

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Better times a-coming

Well the cows went dry, the hens don't lay, there's no place I can borrow
Give the landlord all the news and the rent comes due tomorrow
Lots of money in the bank they say that's where they keep it
Not only wouldn't they loan me some they wouldn't let me see it

So pick away on the old banjo
Keep that guitar strumming
Put more water in the soup
There's better times a-coming

Well Mary Lou could pull a plow if only I would let her
Twice as strong as any ox and she don't smell much better
I didn't kiss that Mary Lou but once and then I had to leave her
Make's my collar get so tight, I start to burn with fever

* Refrain

Well a man came by the other day a-huntin manual labor
I told him I hadn't seen the guy why don't he ask the neighbor
So come on boys get your gals and kick your heels up higher
Don't let no one steal your gal just hold her a little tighter

* Refrain

My rooster used to chase a hen he just kept getting thinner

He nearly ran himself to death so I bought him in for dinner
Cotton crops are mighty poor the weeds are really a-growin
I need a woman pretty bad to help me with the hoein

* Refrain