

Polk Salad Annie

Tom Jones

Some of you all never been down South too much...
I'm gonna tell you a little story, so you'll understand where I'm talking about
Down there we have a plant that grows out in the woods and the fields,
and it looks something like a turnip green.
Everybody calls it Polk salad. Now that's Polk salad.
Used to know a girl that lived down there and
she'd go out in the evenings to pick a mess of it...
Carry it home and cook it for supper, 'cause that's about all they had to eat,
But they did all right.

Down in Louisiana
Where the alligators grow so mean
Lived a girl that I swear to the world
Made the alligators look tame

Polk salad Annie
'Gators got your granny
Everybody said it was a shame
For the mama was working on the chain-gang
What a mean, vicious woman

Everyday before suppertime
She'd go down by the truck patch
And pick her a mess of Polk salad
And carry it home in a tote sack

Polk salad Annie
'Gators got you granny
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause the mama was working on the chain-gang
Whoo, how wretched, spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman,
Lord have mercy.

Sock a little Polk salad to me
Yeah, you know what, yeah, yeah

Her daddy was a lazy and a no-count
Claimed he had a bad back
All her brothers were fit for
Was stealing watermelons out of my truck patch

For once Polk salad Annie
'Gators got your granny
Everybody said it was a shame
For the mama was working on the chain-gang

Sock a little Polk salad to me
You know I need a meal miss
You sock a little
Hey, hey, hey, yeah, yeah
(Chic a bon, chic a bon, chic a bon bon bon bon
Chic a bon, chic a bon, chic a bon bon bon bon)
Sock a little Polk salad to me
You know I need a meal miss
Sock a little Polk salad to him

You know I need a meal
Chinc, chinc, chinc, chin, ling, ling ling