

Tom Scott & The L.A. Express

"Ode To Billy Joe"

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It was the third of June, another sleepy, dusty delta day
I was out choppin' cotton and my brother was balin' hay
And at dinner time we stopped and walked back to the
house to eat
And mama hollered at the back door, "Y'all remember
to wipe your feet"
And then she said she got some news this mornin'
from Choctaw Ridge
Today Billie Joe MacAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie
Bridge

Papa said to mama as he passed around the blackeyed
peas
Well, Billie Joe never had a lick of sense, pass the
biscuits, please
There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to
plow"
And mama said, it was shame about Billie Joe, anyhow
Seems like nothin' ever comes to no good up on
Choctaw Ridge
And now Billie Joe MacAllister jumped off the
Tallahatchie Bridge

I saw him at the sawmill yesterday on Choctaw Ridge
And now you tell me Billie Joe's jumped off the
Tallahatchie Bridge

Mama said to me, "Child, what's happened to your
appetite?
I've been cookin' all morning and you haven't touched
a single bite
That nice young preacher, Brother Taylor, dropped by
today
Said he'd be pleased to have dinner on Sunday, oh, by
the way
He said he saw a girl that looked a lot like you up on
Choctaw Ridge
And she and Billie Joe was throwing somethin' off the
Tallahatchie Bridge"

A year has come and gone since we heard the news
'bout Billie Joe

My brother married Becky Thompson, they bought a
store in tupelo
There was a virus going 'round, papa caught it and he
died last spring
And now my mama doesn't seem to wanna do much of
anything
And me, I spend a lot of time pickin' flowers up on
Choctaw Ridge
And drop them into the muddy water off the
Tallahatchie Bridge
I dropped them into the muddy water off the
Tallahatchie Bridge

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