

Monette Moore

"Black Sheep Blues"

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When you're thinking of black sheep
Just take a look at me
I'm the blackest of black sheep
That ever left old Tennessee

Broke my dear old grey-haired mother's heart
Broke my dear old grey-haired mother's heart
Cause I would not do what good child's ought

Lord from the straight and narrow path I've strayed
From the straight and narrow path I've strayed
With regrets and sorrows I have paid

Just a black sheep roamin' round the town
Just a black sheep roamin' round the town
Like a tramp I'm always out and down

Lord always take the good old folks' advice
Always take the good old folks' advice
Before you leave it's best that you think twice

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