

Wood Ronnie

"Miss Judy's Farm"

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Miss Judy she was moody
Owned a sweaty farm in old Alabam
I was just 18, crude and mean
All I needed was to get my own way
Get out of my way
Miss Judy she could have me
Any hour of the working day
She'd send me in the corn field mid afternoon
Said son its all part of your job

Miss Judy had a cross eyed poodle
That I would kick if I was given the chance
Never was amused by the kindness I used
I was whipped in the barn until dawn
It hurt me

Last summer we was restless
Were gonna make a stand and burn down your farm
But it was all in the head
Cause out in the yard
Miss Judy had the National Guard
We was beaten before we started

Miss Judy she was moody
And she always didn't get her own way
Just state the facts, get it right
Kick her when she's down

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