

# Everglades

## Druidsong

He was born and raised around Jacksonville a nice young man not the kind to kill

    But the jealous fight and the flashing blade

    Sent him on the run through the everglades

    Runnin' like the dog through the everglades

    Well the Possy went in and he came back out

    And said he'll die and there ain't no doubt

It's an eye for a nice so the death is fate he won't last long in the everglades

    A man can't live in the everglades

Where a man can hide and never be found and have no fear of the bayin' hound

    But he better keep movin' and don't stand still

    If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville

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Now the years went by and his girl was wed his family gave him up for dead

But now and then the natives would say they'd seen him runnin' through the everglades

    Runnin' like the dog through the everglades

He'd never heard the news on the radio he was deep in the glades and he'll never know

    He's runnin' and hidin' doesn't make much sense

The jury had ruled it was self defence the jury had ruled it was self defense

    Now a man can hide

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