

# 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 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

Lyrics provided by

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