

# 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 home I make a wish I clean the fish, Lord  
That's why they call me Wash Jones  
That's why they call me Wash Jones I 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 home I 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 come I 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 home I 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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