

Charlie Daniels, The Legend of Wooley Swamp

Well, if you ever go back into Wooley Swamp
Well, you better not go at night
There's things out there in the middle of them woods
That make a strong man die from fright
Things that crawl and things that fly
And things that creep around on the ground
And they say the ghost of Lucius Clay
Gets up and he walks around
But I couldn't believe it
I just had to find out for myself
And I couldn't conceive it
'Cause I never would have listened to nobody else
And I couldn't believe it
I just had to find out for myself
There's some things in this world
You just can't explain
The old man lived in the Wooley Swamp
Way back in Booger Woods
He never did do a lot of harm in the world
But he never did do no good
People didn't think too much of him
They all thought he acted funny
The old man didn't care about people anyway
All he cared about was his money
He'd stuff it all down in mason jars
And he'd bury it all around
And on certain nights if the moon was right
He'd dig it up out of the ground
He'd pour it all out on the floor of his shack
And run his fingers through it
Yeah, Lucius Clay was a greedy old man
And that's all that there was to it
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The cable boys was white trash
They lived over on Carver's Creek
They were mean as a snake and sneaky as a cat
And belligerent when they'd speak
One night the oldest brother said
"Y'all meet me at the Wooley Swamp later
We'll take old Lucius's money
And we'll feed him to the alligators"
They found the old man out in the back
With a shovel in his hand
Thirteen rusty mason jars
Was just dug up out of the sand
And they all went crazy and they beat the old man
And they picked him up off of the ground
Threw him in the swamp and stood there and laughed
As the black water sucked him down
Then they turned around and went back to the shack
And picked up the money and ran
They hadn't gone no where when they realized
They were running in quicksand
And they struggled and they screamed
But they couldn't get away and just before they went under
They could hear that old man laughing
In a voice as loud as thunder

And that's been fifty years ago
And you can go by there yet
There's a spot in the yard in the back of that shack
Where the ground is always wet
And on summer nights, if the moon is right
Down by the that dark footpath
You can hear three young men screaming
You can hear one old man laugh.
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