

Stonewall Jackson, Blue Field

In the West Virginia hills there must be ten thousand still
And they found the biggest one outside of Blue Field
A little peaceful country town nothing else for miles around
I saw whiskey run like water down through Blue Field
My trouble started on that Thursday afternoon
The sheriff told me federal men will be here soon
He said we've come up with a plan to catch Blue Field's slickest man
And we will as sure as I'm the sheriff of Blue Field
On a Wednesday I had ninety jars to cap didn't think that had the time to set a trap
In the brush I heard a sound and I swiftly hit the ground
What I shot and sent them runnin' back to Blue Field
Not a soul suspected me I was the sheriff's deputy
I make whiskey but God knows I'd never killed
I didn't know he was that close when I let my shotgun go
But I found I killed my friend the sheriff of Blue Field
I recall how my mama and my girl friend cried
When they locked me for oh no what a trial
It's my last night in this cell the last story I would tell
And I sit that road dreamin' about Blue Field
Blue Field Blue Field oh Blue Field