

## **Jim Stafford** **"Wildwood Weed"**

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Wildwood flower grew wild on the farm  
And we never knowed what it was called  
Some said it was a flower and some said it was a weed  
I didn't give it much thought  
One day I was out there talkin' to my brother  
And I reached down for a weed to chew on  
Things got fuzzy and things got blurry  
And then ev'rything was gone  
Didn't know what happened but I knew it beat the hell  
Out of sniffing burlap

I come to and my brother was there and he said,  
"What's wrong with your eyes?"  
I said "I don't know, I was chewin' on the weed"  
He said, "Let me give it a try"  
We spent the rest of that day and most of that night  
tryin'  
To find my brother Bill  
Caught up with him about six o'clock the next mornin'  
Naked, singing on the windmill  
He said he flew up there  
I had to fly up and get him down  
He was about half crazy

The very next day we picked a bunch of them weeds

And put 'em in the sun to dry  
Then we mashed 'em up and we cleaned 'em off  
Put 'em in the corn cob pot  
Smokin' them wildwood flowers got to be a habit  
We never seen no harm  
We thought it was kind-a handy  
Take a trip and never leave the farm  
Big 'ole puff of that wildwood weed next thing you  
know  
You're just wand'ring 'round behind the little animals

All good things got to come to an end  
It's the same with the wildwood weeds  
One day this feller from Washington come by  
And spied one and turned white as a sheet  
And they dug and they burned

And they burned and they dug and they killed  
All our cute little weeds and then they drove away  
We just smiled and waved sittin' ther on that sack o'  
seeds

"Y'all come back now, y'hear!"

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