

Teresa Brewer

"Boll Weevil"

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The Boll Weevil is a little black bug
From Mexico they say
Come all the way to Texas
Just a lookin' for a place to stay.

Chorus
Gonna get yo home.
Gonna get yo home.

The Farmer said to the Boll Weevil
I see you on the Square.
Yes, sir, said the Boll Weevil
My whole damn family's there.

The Farmer said to the Merchant
I want some meat and meal
Get outta here, you Son of a Gun
Got Boll Weevil in yo field.

The Farmer said to the Finance Man
I'd like to make out a note.
Go to hell, you rascal you,
Gotta Boll Weevil on yo coat.

Farmer said to the Banker,
I'd like to cash this cheque
Get outta here you Clodhopper,
Gotta Boll Weevil down yo neck.

Boll Weevil said to the Farmer
I'll swing right on yo gate,
When I git through with yo cotton,
You'll sell that Cadillac Eight!

Boll Weevil said to the Doctor,
Better put away your pills,
When I git through with the Farmer,
Cain't pay no Doctor bills!

Boll Weevil said to the Preacher,
Better close up them church doors

When I git through with the Farmer,
Cain't pay no Preacher no more!

Boll Weevil said to the Business Man,
Boy, drink that cool lemonade.
When I git through with you, boy,
Gonna drag you outta that shade!

Boll Weevil in yo field, boy,
It's just like shooting dice,
Work the whole damn year round,
But the cotton won't bring no price

The Boll Weevil knocked on my front door,
He said I've come to eat,
I'm gonna starve you plum to death
And get the shoes right off yo feet.

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