

Nickajack Cave

Gary Allan

Every man has to come to a crossroad somewhere along the way
Johnny Cash came to his crossroad in a place called Nickajack CaveLittle white pills and whiskey
Honky tonks and smoke
One night stands with his country band
Had him strung out on the ropesWell, he cried out to Jesus
He said, Jesus, I think I'm too lost to save
He already had one foot inside the grave
As he stepped into the mouth of Nickajack CaveEverything was darkness
Wasn't no light at all
Just the cold dank air and the pitch black dirt
And the spiders on the wallsWell, he laid down beneath a ledge
And curled up there to meet his judgment day
The shivering came upon him wave by wave
Well, he could feel the breath of death in Nickajack CaveThen high above him shone a light
He never would forget
Then he heard a voice say, Johnny Cash
I ain't through with you yetGet up, I ain't through with you yet
I ain't through with you yet Johnny Cash, get upThen he crawled out from beneath that ledge
Felt a gentle breeze
Tears and dirt smeared on his face
As peaceful as could beWell, he knelt down upon the ground
Raised his eyes up to the light and prayed
He said, Lord, I'll be your servant from this day
That's how he became the man in black in Nickajack Cave
That's how he became the man in black in Nickajack CaveGet up Johnny Cash, I ain't through with you yet
Get up, get up

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