

Gene Autry

"The Martins and the Coys"

Visit "[The Martins and the Coys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Alan Cameron - Ted Weems)
Gene Autry & Smiley Burnette

Gather 'round me children and I'll tell a story
Of the mountains and the days when guns was law
When two fam'lies got to feudin', it was bound to end in
shootin'
So just listen close, I'll tell you what saw.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys they were reckless
mountain boys
And they took up family feudin' when they'd meet
They would shoot each other quicker than it took your
eye to flicker
They could knock a squirrel's eye out at ninety feet.

All this fightin' started out one sunday morning
When old grandpa Coy was full of mountain dew
Just as quite as a churchmouse, he stole in the Martin's
henhouse
Cause the Coys they needed eggs for breakfast, too.

Oh, The Martins and the Coys, they were reckless
mountain boys
Coz old grandpa Coy's gone where angels live
When they found him on the mountain he was bleedin'
like a fountain
'Cause they punctured him 'til he looked like a sieve.

After that they started out to fight in earnest
And they scarred the mountains up with shot and shell
There was uncles, brothers, cousins, why they bumped
them off by dozens
Just how many bit the dust is hard to tell.

Oh, The Martins and the Coys, they were reckless
mountain boys
At the art of killin' they become quite deft
They all know'd they shouldn't do it but before they
hardly knew it
On each side they only had one person left.

Now the sole remainin' Martin was a maiden
And as purty as a picture was this Grace
While the one survivin' boy was the handsome Henry
Coy
And the folks all knew they'd soon meet face to face.

Oh, The Martins and the Coys, they were reckless
mountain boys
But their shootin' and their killin' sure played [hob]
And it didn't bring no joy to know that Grace and Henry
Coy
Both had sworn that they would finish up the job.

So, they finally met upon a mountain pathway
And young Henry Coy he aimed his gun at Grace
He was set to pull the trigger, when he saw her purty
figure
You could see that love had kicked him in the face.

Oh, The Martins and the Coys, they were reckless
mountain boys
But they say their ghostly cussin' gives them chills
But the hatchet sure was buried, when sweet Grace
and Henry married
It broke up the best durn feud in these here hills.

You may think this is where the story ended
But I'm tellin' you the ghosts don't cuss no more
'Cause since Grace and Henry wedded
They fight worse than all the rest did
And they carry on the feud just like before.

Visit [Gene Autry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.