

Phantoms

Jamie rides in high boots, breaks his drink and wades in the river
Holds his gun above the water and crosses to the shore
Now the Christian army awaits you, and Jessie is still waiting to date you
Those Phantoms fly in strict formation over the hills of St. Croix
Now the rebel life is lonely, oh but them mountains are soft with freedom
To be free is to be lonely, ohh lonely lonely lonely lonely

Jamie rides down a broken highway, the heat of the sun tends to bring him
down
He's filled full of crazy visions of negroes and white women in evening
gowns
And he hears Jessie calling to him in the hills
Oh she calls to him from the clouds
And the men are working in the fields
Oh listen to 'em work
Oh bustin' rocks
Oh bustin' those rocks

Ohhhhh Jamie rides in high boots, breaks his rank and wades in the river
Holds his gun above the water and crosses to the shore
Now the Christian army awaits you, and Jessie is still waiting to date you
Those Phantoms fly in strict formation over the hills of St. Croix
Ohhhhhhhhhh alright alright alright
Ohhhhhhhhhh

Those Phantoms still fly in strict formation of the hills of St. Croix
Those fighters fly in strict formation of the hills of St. Croix
But he hears Jessie calling him home
Hears Jessie calling him home
And he hears those prisoners workin' in the fields
The chain gang bustin' rocks
Jessie is calling them home
Those Phantoms still fly in strict formation over the hills of St. Croix