

# Harlan Howard, Everglades

He was born and raised around Jacksonville a nice young man not the kind to kill  
But the jealous fight and the flashing blade  
Sent him on the run through the everglades  
Runnin' like the dog through the everglades  
Well the Possey went in and he came back out  
And said he'll die and there ain't no doubt  
It's an eye for a nice so the death is fate he won't last long in the everglades  
A man can't live in the everglades  
Where a man can hide and never be found and have no fear of the bayin' hound  
But he better keep movin' and don't stand still  
If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville  
If the skeeters don't get him in the Gatersville

Now the years went by and his girl was wed his family gave him up for dead  
But now and then the natives would say they'd seen him runnin' through the everglades  
Runnin' like the dog through the everglades  
He'd never heard the news on the radio he was deep in the glades and he'll never know  
He's runnin' and hidin' doesn't make much sense  
The jury had ruled it was self defence the jury had ruled it was self defence  
Now a man can hide...