

# The Charlie Daniels Band, The Legend Of Woole

If you ever go back into Wooly Swamp son you better not go at night  
There's things out there in the middle of them woods  
That'd make a strong man die from fright  
There's things that crawl and things that fly  
And things that creep around on the ground  
And they say the ghost of Lucias Clay gets up and it walks around

Chorus:

But I couldn't believe it, I just had to find out for myself  
And I couldn't conceive it, I never would listen to nobody else  
No I couldn't believe it, I just had to find out for myself  
That there's some things in this world you just can't explain

The old man lived in the Wooly Swamp way back in the gurgling woods  
And he never did do a lot of harm in the world  
But he never did do no good  
People didn't think too much of him  
They all thought he acted funny  
The old man didn't care about people anyway  
All he cared about was his money  
He'd stuff it all down in Mason jars and bury it all around  
But on certain nights if the moon was right  
He'd dig it up out of the ground  
He'd pour it all out on the floor of his shack  
And run his fingers through it  
Old Lucias Clay was a greedy old man  
And that's all there ever was to it

Chorus

The Crayton boys were white trash they lived over on Parvis Creek  
They were a real snake and sneaky as a cat  
And belligerent when they'd speak  
One night the oldest brother said ya'll meet in the Wooly Swamp later  
We'll get old Lucias' money and we'll pitch him to the alligators  
They found the old man out in the back with a shovel in his hand  
And thirteen rusty Mason jars he just dug up out of the sand  
And they all went crazy and they beat the old man  
Then they picked him up off the ground  
Then they threw him in the swamp and they stood there and laughed  
Till the black water sucked him down  
Then they turned around and went back to the shack  
And they picked up the money and ran  
But they hadn't gone nowhere when they realized  
They were running in quicksand  
And they struggled and screamed but they couldn't get away  
Then just before they were gone  
They could hear that old man laughing  
In a voice that was loud and strong

Now that's been fifty years ago an' if you go back by there again  
There's a spot in the yard in back of that shack  
Where the ground is always wet  
And on certain nights if the moon is right  
And you're down by the dark footpath  
You can hear three young men screaming  
And you can hear that old man laugh

Repeat verse 1

Chorus...