

Oh Ozilline, the moon is almost full
And you don't need a torch light
To see into these woods.
Sister, bring the medicine
To keep you from decline,
But it's the waxing and the waning
That's always on your mind.

Oh Ozilline, I feel for you.

As soon as the corn's in,
The deer will come to feed.
When the berry ripens,
The bird will come to eat.
Build by the river,
Its pretty but you'll pay,
'Cause the springtime brings the flood plain
Or your cutbank washes away.

Oh Ozilline, I feel for you.

I had to put the dog down,
Before I hit the road,
I watched that sweet old life
Become a bag of bones.

When your body's broken
And your heart wants to give in,
And you hear that hoot owl callin'
Just like she was a friend.

Oh Ozilline, I feel for you.