

Red Foley "Tennessee Border No. 2"

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Here eyes was red, her name was helen
Her head looked like a water-melon
Her hair was long, she had a Toni
Her neck looked like a roll of bal-loney.

Her teeth stuck out so fer, she didn't have much sense
She could gnaw an ear of corn right thru' a picket fence
Our marriage license cost a quarter
On the TENNESSEE BORDER.

One night I took her out to see what we could see
Just then I saw her husband, and he stood six-foot
three
He had brass knuckles - all made to order
Now my teeth are scattered on the TENNESSEE
BORDER.

Her was red, her name was Hann-er
Her nose looked like a big banan-er
She weighs so much he had some trouble
He thought that he was seein' double.

He put his arm around her and he tried to hug her
But he couldn't get close enough
'Cause she had too much blubber
She was too fat, he couldn't court her
Now she wears a girdle 'round her TENNESSEE
BORDER.

One night I took her out just across the line
She stubbed her toe and fell in a barrel of turpen-tine
"Young man", (Huh?), "young man", (Huh!),
"Where is my daughter?"
"Well, the last time I see'd her
She was tearin' across the TENNESSEE BORDER."

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