

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Duncan and Brady (2)

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Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar,
In walked Brady with a shining star,*
And Brady says, "Duncan you are under arrest,"
And duncan shot a hole in Brady's breast.

Brady, Brady carried a '45,
Said it would shoot half a mile,
Duncan had a '44
That what laid Mr. Brady so low.

Brady fell down on the bar-room floor,
"Please Mr. Duncan don' shoot me no more,"
Women all cryin, ain't it a shame,
Shot King Brady, goin' shoot him again.

"Brady, Brady, Brady, you know you done wrong,
Walkin' in the room when the game was goin' on,
Knockin down windows, breakin' down the door,
Now you lyin' dead on the grocery floor.

Women all heard that Brady was dead,
Goes back home and they dresses in red.
Come a snifflin' and a sighin' down the street,
In their big mother hubbards and their stockin' feet.

or [Up drives Brady in his 'lectric car]

Recorded by Leadbelly, Hoyt Axton
AJS