

# Black River Swamp

[Link Wray](#)

I was born down in the country  
Down where the cotton grows  
Turnin' off the main highway  
Goin' down that country road There's a place down in the country  
Where the pine trees grow so tall  
Walk across that old log bridge  
Stretching 'cross Black River Swamp I can hear them bullfrogs croaking  
In the blackness of the night  
Calling me back to my childhood  
Down here in Black River Swamp Saw my name carved on a big oak tree  
Down there by the fishing hole  
And the smell of old Black River  
Where the waters are deep and cold I can hear the hound dogs howlin'  
Chasin' that old fox where I used to roam  
Down there in the country  
Callin' me to Black River Swamp I can hear them hound dogs howlin'  
Chasin' that old fox where I used to roam  
Down there in the country  
Callin' me to Black River Swamp I was born in the country  
Down where the cotton grows  
Turnin' off the main highway  
Goin' down that country road There's a place down in the country  
Where the pine trees grow so tall  
Go across that log bridge  
Stretching 'cross Black River Swamp

Songwriters

LINK WRAY Published by

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