

Rosalee

Molly Tuttle

Off a no-name road on Chickasaw Bluff
Feel the hair on the back of your neck stand up
When you see those cypress roots that wind
'Round a marble stone, says "Bill O'Brien"
Legend lives, the old folks tell
The ghost of a lawman haunts these hills
Looking for the woman that shot him down
And the .44 that was never found
Under that Chickasaw ground

Rosalee

You better run before they hunt you down in Tennessee
Damn that deputy
'Cause a jealous heart ain't worth the cost of hanging from the gallows tree
And what if they find out just who fired the gun?
Rosalee, you better run

More thorn than rose, how oft' they'd say
Of the girl with the golden hair in braids
Raven eyes and her copper kettle
Charmed the hearts of the best bootleggers
Bill O'Brien moved in on the bluff
He laid the law down a little too rough
Busting every keg and still
Till he fell in love with that whiskey gal
If I can't have her, no man will

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What if they knew Miss Betty Lou had seen him at the dance that night?
What if they noticed Otis Johnson begging him not to fight?
What if they heard his final words layin' by the cypress tree?
Rosalee, Rosalee

Off a no-name road on Chickasaw Bluff
There's a wise old woman with a whiskey jug
Some say saint, some say killer
They never could prove who pulled that trigger
Beneath those cypress roots that wind
The secret died with Bill O'Brien
He'll follow her to the depths of hell
Mix love and whiskey, it won't end well
Sometimes you can hear him yell

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