

Daisy-Mae and the Redneck Ghost from Mason City

There's a ghost who roams this town and it's me
I was a lonely drifter from up north in Mason City
there's a few who claim to know my name
and how they love to tell the story of my tragic rise to fame

Now I was just a young man then maybe twenty-three
I loved to drink and gamble but I must confess
women were my specialty
I was checked into the local saloon and I was playing cards by nine
when I saw a lovely lass in blue and I pledged to make her mine

I walked on over to her table and I sat myself right down
she said her name was Daisy-Mae and she was well known in this town
we danced halfway through the night and ended up in my room
until that fateful morning after when I faced untimely doom

I said good morning Daisy-Mae I sure do thank ya for the dance
well you could see I was a stranger here just a-lookin' for romance
now don't you cry sweet darlin', I'm sure we'll meet again someday
and as I bent to kiss her cheek she pulled a gun and blew my head away

Well that was it for me and my face in this cruel and unfair world
to think I lost my life at the hands of a young broken-hearted girl
now I felt no need for revenge and yet I knew I had to stay
to haunt this town for two long years in search of my Daisy-Mae

Now I refuse to leave this world although it's probably best
I'd rather stay awhile and be a legend, scaring old folks half to death
but I must admit my hearts a prisoner and my spirit is a slave
to the only woman I could love, the one who sent me to my grave