

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"

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