

Pig In A Pen

Bill Monroe

I got a pig at home in a pen
Corn to feed him on
All I need's a pretty little girl
To feed I'm when I'm gone

Going up on a mountain
To sow a little cane
Raise a barrel of sorghum
Sweet little Liza Jane

Black clouds arising
Sure sign of rain
Put that old gray bonnet
On little Liza Jane

Yonder comes that gal of mine
How do you think I know
Know her by that gingham gown
Hanging down so low

Bake them biscuits baby
Bake em good and brown
When you get them biscuits baked
We're Alabama bound