

# Mark Olson, Ben Johnson's Creek

Nobody told us we should steer clear  
There's mud on our feet and the grass  
It tastes like turpentine  
Down at Ben Johnson's Creek  
There's a broken pipeline that spills into the water  
We go out walking one day  
And a couple of mean old boys come up to us and say  
Ben Johnson's now public domain  
We tried to pay him off but all he wanted was to stay  
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We like Ben Johnson's place  
There's white table grapes and his mother planted these  
Now all these willows will go  
Ben Johnson held out as long as a body can hold  
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