

Black Bush

Eac

I can sense it all around me
There's somethin' in this room
It ain't magic nor no witchcraft
 No bitch on no broom
 Look see his bones are gone
 He done left the grave
The grip of death it could not hold him down no
 It's for him that I rave
My knees was made for kneelin'
 An that's just what they'll do
 One of these days little girl
 I'll go down an pray for you
 Look see his bones are gone
 He's done all my dyin'
Sometimes hope's so strong in me girl
 I commence to cryin'
 O my brothers
These are the great dust bowl days
 Just take a gander round ya
 Everything in a wicked haze
"The wind blows like the devil when it blows
An a boy grows up an like the wind he goes"

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