

Everyday Dirt

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Now John come home all in a wonder
He rattled at the door just like thunder
"Who is that?" Mister Henley cried,
"'Tis my husband! You must hide!"

Then John sat down by the fireside a-weepin'
An' up that chimney he got to peepin'.
There he saw that poor old soul,
ttin' up a-straddle of the pot-rack pole.

Then John built on a rousing fire
Just to suit his own desire.
His wife got out with a free good will,
"Don't do that, for the man you'll kill!"

Then John reached up and down he fetched him
Like a coon when a dog had ketched him.
He blacked his eyes and then did better:
He kicked him out right on his setter.

Then his wife she crawled in under the bed,
And he pulled her out by the hair of the head.
" And when I'm gone, remember then!"
He kicked her where the chinchies had been.

Now, the law went down and John went up,
He didn't have the chance of a yaller pup,
They sent him down to the old chain gang
For beatin' his wife, the dear little thing.

Well, John didn't worry, John didn't cry
But when he got back home, he socked her in the eye.
They took him right back to the old town jail
But his wife got lonesome and she paid his bail.

Then the judge sent back, made him work so hard
He longed to be home in his own front yard
They kept him there and wouldn't let him loose
I could tell you more about it but there ain't no use.

Recorded by Doc Watson

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