

Shake Sugaree

One for the money, two for the show
Three to get ready, but I don't know what for
Oh, lordy me, didn't I shake sugaree?
Everything I got is done and pawned

I learned how to drink, learned how to smoke
Learned how to laugh without gettin' the joke
Oh, lordy me, didn't I shake sugaree?
Everything I got is done and pawned

Clock on the wall, you old such-and-such
I can tell time but I can't tell him much
Oh, lordy me, didn't I shake sugaree?
Everything I got is done and pawned

His eye is on the sparrow, hand on the gun,
Finger on the trigger, one by one by one
Oh, lordy me, didn't I shake sugaree?
Everything I got is done and pawned

I've got a secret, ain't gonna tell

...

Oh, lordy me, didn't I shake sugaree?
Everything I got is done and pawned

G. Burns in the Bottom (pt1)

I been in the bottom but i couldn't stay long
'Cause down in the bottom they sing this song
I know, I know, I know - G. Burns is gonna rise again

Ya heard about heaven an' the streets of gold?
I believe that the half has never been told
I know, I know, I know - G. Burns gonna rise again

Go make your mark an' strike your spark
But you can't whistle down the dark
It's the awful truth in a world of hurt
Nobody's smarter than the dirt
I know, I know, I know - G. Burns gonna rise again

The wiseguy's gonna hafta take a fall
He's nothin' but a lobster after all
Might think he's right but I know he's wrong
Down here in the bottom we got one song
I know, I know, I know - G. Burns gonna rise again

I don't care what you think of me
I'm movin' to Memphis, Tennessee

Uncle Bunting (pt2)

Come along boys and go with me
Sail away ladies, sail away
We'll go back to Tennessee
Sail away ladies, sail away

Don't she rock die-dee-o?
Don't she rock die-dee-o?
Don't she rock die-dee-o?

Old Forty

I want to go further on down the road
I want to go, down the road
When Old Forty blow, run and close your door
Down the road, sweet baby, down the road

I want a good girl called Kitty Kline
I want to see my little baby so bad
Some old rainy day, I'll have bound to change
Down the road, sweet baby, darlin' I'm gone

Take me, gal, try me babe
Down here grievin', honey, all day long

I want to go further on down the road - tell the truth
Gonna go further on down the road
When Old Forty blow, run and close your door
Farewell, farewell, baby, I'm gone

If you don't see me, honey, please love me, honey
All day long, grievin' me

I want to go further down the road - tell the truth
Gonna go further on down the road
Some old rainy day, I'll have bound to change
Leavin' here, sure I don't want to go

Believe my good gal, wringing her hand
All night long, baby, I'm gone

I want to go further on down the road - call her name
Gonna go further on down the road
When Old Forty blow, run and close your door
Down the road, down the road, baby, I'm gone

Railroad Bill (pt1)

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill
He never worked and he never will
And it's ride, ride, ride

Railroad Bill, standing at the tanks
Waiting for the train they call the Nancy Hanks
And it's ride, ride, ride

Railroad Bill, mighty bad man
He shot the lantern out the brakeman's hand
And it's ride, ride, ride

I got a .38 special on a .45 frame
How can I miss when I got dead aim?
And it's ride, ride, ride

Railroad Bill, coming home soon
He killed MacMillan by the light of the moon
And it's ride, ride, ride

If those bums are gonna bend the rail
Won't be nobody left alive to tell the tale
And it's ride, ride, ride

Hey Now (pt2)

Talk about your rice an' beans, talk about lagniappe
Talk about the land-a dreams, the town that care forgot
Here it comes, cherie - look over there, ma chère cousine
Here it comes, the big bass drum, way down south in New Orleans

Me an' my cousin Liza Jane were sittin' in the kitchen
A big brass band came up the way - we ran outside to listen
Here it comes, cherie - look over there, ma chère cousine
Here it comes, the big bass drum, way down south in New Orleans

I'm talkin' bout a second line, just floatin' on that rhythm
The band was headin' way uptown an' we went steppin' with 'em
Here it comes, cherie - look over there, ma chère cousine
Here it comes, the big bass drum, way down south in New Orleans

We got up in a neighborhood we never been before
We turn around and run back home, as fast as we can go
Here it comes, cherie - look over there, ma chère cousine
Here it comes, the big bass drum, way down south in New Orleans

I never will forget the day that I almost got lost
Now I'm still followin' parades, but just a couple blocks
Here it comes, cherie - look over there, ma chère cousine
Here it comes, the big bass drum, way down south in New Orleans

Those Social Aid an' Pleasure Clubs'll turn a body loose
I've had enough of heaven, as much as I can use
Here it comes, cherie - look over there, ma chère cousine
Here it comes, the big bass drum, way down south in New Orleans

Railroad Bill (pt2)

I played cards in England an' I played cards in Spain
And I bet you 5 dollars I'm gonna beat you next game
An' it's ride, ride, ride

I got a .38 pistol on a .45 frame
Tell me how can I miss when I got dead aim?
An' it's ride, ride, ride

Goin' up the mountain if I have to crawl
To give old Jeb's boys a taste of my rifle ball
An' it's ride, ride, ride

Honey, honey - think I'm such a fool?
Do ya think I could leave you while the weather is so cool?
An' it's ride, ride, ride

Train Your Child

Lots of those little womanish girls
That think themselves to be grand
They will stand on the corner at night
Making dates with a married man

And those little mannish boys
With the hat sitting on one strand of hair
Will go marry some woman's nice little girl
And ain't got nowhere to carry her

Lots of people in the world
Of course, you cannot blame them
For God has given them children
And they don't know what to train them

Education is all right
But I tell you, before you start
Before you educate the head,
Educate the heart