

Robbie Robertson, Hell's Half Acre

It's way up in the Black Hills where we come from
There's a girl and she warned me don't pick up that gun
By the law of the land
By the promise that might is right
She would hold me and cry - don't you go off and fight
Somebody knocking at my door
Oh, I been called to war
Say goodbye to Tobacco Road
Wear my colors, call my brothers
For my country I'll go
Down on Hell's Half Acre
Shakin' with fever
Rumble in the jungle
Down on Hell's Half Acre
She wrote me a letter and said what have they done
Placed a crown of thorns an this native son
Oh, maybe they're right, but maybe they're wrong
But what can I do, you're not here you're gone
Something in the air is much too yuiet
Hear my heartbeat
The storms that rages from within
Three times thunder, blood runs cold
Got this wound on my soul
Down on Hell's Half Acre
Walking on fire
We got trouble in the wasteland
Down on Hell's Half Acre
Back in the land where buffalo roam
Is this place that I called home
She said you've changed, you're not the same
Clouds of napalm and the opium
The damage was already done
Down on Hell's Half Acre
Shakin' with fever
Rumble in the jungle
Down on Hell's Half Acre
Down on Hell's Half Acre
Walking on fire
We got trouble in the wasteland
Down on Hell's Half Acre