

## Country Morning Music

Tell you all about the sky  
Tell you about when I get high  
Sing a Mississippi with a crooked letter i  
Pick a jack-o-lantern for a hunk a pumpkin  
pie

Hey darl'n' my but you'er fine  
Come on over and see me sometime  
Hey darl'n run through the 'bacca patch  
Sing high skip'n through the rain  
Hound dog bay'n at a cottontail  
Run'n through the sticker bush  
Stay'n on his trail

The smoke house fell apart last fall  
The bacon didn't seem to mind at all  
Heard a Banty Rooster tell  
The horses in the stall  
He was do'n up a number  
'bout the time he heard it fall

Hey darl'n my but you're fine  
Come on over and see me sometime  
Raindrops are fall'n on a tin top  
Sound'n like a hambone tune  
Chipmunk chirp'n out a melody  
Moan'n like a Memphis city slicker with the  
blues

The honey sits upon the shelf  
I sat there too until I left  
A copperhead sit'n  
in the middle of himself  
Kept stick'n out his forked tongue and talked  
himself to death

Hey darl'n my but you're fine  
Come on over and see me sometime  
Flint rock is bust'n in the bonfire  
Cornfield bending in the breeze  
Bare feet fleeting on a foot path  
Walking off forever under  
Country morning trees

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