

E. Watson

The Decemberists

The air all painted pallid gray
The storm was coming in
Folks were lining out in all directions
Me and Holt and Henry Short
Were pitching on the skiff
Trying to make it home before the night
And the gray waves were rolling
Bold the brave, brave ocean and rolled us suckers in

Well I don't keep to goings on
I tend to stick with kin
But Watson had it in from the beginning
He built that house on Chatham Bend
A white-washed knotted pine
Ninety acres furrowed for the cane
And he drove it down from Georgia
His dad a martyred soldier
In the war between the states

Lord, bring down the flood
Wash away the blood
And drown these everglades
And put us in our place
We laid Edgar Watson in his grave
We laid him in his grave

'Til I'm dust I'll never know
Why he came ashore, with all those killers
Gathered on the shoreline
Kicking holes in ugly mud
With trigger fingers pinched
A brace of rifles, bristled in the wind
And we towed his body northbound
And buried him all face down with a good view into hell

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