

Cowboy Junkies, Oregon Hill

The hoods are up on Pine Street,
Rear ends lifted too
The great-grandsons of General Robert E. Lee
Are making love with a little help from STP
Their women on the porches comparing alibis

Greasy eggs and bacon,
Bumper stickers aimed to start a fight,
Full gun racks, Confederate caps,
If you want some 'shine
Well, you can always find some more,
But what I remember most is the colour of Suzy's door

And Suzy says she's up there
Cutting carrots still
And Suzy says she's missing me
So I'm missing Oregon Hill

A river to the south
To wash away all sins
A college to the east of us
To learn where sin begins
A graveyard to the west of it all
Which I may soon be lying in

'Cause to the north there is a prison
Which I've come to call my home,
But some Monday morning no country song
Will sing me home again

And Suzy says she's up there
Cutting carrots still
And Suzy says she's missing me
So I'm missing Oregon Hill

Sunday morning, eight A.M.,
Sirens fill the air
Sounds like someone made the river
Sounds like someone being born again
Me, I'm just lying here in Suzy's bed

Baptists celebrating with praises to the Lord,
Rednecks doing it with gin
Me and Suzy, we're celebrating
The joy of sleeping in
Because tomorrow I'll be home again

But Suzy says she'll wait there
Cutting carrots by the window sill
And Suzy says, 'Always think of me
When you think of Oregon Hill'