Everglades

J. Stalin

He was born and raised around Jacksonville a nice young man not the kind to kill
But the jealous fight and the flashing blade
Sent him on the run through the everglades
Runnin' like the dog through the everglades
Well the Possy went in and he came back out
And said he'll die and there ain't no doubt
It's an eye for a nice so the death is fate he won't last long in the everglades
A man can't live in the everglades
Where a man can hide and never be found and have no fear of the bayin' hound
But he better keep movin' and don't stand still
If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville
If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville

Now the years went by and his girl was wed his family gave him up for dead
But now and then the natives would say they'd seen him runnin' through the everglades
Runnin' like the dog through the everglades
He'd never heard the news on the radio he was deep in the glades and he'll never know
He's runnin' and hidin' doesn't make much sense
The jury had ruled it was self defence the jury had ruled it was self defense
Now a man can hide

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