

## Banded Clovis

Tyler Childers

Tina Nolan had a man with a good place for siftin'  
He invited me diggin', so I picked up my screen  
And a shovel to dig and a jar of shine  
He traded me fair for a bottle of wine  
His brother's Barnes Mountain wine

We trudged through the snow straight up the hillside  
Took a ridge for a while, then we slowly went down  
To an overhang hid from the ridgeline  
We bent o'er our handles and we bit in the ground  
The dark and bloody ground

Was a bitch to break ground but the wine kept us goin'  
The moonshine was flowin' and keepin' us warm  
'Cause you can't hold a girl with a fistful of shovel  
Got to find your fire in the company of corn

We dug for a while then it all turned to ashes  
Found a bunch of broke flint and a few bits of bone  
Then I heard Jesse yell o'er the pile he was sifting  
Shook the hills like the angels were callin' us home  
Jesse, Zachary come home

It was banded as hell, it was fluted and clovis  
It was hot as the pistol I kept on my side  
I was fiending so fierce, I was broke ass and busted  
I pulled out my pistol and I took Jesse's life

A clovis like that is a hard point to find  
Makes pills swift to come by with a good chunk of change  
Left over for burn on whatever meanness  
Whatever woman is comin' my way  
Darlin' come my way

I sit in this cell for the banded clovis  
I stole off of Nolan when I killed'm that day  
I reckon the chase of the pills and the powder  
Corn liquor and woman are the culprits to blame