

# Jim Stafford, The Last Chant

Listen at night and hear the sounds  
As the swamp moves in and settles down.  
Shadows move, see the cypress frown?  
Swamp don't want you hangin' round.

Ocher Bocher, what 'cha doin' tonight?  
Goin' out huntin' with a gun and a flashlight?  
Why you shoot a gator when you know he's such a sight?  
He said, "I never met a handbag I didn't like."

Swamp'll get you every time, a tourist can't resist.  
They love it when you lead 'em 'round - "I wonder what is this?"  
That's just a clingin' vine, ma'am, don't you make a racket.  
They just wind around your ankle here,  
Take a stick and whack it.

Highways, byways, souvenir stands  
Eat here.! Gas up! Campin' Vans!  
We got ten thousand new attractions planned  
With mechanical animals and mechanical friendsszzz

You just keep draggin' my swamp water down  
Move to Florida! We'll build you a town!  
Poor swamp creatures runnin' everywhere around  
Never knowin' if they're gonna drop or drown.

Sometimes I wonder what you'd do  
If the swamp moved in on you?  
Scratched on your screen, slipped down your waterspout  
Tapped you on the shoulder and said "YOU move out!"