

## J. Edgar

Ry Cooder

Down on the farm we had a pig, J. Edgar was his name  
He'd eat up all our victuals and start back up again  
Just like them vacuum cleaners they sell down in the lane  
Well, that's how J. Edgar Hoover got his name

Now, mamma baked a cherry pie and set it out to cool  
So we'd have something good to eat when we got home from school  
J. Edgar climbed up on the porch and ate up all that pie  
When we got home that mornin' we heard our mamma cry

J. Edgar, J. Edgar, just look what you've done  
You ate up the cherry pie that was for everyone  
We made it through the dusters, and the hoppers too  
But God help us, J. Edgar, 'cause nothin's safe from you

We had an extra man named Bob he wouldn't work a lick  
He drank bad moonshine likker, and it always made him sick  
We rode to church on Sunday and stayed a while in town  
When we reached home at suppertime, poor Bob could not be found

He wasn't in the parlor, and he wasn't in the lane  
Drinking in the pantry or sleepin' in the hay  
His hat was in the pigpen, that he always wore  
Poor Bob won't be drinking moonshine likker anymore

J. Edgar, J. Edgar it just don't seem fair  
You ate Bob our hired hand while we were at prayer  
Let's say a prayer for old Bob, and our country too  
God help us J. Edgar, nobody's safe from you