

# The Legend of Wooley Swamp

Charlie Daniels

Well if you ever go back  
into Wooley Swamp well  
you better not go at night  
There's things out there  
in the middle of them woods  
that'd make a strong man cry with fright  
Things that crawl and things that fly  
and things that creep around on the ground  
And they say the ghost of Lucius Clay  
gets up and it walks around

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

The old man lived in the Wooley Swamp  
way back in the booger woods  
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  
And on certain nights when 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  
Yeah ol' Lucius Clay was a greedy old man  
and that's all there ever was to it

The Crayver boys was white trash  
they lived over on Carver's Creek  
They were mean as a 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 take old Lucius's money and  
we'll feed 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  
as 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 hadn't gone nowheres when they realized

they were running in quicksand.  
And they struggled and screamed  
but they couldn't get away  
And just before they went under  
they could hear that old man laughing  
in a voice that was loud as thunder

That's been fifty years ago  
an' if you go by there yet  
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 wood path  
You can hear three young men screaming  
and you can hear one old man laugh

(sung)  
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(chorus)

(spoken)  
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