

# 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  
That big black train is moanin' in the stockyard  
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,  
&quot;There is some blood on your hands&quot;;  
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