

Down by the riverbank in the old bayou  
I am digging a grave into mud just for you  
And the hardest rains always come from Tupelo  
The hardest rains always come from Tupelo

Blinded by the moonshine from Mexico  
I'm singing blues waiting for the death row  
And the hardest rains always come from Tupelo  
Another dead baby born in Tupelo

Do you believe in God  
Do you believe in Jesus Christ  
Have mercy on me Lord  
I must have been blind  
Got a beast inside  
That I sometimes just can't hide  
When the wolfsbane blooms  
And the shadows come alive  
Death will be my bride