

# 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

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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

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