Walker's Woods

Ed Bruce

I stole her from Emmett Fry, and now what's done is done.
Like any man I'm afraid to die, but I'm hurt too bad to run.
I ran with her to Walker's Woods with him close on my heels;
I knew he'd kill to get her back, and I know just how he feels.Oh, the sun never shines in Walker's Woods;
I doubt if it would want to come in even if it could,
'Cause the gators and the cottonmouths, the sand that pulls you down
Makes Walker's Woods a haven for the damned.By the quicksand over there my dream came to an end:
She said it was a big mistake, that she'd return to him,
So I gave her to the hungry sands, now all I loved is dead--
And all that's left is the scarlet rag that she wore upon her head.Oh, the sun never shines in Walker's Woods;
I doubt if it would want to come in even it could,
'Cause the gators and the cottonmouths,the sand that pulls you down
Makes Walker's Woods a haven for the damned.I've no regrets; I loved her; five more minutes I'll be free--
I'd have made it if that cottonmouth hadn't made his strike at me.
But I have to laugh when I think how mad old Emmett's going to be
When he finds out he never got to take one shot at me.Oh, the sun never shines in Walker's Woods;
I doubt if it would want to come in even if it could,
'Cause the gators and the cottonmouths, the sand that pulls you down
Makes Walker's Woods a haven for the damned.

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