

# Hazel, South Dakota

## Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Ivy creepin' up the old gravestone Ivy creepin' up the old gravestone Willow tree swayin' like a ghost 'neath the yellow moon That big black train is moanin' in the stockyard That big black train is moanin' in the stockyard Devil bury daddy down deep in hell The last time i saw him, he was dead drunk Leavin' in a box car I'm one mean orphan hitchin' through the badlands I'm one mean orphan hitchin' through the badlands With a cracked and faded picture of the man i call dad When i find you, you're gonna know it I'm gonna teach you a lesson your kid has learned You're gonna sleep right next to your wife, man Never go back on your word But i still want to meet him I never knew my dad "there is some blood on your hands" I'm gonna tell that man, I never knew my dad But i still want to meet him I'm gonna tell that man Whether you loved us or not Garbage is stuff you throw out Can't stop coughin' and my hat's filled with rain Can't stop coughin' and my hat's filled with rain Ma got frail and i watched her suffer I got hunger burnin' Like a fever in my brain Ma got frail and i watched her suffer I swore to her i'd hunt you down and bury you Now she's dead and her blood's on your hands Right next to her on our land But i still want to meet him I never knew my dad Whether you loved us or not I'm gonna show that man I'm just the son you don't want Garbage is stuff you throw out

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>