

Dooley's Farm

Molly Tuttle

Old Dooley was raised Carolina
Got his schooling out in Vietnam
Tucks his hair up in a pioneer seed cap
When he's bringing his cash crop in
Now everybody said he's just a simpleton farmer
Plowing hundred acres out in Sugar Grove
Smiling at you from an IH tractor
But there's a secret down in every row

In the Blue Ridge Mountains with the whispering pines
They used to grow tobacco, then they made moonshine
But there's something better in the back of the barn
Down on Dooley's farm

Old Dooley's got a roadside farm stand
Sweetcorn, tomatoes, and turnip greens
But if you ask to buy a jug of sorghum
He'll know exactly what you mean
He'll meet you in the back of the woods at midnight
Bring a lantern 'cause it's hard to find
He's got a strain that'll punch your lights out
Old Dooley's gonna blow your mind

In the Blue Ridge Mountains with the whispering pines
They used to grow tobacco, then they made moonshine
But there's something better in the back of the barn
Down on Dooley's farm

You can hide by day, but the night will find you
They caught Dooley in the moonlight
Drug him down from the field to the state farm
To bust rocks on the roadside
Now everybody says I'm just a simpleton farmer
But they don't know that I'm an outlaw
Growing green must've ran in the family
'Cause old Dooley is my grandpa

In the Blue Ridge Mountains with the whispering pines
They used to grow tobacco, then they made moonshine
But there's something better in the back of the barn
Down on Dooley's farm
In the Blue Ridge Mountains with the whispering pines
They used to grow tobacco, then they made moonshine
But there's something better in the back of the barn
Down on Dooley's farm
Down on Dooley's farm