

Black Jolene

Douwe Bob

She's raising cattle, she's raising bars
She ain't got time for the evening stars
She gets up at five every morning
She's got a bucket in her hand
Spilling poison on the neighbour's land
Always brings a smile to that pretty face

She's gonna put you six feet under
She's gonna put you in the ground
She's gonna make you scream blue thunder
That girl will surely put you down

In the village, into the church
Calls a priest and from her curse
Hands him the money, walks away redeemed
They close their doors, they close the blinds
As she makes her way to Clementine's
We're the only place that serves her here

She's gonna put you six feet under
She's gonna put you in the ground
Somehow I cannot help but wonder
When she is gonna put me down

Black Jolene, why so mean?
Black Jolene, why so mean?
Black Jolene, why so mean?
Black Jolene, why so mean?
Black Jolene, why so mean?
Why so mean, why so mean?
Black Jolene, Black Jolene
Why so mean?
Black Jolene, Black Jolene
Why so mean, why so mean?
Black Jolene, Black Jolene
Why so mean?