

Paul Butterfield

"Look Over Yonders Wall"

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Look over yonders wall and hand me down my walking
cane

Well, I got myself a woman, yonder come your man

I'm in love with you pretty baby, you don't treat me
right,

You take all my money and walk the streets at night

Look over yonders wall, ah, hand me down my walking
cane

Well, I got myself a woman, yonder come your man

Your man went to the wall,

I know that he was rough

I don't know how many men he killed,

I know he killed enough

Look over yonders wall and hand me down my walking
cane

Well, I got myself a woman, yonder come your man

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