

Catoosa County

Shawn Mullins

I turned 17, spring of 1861
And I killed 20 men 'fore I turned 21
20 holes and 20 men, 20 holes they's buried in
There they lay in the cold red Georgia clay at Catoosa County

I can hear the screamin', I can smell black powder burnin'
Cannon balls flyin' and the Gatlin' guns a-turnin'
A thousand souls, a thousand men, a thousand holes they's buried in
Shallow graves in the cold hard Georgia clay at Catoosa County

And the blue and the gray paint the colors of the light
How the old men found a way to send the young men off to die
If I could I would place a 100 billion dollar bounty
On the hate that makes a war that digs the graves at Catoosa County

Night fallin' on the hills and the full moon comes a-shinin'
And I can hear the whippoorwill and the coyotes go to whinin'
And all the souls of all the men roll in the holes they's buried in
Blue and gray and the blood red Georgia clay at Catoosa County

And the blue and the gray part the colors of the light
And it's true you can't pray but even God ain't sayin' why
If I could I would place a 100 billion dollar bounty
On the hate that makes the wars that dig the graves at Catoosa County