

Johnny Cash - Tiger Whitehead

Tom: G

Wild blackberries bloomin' in the thickets on the mountain,
 sheep shire and water cress are growin' round the fountain,
 where a big black bear is drinkin' lappin' water like a dog,
 Tiger Whitehead's in the bed, sleepin' like a log.
 But tomorrow he'll see bear tracks seven inches wide,
 and by sundown he'll be bringin' in the hide.
 Pretty Sally Garland comin' down the mountain side,
 where Tiger Whitehead's tryin' to nap a mill, at the mill,
 she sits down on a bearskin and she says, "You'll be my man,
 I'll have me the best bearhunter in these hills."
 A wild child was Tiger Whitehead and they say he killed
 ninety-nine bears before he went to rest, went to rest,
 once he left two bearcubs orphaned but he brought 'em right on home,
 and Sally nursed the two bearcubs upon her breast.

Tiger now is eighty-five and he lay upon his bed,
 and the bears he killed now numbered ninety-nine, ninety-nine.
 Some fellers trapped the bear, but Tiger said, "Just let him go,
 if he ain't running wild he won't be mine."
 But at the night when the wind howls
 'cross the hills of eastern Tennessee,
 and when the lightnin' flashes,
 there's the strange thing that the people say they see :
 an old grey headed ghost runnin' through mountains there,
 it's Tiger Whitehead after his one hundredth bear.
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Acordes

