

They Go Wild over Me
By:Candie Anderson Carawan
Music by Fred Fisher

I'm as mild-mannered a man as can be,
And I've never done no harm that I could see;
Yet, on me, they put a ban;
They would throw me in the can;
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh, the manager went wild over me
When I went one afternoon and sat for tea.
He was breathin' mighty hard
When his pleas I'd disregard.
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,
And I plainly saw we never could agree;
So, I let his nibs obey
What his conscience had to say:
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the jailor, he went wild over me.
Well, he locked me up and threw away the key.
In a segregated cage,
I'd be kept it was the rage.
He went wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea.
They disturb my slumber deep;
They would rob me of my sleep.
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I've gone into that land that is to be?
When my soul and body part,
In the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

Will my children go wild or go free
When it's time for them to go to town for tea?
Will those bed sheet wearin' whites
Still yell, "Down with Civil Rights"
Or will justice have come to Tennessee?