

Cypress Grove

Clutch

Well alright
There are women, in Cypress Grove
And if they catch you, you don't go home
Son, get to bookin'
And don't look back
A one way ticket, on a two way track, two way track

Now tell me, holy diver, where you at
There's a women on the hill in a wide brimmed hat
With a shotgun 44, and a big bloodhound in the back of a jacked up Ford

They say the water, is cherry wine
And all them women, drunk all the time
Sheriff Jackson, went out the back
And now his daughters all dressed in black, dressed in black

Now tell me, holy diver, where you at
There's a women on the hill in a wide brimmed hat
With a shotgun 44, and a razor back boar in the back of a jacked up Ford

And i keep on runnin' f**ka
They're playin' you for sucka
Tache and your stash is gone

Now tell me, holy diver, where you at
There's a women on the hill in a wide brimmed hat
With a shotgun 44, and a black plastic bag in the back of a jacked up Ford

Lyrics submitted by tony.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>