

# Blood On the Bluegrass

## The Legendary Shack Shakers

Way down south in a Cain-Tuck town, where all of the stubblefields grow  
One boy did rise with the devil in his eyes whose heart was dark as West Field coal, heart was dark as West  
Field coal Roderick Ferrell and the Wendorf girl knelt down upon a darkened grave  
He drew his dagger down and the red ran to the ground and they licked along the bloody blade, licked along the  
bloody blade Red, red blood on the blue, blue grass  
It cries from hallowed hunting ground  
'Twas the midnight curse of that bloody black patch that took another poor boy down, took another poor boy  
down Ridin' in the night down to F.L.A. to bid her folks a foul farewell  
With his clawhammer high he drew their spirits night and danced amidst the crimson spray, danced amidst the  
crimson spray Red, red blood on the blue, blue grass  
It cries from hallowed hunting ground  
'Twas the midnight curse of that bloody black patch that took another poor boy down, took another poor boy  
down Take heed all ye motherless children so lost, dwell not in the caves of your mind  
Roderick Ferrell's trails of sin did lead him his to his end but bloody fields blossom blue in time, bloody fields  
blossom blue in time  
Red, red blood on the blue, blue grass  
It cries from hallowed hunting ground  
'Twas the midnight curse of that bloody black patch that took another poor boy down, took another poor boy  
down  
Yes, it took another poor boy down

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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