

Your Little Head

Lyrics G. Lucas

Music R. Runyon

There goes the wild boy giving her “ell, he’s got a hole in his muffler and fins on his tail

I swear that boy ain’t got no sense one of these days he’s gonna tear out the fence

Throwing my knife in the smokehouse shade broke off the tip of my last good blade

Eat your vienies ‘fore your gingerbread dough we’ll split a cold coke colely by the radio

Preaching and a shouting way up on the hill you got a fine looking boy there bro. Bill

Snake in the garden lived through the flood

You got to believe in the Lamb and be washed in the blood

Wading the creek with a winder screen that’s the biggest toughy I ever did see

Got grubs and worms everything in the book

Caught a sucker with a weenie on a latch pin hook

Smoking cigars in the railroad cut I will if you will if it slows down enough

We’ll jump off at the tunnel and see where the bad man died with a card up his sleeve

Rocking on the porch in the cool night air lightning bugs lightning everywhere

A poplar shows it’s silver leaf and thunder crawls in on a nice warm breeze

Listen to the Bible the tick and the tock John the Baptist and the mantle clock

Where’s my big toe wash up for bed there’s a big feather pillow for your little head