

Brown's Ferry Blues

Doc Watson

Hard luck poppa counting his toes
You can smell his feet wherever he goes
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues
Hard luck poppa don't do his stiff
Trouble with him he's been too rough
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues

Two old maids a-sitting in the sand
Each one wishing that the other was a man
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues
Two old maids done lost their style
If you want to be lucky, you got to smile
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues

Early to bed and early to rise
And your girl goes out with other guys
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues
If you don't bvelieve me, try it yourself
Well, I tried it and I got left
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues

Hard luck poppa standing in the rain
If the world was corn, he couldn't buy grain
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues
His knees knock together but he's raing to go
Lord, lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues