

Where the Black-Eyed Susans Grow

Al Jolson

I know a plain old fashioned farmhouse down a pretty little lane
Where yellow daisies make a pathway to the fields of golden grain.

There a little girl is waiting where I found her years ago; Something
Tells me that I'm welcome where the Black-eyed Susans grow.

Her daddy's just a plain old farmer, mother's just a farmer too;
They surely raised some pretty Daisy when they raised my little Sue.
You may have your pretty Roses, Violets and Pansies too; you can
Keep your snow white Lilies, I will leave them all for you.

I'm going back to a shack where the Black-eyed Susans grow I love
'em so, they're all around on the ground where I found the one I
Know so long ago. The honey bees all know I'm comin', I seem to hear
Them softly hummin', "You'll be losin' your little Susan, you'd
Better be getting busy buzzin' around." To stroll again down the lane
To the plain old rustic seat will be a treat, and then I'll bring out the
Ring for the finger of my sweet, She's mighty sweet. And when I'm
Tied to the pride of the country side maybe I'll introduce you
to my
Corn fed bride, when I come back from the shack where the Black-eyed
Susans grow.