

# Tiger Whitehead

## Johnny Cash

Wild blackberries bloomin' in the thickest on the mountain  
Sheep shire and water cress are growin' round the fountain  
Where a big black bear is drinkin' lappin' water like a dog

Tiger Whitehead's in the bed sleepin' like a log

Tomorrow he'll see bear tracks seven intches wide

And by sundown he'll be bringin' in the hidePretty Sally Garland comin' down the mountain side

Where Tiger Whitehead's tryin' to nap a mill at the mill

She sits down on a bearskin and she says you'll be my man

I'll have me the best bearhunter in the hills

A wild child was Tiger Whitehead and they say he killed

Ninety-nine bears before he went to rest went to rest

Once he left two bearcubs orphaned but he brought 'em right on home

And Sally nursed the two bearcubs upon her breastTiger now is eighty-five and he lay upon his bed

And the bears he killed now numbered ninety-nine ninety-nine

Some fellers trapped the bears but Tiger said just let him go

If he ain't running wild he won't be mine

But at night when the wind howls cross eastern hills of Tennessee

And when the lightnin' flashes there's the strange thing that the people say they see

An old grey headed ghost runnin' through the mountains there

It's Tiger Whitehead after his one hundredth bear

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