

Your Little Head (words by G. Lucas)

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

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

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

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

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

D
Snake in the garden lived through the flood

E G D A
You got to believe in the Lamb and be washed in the blood

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

A
Got grubs and worms everything in the book

E A
Caught a sucker with a weenie on a latch pin hook

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

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

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

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

D

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

A

E

A

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