

## Lonnie Johnson

### "Uncle Ned, Don't Use Your Head"

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I'll be glad when you dead, ol' man Ned.  
I'll be glad when you dead, ol' man Ned.  
Yeas, when you dead, you'll stop hangin' your britches  
on my bed.  
I'll be glad when you dead, ol' man Ned.

I'll be glad when you dead, you good for nothin' hound.  
I'll be glad when you dead, you good for nothin' hound.  
Yeas, when they put you 'leven feet under the ground, I  
an' your wife will start messin' around.  
I'll be glad when you dead, you good for nothin' hound.

Uncle Ned, you better stop usin' your head, Uncle Ned.  
You better stop usin' your head, Uncle Ned.  
Now the reason you sick in bed, eatin' all that raw fish  
an' old bread.  
I'll be glad when you dead, Uncle Ned.

An' this pigmeat goin' be the death of you, Uncle Ned.  
Uncle Ned, this pigmeat 's goin' be the death of you.  
Yes, pigmeat killed your pappy, and your grandpa too.  
Uncle Ned, pigmeat 's goin' be the death of you.

Uncle Ned, you can't do the things you did years ago.  
Uncle Ned, you can't do the things you did years ago.  
You remember, you ninety-four, an' you shake that  
thing no more.  
You can't do the things you did years ago.

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