

Stonewall Jackson

"Blue Field"

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In the West Virginia hills there must be ten thousand
still
And they found the biggest one outside of Blue Field
A little peaceful country town nothing else for miles
around
I saw whiskey run like water down through Blue Field
My trouble started on that Tuesday afternoon
The sheriff told me federal men will be here soon
He said we've come up with a plan to catch Blue Field's
slickest man
And we will as sure as I'm the sheriff of Blue Field
On a Wednesday I had ninety jars to cap didn't think
they'd had the time to set a trap
In the brush I heard a sound and I swiftly hit the ground
What I've shot might send them runnin' back to Blue
Field
Not a soul suspected me I was the sheriff's deputy
I make whiskey but God knows I'd never killed
I didn't know he was that close when I let my shotgun
go
But I found I killed my friend the sheriff of Blue Field
I recall how my mama and my girl friend cried
When they left with me for Roanoke for the trial
It's my last night in this cell the last story I would tell
And I sit on death row dreamin' about Blue Field
Blue Field Blue Field oh Blue Field

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