

Shawn Mullins "Catoosa County"

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I turned 17, spring of 1861
And I killed 20 men 'fore I turned 21
20 holes and 20 men, 20 holes they's buried in
There they lay in the cold red Georgia play at Catoosa
County

I can hear the screaming, I can smell black powder
burning
Cannon balls flying and the Gatling guns turning
Thousand souls, a thousand men, a thousand holes
they's buried in
Shallow graves in the cold heart Georgia play at
Catoosa County

And the blue and the gray, paint the colors of the light
How the old men found a way to send the young men
out to die
If I could I would place a 100 billion dollar bounty
On the hate that makes a war that digs graves at
Catoosa County

Night falling on the hills and the blue moon comes a-
shining
And I can hear the weeper wail and the
[Incomprehensible] whining
And all the souls of all the men roll in the holes they's
buried in
Blue and gray and the blood red Georgia play at
Catoosa County

And the blue and the gray, part the colors of the light
And it's true you can't pray but even God ain't saying
why
If I could I would place a 100 billion dollar bounty
On the hate that makes wars that digs graves at
Catoosa County

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