

Kingston Trio, The

"Everglades"

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Harlan Howard

He was born and raised around Jacksonville.
A nice young man, not the kind to kill.
But a jealous fight and a flashing blade sent him on
the run to the Everglades. Runnin' like a dog through
the Everglades.

Now, the posse went in and they came back out.
They said he'll die and there ain't no doubt.
It's an eye for an eye so the debt is paid.
He won't last long in the Everglades. A man can't live in
the Everglades.

Chorus:

Where a man can hide and never be found and have
no
fear of the bayin' hounds.
But he better keep movin' and don't stand still.
If the 'skeeters don't get then the 'gaters will.
Runnin' like a dog through the Everglades.
(Last time - Skippin' like a frog through the slimy
bog. Runnin' through the trees from the Everlys.)

Now, the years went by and his girl was wed.
His fam'ly gave him up for dead.
But now and then the natives would say they'd seen
him runnin' through the Everglades.

Now, he never heard the news on the radio.
He was deep in the 'glades so he'll never know.
His runnin' and hidin' didn't make much sense for the
jury had ruled it was self-defense.
Running like a dog through the Everglades.

(Chorus)

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