

Long Gravel Road

Cutthroat Shamrock

Back in a time about 1862
Living was more simple but the earnings they were crude
In a 3 room house about 3 mile down the road
Lived a working family and a black gold it was told
Sidney Curty was a fine young man
Who work every day with his own callous hands
And at the end of every working day
He had a glass full of whiskey from where his family came

And he had a row to hoe
It was everything he owned
On a long gravel road
On a long gravel road

And Sidney's wife oh she was a blushing bride
and then her son was a jewel of Sidney's pride
She had a wandering heart and oh Sidney he was blind
For the 'Gordon' she did and her husband's working time
A smoke come rolling in so he called done day
Murder showing up like thunder on it's way
The devils they all walked in and he sent them on their way
With a one way ticket 'no one' had to pay

And he had a row to hoe
It was everything he owned
On a long gravel road
On a long gravel road

Lyrics submitted by hwkmtn.

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