

Everglades

Scott Henderson, Steve Smith, Victor Wooten

He was born and raised around Jacksonville a nice young man not the kind to kill

But the jealous fight and the flashing blade

Sent him on the run through the everglades

Runnin' like the dog through the everglades

Well the Possey went in and he came back out

And said he'll die and there ain't no doubt

It's an eye for a nice so the death is fate he won't last long in the everglades

A man can't live in the everglades

Where a man can hide and never be found and have no fear of the bayin' hound

But he better keep movin' and don't stand still

If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville

If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville

Now the years went by and his girl was wed his family gave him up for dead

But now and then the natives would say they'd seen him runnin' through the everglades

Runnin' like the dog through the everglades

He'd never heard the news on the radio he was deep in the glades and he'll never know

He's runnin' and hidin' doesn't make much sense

The jury had ruled it was self defence the jury had ruled it was self defense

Now a man can hide

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by HOWARD, HARLAN

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., CARLIN AMERICA INC, WINDSWEPT HOLDINGS LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>