

## July the 12th, 1939

John Anderson

And July the 12th, it sure was a scorcher  
Momma she'd fixed some lemonade  
Sister Beth was sunnin' in the sunshine  
And baby Coy was playin' in the shade

I looked up the road and yonder come a big car  
That's something we don't see much around here  
Big man said, "Son, where is your pappy?"  
"He's over in the cornfield not far from here"

And they started talkin' over by the rail fence  
It looked like poppa was a-gettin' mad  
They walked to the house and poppa was a-cryin'  
And poppa never cried and I knew it was bad

And two weeks later in the Logan County Courthouse  
Rainin' cats and dogs outside  
It sure was awful the way momma was a-cryin'  
They say she thought that woman had died

And poppa said, "Judge, we tried to raise us up a good boy  
From a little bitty tot"  
And Jody never'd go against another womans wishes  
And that kind of boy I know he's not

And you know the power of the almighty dollar  
Will come out the winner every time  
Willie Buchanan done got away with something  
And then tried to blame that boy of mine

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