

Porter Wagoner, George Leroy Chickashea

The mixture of the blood that flowed through his veins
It killed his conscience and filled him with shame
He was part white part black part red
That's how he'd got the name George Lorey Chickashea
He had no respect or feeling for anyone including himself
He resented every man in his soul there was no salvation
And he hated the sight of cotton fields and his thoughts of planned nations
The bitterness set his soul afire when he'd think of Indians and reservations
He had the coldest grey eyes I've ever saw on a man
He could look clear through you and back again
And they'd look like the pieces of stone when he'd stare
There was a mixture in the texture of his hair
That hung low around his chinbones never high above his chin
I saw him kill a man with his own bare hands never showin' no mercy on him
He carried a pistol and a switchblade and a tomahawk with him night and day
The meanest man that ever lived George Lorey Chickashea
Yeah he had the quickness of lightning and could run like an antelope
He feared no man no gun or rope
I saw him watch a rattlesnake bite him on the leg he never batted an eye
Then he said get a taste of that blood crawl out there and die
They locked him in the security cell in Baton Rouge he stayed in one day
Iron bars couldn't hold George Lorey Chickashea
At last he gave himself up and said he was tired of runnin' away
So they spread the news that day they'd hang George Lorey Chickashea
He walked up the thirteen steps to the trapdoor
And stood on it with no expression in his eyes
And when the minister asked him if he wanted to pray
He looked toward the skies and said
God inside my veins flows blood of red all mixed with black and white
I have no race or creed I pray to die George Lorey Chickashea