

## Porter Wagoner "George Leroy Chickashea"

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The mixture of the blood that flowed through his veins It killed his conscience and filled him with shame He was part white part black part red That's how he'd got the name George Lorey Chickashea

He had no respect or feeling for anyone including himself

He resented every man in his soul there was no salvation

And he hated the sight of cotton fields and his thoughts of planned nations

The bitterness set his soul afire when he'd think of Indians and reservations

He had the coldest grey eyes I've ever saw on a man He could look clear through you and back again And they'd look like the pieces of stone when he'd stare

There was a mixture in the texture of his hair That hung low around his chinbones never high above his chin

I saw him kill a man with his own bare hands never showin' no mercy on him

He carried a pistol and a switchblade and a tomahawk with him night and day

The meanest man that ever lived George Lorey Chickashea

Yeah he had the quickness of lightning and could run like an antilope

He feared no man no gun or rope

I saw him watch a rattlesnake bite him on the leg he never batted an eye

Then he said get a taste of that blood crawl out there and die

They locked him in the security cell in Baton Rouge he stayed in one day

Iron bars couldn't hold George Lorey Chickashea At last he gave himself up and said he was tired of runnin' away

So they spread the news that day they'd hang George Lorey Chickashea

He walked up the thirteen steps to the trapdoor And stood on it with no expression in his eyes And when the minister asked him if he wanted to pray He looked toward the skies and said God inside my veins flows blood of red all mixed with black and white I have no race or creed I pray to die George Lorey Chickashea

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