And a Blackfoot tombstone

Cheyenne slaughter
Up at sandcreek road
Standin' in the Water
Full of six steel jacket holes

And it must be the ghost of a Jackson Wilson
Must be the ghost of a Jackson Wilson
Must be the ghost of a Jackson Wilson
Rattlin' the bones of an old hooker, Jim

Chickasaw rope
On the Union plains
Captain Jack hung low
In the Mankato jail

Knockin' on the door
With a Colt .38
Sayin', "Did ya see Little Crow
Flyin' away, Jane?"

It must be the ghost of Jackson Wilson
Must be the ghost of Jackson Wilson
Must be the ghost of Jackson Wilson
Rattlin' the bones of old hooker, Jim

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