

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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There's better times a coming

Well the cows gone dry and the hens son't lay no place I can borrow
I give the landlord all the news and the rent comes due tomorrow
There's lost of money in the bank they say thats where they keep it
Not only wouldn't loan me aome but they wouldn't let me see it

So pickaway on the old banjo
And 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
She's twice as strong as any oxbut looks a little better
I didn't kiss that Mary Lou but once and then I had to leave
Made my collar get to high and start that burning fever

* Refrain

My rooster use to chase the hens he just kept getting thinner
It's afraid he'd run himself to death so I brought him in for dinner
Yea cotton crops are mighty poor the weeds are really growin'
I need a woman pretty bad to help me with the hoeing

* Refrain