

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Hazel, South Dakota

Ivy creepin' up the old gravestone
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Willow tree swayin' like a ghost 'neath the yellow moon
That big black train is moanin' in the stockyard
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Devil bury daddy down deep in hell
The last time I saw him, he was dead drunk
Leavin' in a box car

I'm one mean orphan hitchin' through the badlands
I'm one mean orphan hitchin' through the badlands
With a cracked and faded picture of the man I call Dad
When I find you, you're gonna know it
You're gonna sleep right next to your wife, man
I'm gonna teach you a lesson your kid has learned
Never go back on your word

I never knew my Dad
But I still want to meet him
I'm gonna tell that man,
"There is some blood on your hands";
I never knew my Dad
But I still want to meet him
I'm gonna tell that man
Whether you loved us or not
Garbage is stuff you throw out

Can't stop coughin' and my hat's filled with rain
Can't stop coughin' and my hat's filled with rain
I got hunger burnin'
Like a fever in my brain
Ma got frail and I watched her suffer
Ma got frail and I watched her suffer
Now she's dead and her blood's on your hands
I swore to her I'd hunt you down and bury you
Right next to her on our land

I never knew my Dad
But I still want to meet him
I'm gonna show that man
Whether you loved us or not
Garbage is stuff you throw out
I'm just the son you don't want