

1865

The Whiskey Riders

The woods were dark and the air was cold
Trees covered in ice
A shotgun blast heard across the land
About a quarter after nine
A slave was runnin' from the white man's house
Runnin' to save his life
The boy was tough but life was rough
In 1865

His name was Ben and his build was thin
Skin was dark as coal
He's runnin' fast as his legs could move
Tryin' to make it home
He kept lookin' back and saw the fires of the torches
Heard the dogs howl in time
He's runnin' north like he'd done before
Tryin' to find the line

He said Oooh I'm goin' home
I just need to, need to survive
He said Ooooh I'm goin' home
In December of 1865

Been days since he's eaten and no shoes on his feet
And he was tryin' to stop for a change
He found a barn on the edge of the woods
Fell asleep in the Hay
A stablehand found him and asked what he's doing
He said tryin' to stay alive
He said run no more it's December, 6th 1865

He said Oooh I'm goin' home
I just need to, need to survive
He said Ooooh I'm goin' home
In December of 1865

Lyrics Submitted by Fife Star Media

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