

Legendary Shack Shakers, The "Swampblood"

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Way down in Toxarcana I was ten years old
In a fever dream, dark night of the soul
Well, it was brillig and the slithey toves
I bid the world goodbye by the dead bog oaks

Drop down in the swampblood
Drop down in the blood
I'm washed in the swampblood
I'm washed in the blood, aye

Well, dusty bibles lead to a dirty south
He's sittin' with a toadstool rottin' in his mouth
In the clearin' where the bras hang down from the trees
He's cappin' a coffee can full of teeth

Drop down in the swampblood
Drop down in the blood
I'm washed in the swampblood
I'm washed in the blood, yeah

Down Doom's Chapel Road, past his great grandma
She says, turn 'em loose or I'll call the law
He says, there's no testimony without the test
What we do with our own is our own damn business

Drop down in the swampblood
Drop down in the blood
I'm washed in the swampblood
I'm washed in the blood

Drop down in the swampblood
Drop down in the blood
I'm washed in the swampblood
I'm washed in the blood

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