

Lonely Boys, Los

"Polk Salad Annie"

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If someone of y'all never been down south too much
I'm gonna tell you a little bit about this
So that you'll understand what I'm talking about

Down there we have a plant that grows
Out in the woods and the fields
Looks somethin' like a turnip green

Everybody calls it Polk salad, Polk salad
Used to know a girl that lived down there
And she'd go out in the evenings and pick mess of it

Carry it home and cook it for supper
'Cause that's about all they had to eat
But they did all right

Down in Louisiana where the alligators grow so mean
There lived a girl that I swear to the world
Made the alligators look tame

Polk salad Annie, Polk salad Annie
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause her mama was working on chain gang
(A mean, vicious woman)

Everyday 'fore supper time she'd go down by the truck
patch
And pick her a mess o' Polk salad and carry it home in
a tote sack

Polk salad Annie, 'gators got you granny
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause her mama was a workin' on the chain gang
(A wretched spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman)
(Lord have mercy, pick mess of it)

Her daddy was lazy and no count, claimed he had a
bad back
All her brothers were fit for was stealin' watermelons
out of my truck patch

Polk salad Annie, the 'gators got you granny
Everybody said it was a shame
'Cause her mama was a working on the chain-gang
(Sock a little Polk salad to me)
(You know I need a mess of it)

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