

Johnny Hates Jazz

"Shotgun Boogie"

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SHOTGUN BOOGIE
WRITER TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD

There it stands in the corner with the barrel so straight I
looked out the window and over the gate The big, fat
rabbits are a-jumpin' in the grass Wait'll they hear my
old shotgun blast Shotgun Boogie, I done saw your
tracks Look out Mr. Rabbit when I cock my hammer back
Well, over on the ridge is a scaly bark Hick'ry nuts so
big you can see 'em in the dark The big fat squirrels
they scratch and they bite I'll be on that ridge before
daylight Shotgun Boogie, all I need is one shot Look out
bushy tail, tonight you'll be in the pot Well, I met a
pretty gal, she was tall and thin I asked her what she
had, she said: "A Fox Four-Ten" I looked her up and
down and said: "Boy, this is love" So we headed for the
brush to shoot a big fat dove Shotgun Boogie, boy the
feathers flew Look out Mister Dove when she draws a
bead on you I sat down on a log, took her on my lap
She said, "Wait a minute, bub, you got to see my Pap
He's got a sixteen-gauge choked down like a rifle He
don't like a man that's a-gonna trifle" Shotgun Boogie,
draws a bead so fine Look out big boy, he's loaded all
the time Well, I called on her Pap like a gentleman
oughta He said: "No brush hunter's gonna get my
daughter" He cocked back the hammer right on the
spot When the gun went off, I outran the shot Shotgun
Boogie, I wanted wedding bells I'll be back little gal,
when your pappy runs out of shells

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