

Banded Clovis

Tyler Childers

Tina Nolan had a man with a good place for siftin'
He invited me diggin', so I picked up my screen
And a shovel to dig and a jar of shine
He traded me fair for a bottle of wine
His brother's Barnes Mountain wine

We trudged through the snow straight up the hillside
Took a ridge for a while, then we slowly went down
To an overhang hid from the ridgeline
We bent o'er our handles and we bit in the ground
The dark and bloody ground

Was a bitch to break ground but the wine kept us goin'
The moonshine was flowin' and keepin' us warm
'Cause you can't hold a girl with a fistful of shovel
Got to find your fire in the company of corn

We dug for a while then it all turned to ashes
Found a bunch of broke flint and a few bits of bone
Then I heard Jesse yell o'er the pile he was sifting
Shook the hills like the angels were callin' us home
Jesse, Zachary come home

It was banded as hell, it was fluted and clovis
It was hot as the pistol I kept on my side
I was fiending so fierce, I was broke ass and busted
I pulled out my pistol and I took Jesse's life

A clovis like that is a hard point to find
Makes pills swift to come by with a good chunk of change
Left over for burn on whatever meanness
Whatever woman is comin' my way
Darlin' come my way

I sit in this cell for the banded clovis
I stole off of Nolan when I killed'm that day
I reckon the chase of the pills and the powder
Corn liquor and woman are the culprits to blame