

Eddie Floyd

"The Three Fine Daughters Of Farmer Brown"

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(Clem.)
Breaking hearts in halifax county
The three fine daughters
Of Farmer Brown
Turning heads of the boys
In the schoolyard
Catching whistles from
The men downtown
No one knows why they went rowin'
The three fine daughters
Of Farmer Brown
They didn't know that
The rocks on the river
Be the three sisters island
Where they'd all drown
Widower Brown had a girl named nellie
She was the oldest
The toughest of three
She would her daddy's well
Sharpened sickle and carve "kill men"
In the sycamore tree
The men come-a-clurtin'
But she'd keep her distance
Never cracked a smile just played it coy
Some say she's as tender as a petal
She'd act tough
"cause her daddy wanted a boy
Old man brown had a girl named Dottie
The middle button
And the most vane of the three
She'd take her daddy's
Fat leather boot strap
And whip anyone
Who'd call her Dorothy
The men would fawn her
And she would repay them
And peck 'em where they'd
Find it safe to kiss
Like the barn or the porch
Or the upstairs parlor
Anywhere that'd keep 'em

From her father's fist
CHORUS
Farmer Brown had a girl named becca
She was the youngest
And most reverent of all
She would take her daddy's
King james bible
And go study scripture
At the brethren hall
The men would avoid her
"cause she would condemn them
For cussin' and drinkin'
And chasin' the browns
She'd say "repent and join god forever
The pleasure of sin's
Not as good as it sounds."
One day the three
With nothing in common
Spied upon an abandoned row boat
Maybe their sense of adventure had
Pushed the three young girls
To set the ship afloat
They didn't know
The strength of the river
The merciless current
That pulled them down
Maybe it was the due to the
Weight of their denim
But the three girls bodies
Were never found
Some may recall
The singing of the sirens
Lured in the sailors
Who'd wreck and drown
Some say they still hear the fightin' and
The flirtin' and the preachin'
Of the daughters of Farmer Brown
CHORUS

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