

# Oregon Hill

## Cowboy Junkies

The hoods are up on Pine Street  
Rear ends lifted too  
The great-grandsons of General Robert E. Lee  
Are makin' love with a little help from STP  
Their women on the porches, comparin' alibis  
Greasy eggs and bacon  
Bumper stickers aimed to start a fight  
Full gun racks, Confederate caps  
If you want some, shine well  
You can always find some more  
But what I remember most is the color of Suzy's door  
And Suzy says she's up there  
Cutting carrots still  
And Suzy says she's missing me  
So I'm missing Oregon Hill  
A river to the south to wash away all sins  
A college to the east of us to learn where sin begins  
A graveyard to the west of it all  
Which I may soon be lyin' in 'Cause to the north there is a prison  
Which I've come to call my home  
But come Monday mornin', no country song  
Will sing me home again  
And Suzy says she's up there  
Cutting carrots still  
Suzy says she's missing me  
So I'm missing Oregon Hill  
Sunday mornin', 8 A.M.  
Sirens fill the air  
Sounds like someone made the river  
Sounds like someone being born again  
Me, I'm just lyin' here in Suzy's bed  
Baptists celebratin' with praises to the Lord  
Rednecks doin' it with gin  
Me and Suzy, we're just celebrating  
The joys of sleepin' in  
Because tomorrow I'll be home again  
But Suzy says she'll wait there  
Cutting carrots by the window sill  
Suzy says, "Always think of me  
When you think of Oregon Hill"

Lyrics provided by

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