

Little birdie

I'm long way from old Dixie
Near my old Kentucky home
And my father and mother are both dead
Got no place to call my home

OH, I'd rather be in some dark holler
Where the sun don't ever shine
Than to see you another man's woman
When you promised to be mine

Little birdie, little birdie
Come and sing me your song
Got a short time to stay here
And a long time to be gone

Little birdie, little birdie
What makes you act so queer
You've got no cause to worry
And don't need no clothes to wear

Married woman married woman
Come and see what you have done
You have caused me to love you
Now your husband is dead and gone

* Refrain

Oh I'd rather be a sailor
Way out there upon the sea
Than to be a married man
With a baby on my knee

For a married man sees trouble
While a single man sees none
And I'd rather be a single man
And have all my fun

* Refrain