

# Gary Allan, Nickajack Cave

"Every man has to come to a crossroad somewhere along the way.  
Johnny Cashy came to his crossroad in a place called Nickajack Cave."

Little white pills and whiskey  
Honky tonks and smoke  
One night stands with his country band  
Had him strung out on the ropes  
Well, he cried to Jesus  
He said, "Jesus, I think I'm too lost to save."  
He already had one foot inside the grave  
As he stepped into the mouth of Nickajack Cave

Everything was darkness  
Wasn't no light at all  
Just the cold dank air and the pitch black dirt  
And the spiders on the walls  
Well, he laid down beneath a ledge  
And curled up there to meet his judgement day  
The shivering came upon him wave by wave  
Well, he could feel the breath of death in Nickajack Cave

Then high above him shone a light  
He never would forget  
Then he heard a voice say, "Johnny Cash,  
I ain't through with you yet.  
Get up, I ain't through with you yet.  
I ain't through with you yet, Johnny Cash,  
Get up."

Then he crawled out from beneath that ledge  
And felt a gentle breeze  
Tears and dirt smeared on his face  
As peaceful as could be  
Well, he knelt down upon the ground  
Raised his eyes up to the light and prayed  
He said, "Lord, I'll be your servant from this day."  
That's how he became "The Man in Black" in Nickajack Cave

That's how he became "The Man in Black" in Nickajack Cave

Get up Johnny Cash, I ain't through with you yet  
Get up