

Wash Jones

Squirrel Nut Zippers

I was talking to an oak tree
When the cypress butted in.
Out of car parts, a raven
Made a nest inside my skin.
To understand me better
You all ought to follow me home
I make a wish I clean the fish
I can scream like the cicada
Gin the seed right out of the bowl
Ride the train to Memphis
When there's cotton to be sold.
To understand this better
You all ought to follow me home
Make a wish & clean the fish
That's why they call me Wash Jones.
I feel like driving but my car won't run
I feel like plowing but my mules won't come.
I was lost down in the bottom
I was cutting through the cane
Tied my team up to a rusty trace chain
That's why they call me Wash Jones.