

Cypress Grove

Clutch

Well, all right. There are women in Cypress Grove
And if they catch you, you don't go home
So get to booking and don't look back
A one way ticket on a two way track Now tell me Holy Diver, where you at?
There's a woman on the hill in a wide brimmed hat
With a shotgun, .44,
And a big blood hound in the back of a jacked up Ford.
They say the water is cherry wine
And all them women drunk all the time
Sheriff Jackson went out the back
And now his daughters all dress in black Now tell me Holy Diver, where you at?
There's a woman on the hill in a wide brimmed hat
With a shotgun, .44,
And a razor back boar in the back of a jacked up Ford. You better keep on running Bukka
They're playing you for succotash and your stash is gone. Now tell me
Holy Diver, where you at?
There's a woman on the hill in a wide brimmed hat
With a shotgun, .44,
And a black plastic bag in the back of a jacked up Ford.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>