## New Deal String Band "FLY AROUND, MY PRETTY LITTLE MISS"

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1: Now, when I was a little boy, my mother told me If I didn't kiss the girls, my lips would soon grow moldy.

Ref: Fly around, my pretty little miss. Fly around, my daisy. Fly around, my pretty little miss. You almost drive me crazy

2: Now, when I was a little boy, all I wanted was a knife.

Now I am a great big boy, I'm looking for a wife.

Ref:

3: I wish I had a big white horse and corn to feed him on.
And a pretty little gal to stay at home and feed him when I'm gone.

Ref:

4: I'm going off to New Orleans, my musket on my shoulder. Going off to New Orleans. I'm going to be a soldier.

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