

The Brothers Four "Darling Corey"

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(Fred Brooks)

Wake up, wake up Darlin' Cora
Wanna see you one more time
The sheriff and his hound dogs a coming
I gotta move on down the line.

I don't know why darlin' Cora
Don't know what the reason can be
But I never had found a single town
Where me and my boss-man agree.

I ain't a man to be played with
I ain't nobody's toy
Been working for my pay for a long, long time
How come he still calls me boy.

Well I'd rather drink muddy water
And sleep in a hollowed out log
Than to hang around in this old town
And be treated like a dirty dog.

Well I whopped that man darlin' Cora
And he fell down where he stood
Don't know if I was wrong darlin' Cora
But Lord it sure felt good.

If it wasn't so dark darlin' Cora
You'd see tears trickling down my face
It breaks my heart darlin' Cora
But I got to leave this place.

Wake up, wake up darlin' Cora...

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