

Ooh, ooh, ooh...

Porch lights on distant ridges dark.  
Rock-lined valleys singing with every bark.  
From flat water bottom to wind blown timber tall,  
It's my land of snakes and waterfalls.

Ooh, ooh, ooh...

16 score and 7 years my blood's called home,  
All the crimson clay and the old roads that I roam.  
This place might be curse'd after all,  
It's my land of snakes and waterfalls.

And I know that when a distant shore's before me,  
Oh how my poor heart aches for every hollow that I forsake.  
I've been trying to run since I could crawl,  
But I'm bound to snakes and waterfalls.

[whistling interlude]

And I know that when a distant shore's before me,  
Oh how my poor heart aches for every hollow that I forsake.  
Blue cave water and canebrakes forever call  
Me on home to snakes and waterfalls.

Ooh, ooh, ooh... ooh, ooh, ooh...

