

Big Bill Broonzy

"Jimmy Crack Corn"

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Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
The Master's gone away

When I was young I used to wait,
on my Master 'n bring him his plate,
and passed the bottle when he got dry
and brush away the blue tail fly
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
The Master's gone away

When he would ride around the farm,
so numerous the flies they all would swarm,
one chanced to bite him on the thigh,
oh, the devil take the blue tail fly
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
The Master's gone away

When he would ride in the afternoon,
I would follow with the hickory broom,
the pony began to run and shy,
when bitten by the blue tail fly
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
The Master's gone away

The pony run, he jumped, he pitched,
he threw my Master in the ditch,
and when he died the juries wondered why,
the verdict was the blue tail fly
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
The Master's gone away

They buried him under the 'simmon tree,
his epitaph was there to see:
"Upon this stone I'm forced to lie,
a victim of the blue tail fly"
Jimmy crack corn an' I don't care
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The Master's gone away

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