

Buried In Verona

"Blue Tail Fly"

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2. BLUETAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On my master and hand him his plate
And Pass the bottle when he got dry
And brushawaythe blue-tail fly
CHORUS:Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care
My master's gone away
And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with my hickory broom
The pony being rather shy
When bitten bythe blue-tail fly
CHORUS:
One day he ride around the farm
Flies so numerousthey did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The deviltake the blue-tail fly
CHORUS:
MUSIC
The pony run, he jump, he pitch
He threw my master in the ditch
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the blue-tail fly
CHORUS:
He lay underthe 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
The victim ofthe blue-tail fly"
CHORUS:
The Masters gone away

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