Catoosa County

Shawn Mullins

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 CountyI 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 CountyAnd 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 CountyNight 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

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