

G G7  
Hard luck poppa, a-countin' his toes,

C7  
You can smell his feet wherever he goes,

G D7  
Lord, Lord, and he's got those Brown's Ferry Blues

G G7  
Hard luck poppa done lost his stuff,

C7  
The trouble with him he's played too rough.

G D7 G  
Lord, Lord, and he's got those Brown's Ferry Blues

Two old maids a-sitting in the sand,  
Each one wishing that the other was a man.

Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues  
Two old maids done lost their style,

If you want to be lucky you got to smile.  
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues.

Early to bed and early to rise,  
And your girl goes out with other guys.

Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues  
If you don't believe me try it yourself,

Well I tried it and I got left.  
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues.

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Hardluck poppa standing in the rain,  
If the world was corn he couldn't buy grain.

Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues  
Hardluck poppa standing in the snow,  
His knees knock together but he's raring to go.

Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry Blues.