Wash Jones

Squirrel Nut Zippers

I was talking to an oak tree when the cypress butted in
Out of car parts, a raven made a nest inside my skin
To understand me better, you all ought to follow me homeI make a wish I clean the fish, Lord
That's why they call me Wash Jones
That's why they call me Wash JonesI scream like the cicada, gin the seed right out of the bowl
Ride the train to Memphis when there's cotton to be sold
To understand me better, you all ought to follow me homeI make a wish I clean the fish, Lord
I feel like driving but my car won't run
I feel like plowing but my mules won't comeI was lost down in the bottom, I was cutting through the cane
Tied my team up to a rusty trace chain
To understand me better, you all ought to follow me homeI make a wish I clean the fish, Lord
That's why they call me Wash Jones
That's why they call me Wash Jones
That's why they call me Wash Jones
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