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 roadThere's a place down in the country
Where the pine trees grow so tall
Walk across that old log bridge
Stretching 'cross Black River SwampI can hear them bullfrogs croaking
In the blackness of the night
Calling me back to my childhood
Down here in Black River SwampSaw 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 coldI 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 SwampI 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 SwampI was born in the country
Down where the cotton grows
Turnin' off the main highway
Goin' down that country roadThere'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
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