

Jimmie Driftwood

"You Got To Quit Kicking My Dog Around"

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(Jimmy Driftwood)

Me and Lim Brick and Old Bill Brown
Takin' a load of corn to town
My Old Jim Dog, the darned old cuss
He just naturally followed us

As we drove by Sam Johnson's door
Passed and cursed him out the door
Jim, he's good behind the box
And all them fellers are throwin' rocks

Refrain:

Every time I go to town
The boys keep a-kickin' my dog around
Makes no difference if he is a hound
You got to quit kicking my dog around

-Solo-

They tied a can to Old Jim's tail
Running him around the count jail
That made us a-dead burned sore
Lim, he cussed and Bill, he swore

Me and Lim Brick and Old Bill Brown
Lost no time a-get them down
We lost them fellers on the ground
For kicking my Old Jim Dog around

Refrain: -Solo-

Jim saw his duty there and then
He tore 'em to them gentlemen
He sure messed up the courthouse square
With the rags and meat and the hide and hair

The Sheriff came and stopped the fuss
And all them boys shook hands with us
We gathered 'round that load of corn
And every man had a healthy horn

Refrain: -Solo-

Old Jim Dog is worth much cash
But I can tell you, he ain't no trash
He wakes me up before the break of day
And he keeps them revenue-boys away

He's the best old dog, you ever did see
Wherever I go, he follows me
His voice is sweet, his name is Jim
He'd fight for me and I'd for him

Refrain: -Solo-

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