

Blue Tail Fly

Vaughn Monroe

When I was young,
I used to wait
A master, and give him his plate.
And pass the butter when he was dry,
And brush away
The Blue Tail Fly.

CHORUS;

(VM&W) Jimmy cracked corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy cracked corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy cracked corn, and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

(VM) When he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom,
The pony being rather shy,
When bitten by the Blue Tail Fly.

CHORUS

(VM) One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so num'rous, they did
swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the Blue Tail Fly.

CHORUS

(VM) The pony run, he jumped, he pitched,
He threw my master in the ditch.
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the
Blue Tail Fly.

CHORUS

(VM) They lay him under a cin'mon tree
His epitaph is there to see.
"Beneath this stone, I'm forced to lie,
A victim of the Blue Tail Fly".

CHORUS