

# Hell's Half Acre

Robbie Robertson

Yeah, it's way up in the Black Hills  
Where we come from  
There's a girl and she warned me  
Don't pick up that gun, gun Oh, by the law of the land  
By the promise that might is right  
She would hold me and cry  
Don't you go off the fight Somebody knocking at my door  
Oh, I been called to war  
Say goodbye to Tobacco Road  
Wear my colors, call my brothers  
And for my country I'll go Down on Hell's Half Acre and again  
Shakin' with fever, come again  
Rumble in the jungle  
Oh down on Hell's Half Acre and again Oh, she wrote me in a letter  
And said, "What have they done?" Oh, my angel  
Placed a crown of thorns  
On this native son, like that Oh, maybe they're right  
Oh, but maybe they're wrong  
Oh, but what can I do  
You're not here you're gone Somethin' in the air is much too quiet  
Hear my heartbeat, oh  
The storms that rages from within  
Three times thunder, blood runs cold  
Got this wound on my soul Down on Hell's Half Acre and again  
Walkin' on fire, come again  
Trouble in the wasteland  
Down on Hell's Half Acre and again Oh, back in the land where buffalo roam  
Oh, is this my home  
She said, "You've changed, you're not the same"  
Clouds of napalm and the opium  
The damage was already done Down on Hell's Half Acre and again  
Shakin' with fever and again  
Rumble in the jungle  
Oh, down on Hell's Half Acre Oh, down on Hell's Half Acre  
Walkin' on fire  
We got trouble in the wasteland  
Oh, down on Hell's Half Acre and again

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