

Band, The "Caledonia Mission"

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She reads the leaves and she leads the life

That she learned so well from the old wives

It's so strange to arrange it, you know I wouldn't
change it

But hear me if you're near me, can I just rearrange it?

The watchman covers me

With his remedy

I can't see and it's hard to feel

I think his magic might be real

I can't get to you from your garden gate

You know it's always locked by the magistrate

Now, he don't care why you cry, he thinks it's just a lie

To get out, I don't doubt that you'd make a try

If the good times get you through

I know the dogs won't bother you

We'll be gone in moonshine time

I've got a place they'll never find

You know I do believe in your hexagram

But can you tell me how they all knew the plan?

Did you trip or slip on their gifts you know were just a
con?

You knew it, why'd you do it? I've been hiding in the

dawn

Now I must be on my way

I guess you really have to stay

Inside the mission walls

Down in Modark, Arkansas

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