

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Talking Blues

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If you want to get to heaven, let me tell you what to do,
You gotta grease your feet in a little mutton stew.
Slide right out of the devil's hand,
And ease over to the Promised Land.
Take it easy! Go greasy!

I was down in the holler just a'settin' on a log,
My finger on the trigger and my eye on a hog;
I pulled that trigger and the gun went "zip"
And I grabbed that hog with all of my grip
'Course I can't eat hog eyes, but I love chitlins

Down in the hen house on my knees,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
But it was only the rooster sayin' his prayers
Thankin' the Lord for the hens upstairs.
Rooster prayin', hens a-layin',
Pore little pullets just pluggin' away best they know how.

Mama's in the kitchen fixin' the yeast,
Poppa's in the bedroom greasin' his feets
Sister's in the cellar squeezin' up the hops,
Brother's at the window just a-watchin' for the cops.
Drinkin' home brew-makes you happy.

Now, I'm just a city dude a-livin' out of town.
Everybody knows me as Moonshine Brown;
I make the beer, and I drink the slop,
Got nine little orphans that call me Pop.
I'm patriotic...raisin' soldiers. Red cross nurses.

Ain't no use me workin' so hard,
I got a gal in the rich folks' yard.
They kill a chicken, she sends me the head.
She thinks I'm workin', I'm a-layin' up in bed.
Just dreamin' about her. Havin' a good time. . .
Two other women.

Recorded by Woody Guthrie
RG