

# George Leroy Chickashea

## Porter Wagoner

The mixture of the blood that flowed through his veins  
It killed his conscience and filled him with shame  
He was part white part black part red  
That's how he'd got the name George Lorey Chickashea  
He had no respect or feeling for anyone including himself  
He resented every man in his soul there was no salvation  
And he hated the sight of cotton fields and his thoughts of planned nations  
The bitterness set his soul afire when he'd think of Indians and reservations  
He had the coldest grey eyes I've ever saw on a man  
He could look clear through you and back again  
And they'd look like the pieces of stone when he'd stare  
There was a mixture in the texture of his hair  
That hung low around his chinbones never high above his chin  
I saw him kill a man with his own bare hands never showin' no mercy on him  
He carried a pistol and a switchblade and a tomahawk with him night and day  
The meanest man that ever lived George Lorey Chickashea  
Yeah he had the quickness of lightning and could run like an antelope  
He feared no man no gun or rope  
I saw him watch a rattlesnake bite him on the leg he never batted an eye  
Then he said get a taste of that blood crawl out there and die  
They locked him in the security cell in Baton Rouge he stayed in one day  
Iron bars couldn't hold George Lorey Chickashea  
At last he gave himself up and said he was tired of runnin' away  
So they spread the news that day they'd hang George Lorey Chickashea  
He walked up the thirteen steps to the trapdoor  
And stood on it with no expression in his eyes  
And when the minister asked him if he wanted to pray  
He looked toward the skies and said  
God inside my veins flows blood of red all mixed with black and white  
I have no race or creed I pray to die George Lorey Chickashea

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