

## Blue Field

Stonewall Jackson

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 slickes  
t 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 t  
he 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