

Red Sovine

"Baby Rocked Her Dolly"

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Sister did the jig and brother beat the drum
And baby rocked her dolly baby rocked her dolly

As I sit here in this old folks home my hair is white as
snow
I remember when I was young again how everything
was jolly
When sister did the jig...

Well them kids of mine they've all grown up they write
every now and then
As I read the letters it makes memories of all our fun
and folly
When sister did the jig...

That wife of mine God rest her soul she's gone on
before me
I bet she's told the Lord about the times our house was
filled with jolly
When sister did the jig...

That man across the hall is a lonely man he's never had
a family
So he asked me to tell him all about my kids when he's
feelin' melancholy
When sister did the jig...
When sister did the jig...

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