

# The Ballad Of Martha White

Darrell Scott

I'm southern born and corn bred  
My folks are just the same  
I got my southern heritage  
I got my papaw's name  
I fell in love with a little girl when I was six years old  
She had the name of Martha White and she had her own radio show

You see, Martha had a brand of flour, for biscuits, cakes and pies  
She had Shirley Temple golden curly hair and southern, baby blue eyes  
And on Saturday nights with my guitar, I'd sit and play along  
I knew every word and every note to that Martha White hour theme song

Well my folks took a vacation down to Nashville, Tennessee  
Bought me a Goo Goo Cluster and a front row seat to the Grand Ol' Opr  
y  
And there before my childish eyes was that high and lonesome sound  
But nowhere on that Opry stage was Martha to be found  
Well I finally found my Martha out in the Opry stars' parking lot  
She was cooling off them up and coming boys  
You see they were Billboard hot and they were drinking something out  
of a brown paper bag  
I knew I'd lost my Martha the only love I'd ever had

Oh, they're all better looking than the ones who went before  
Same old hat, same old voice  
Can they give us nothing more?  
They're all smiling for the cameras, walking softly, talking loud  
Martha, she still makes those biscuits greasy, fluffy and proud  
You got your French croissant and all that Italian pastry-chef voodoo  
You just pop one of them suckers in your mouth, slivate and chew  
But what you won't find on the shelves of the finer kitchens of the w  
orld  
Is the face of our self-promoting, self-perpetuating, self-  
rising flour girl

You only get it in the southland  
That's where demographics best  
It's the brand that Mom and Daddy bought | They won't give the girl a  
rest  
And it's the same as it ever was from fifty years ago  
She ain't mortal like you and me  
Martha White will never grow old

They're all better looking than the ones who went before  
Same old hat, same old voice  
Can they give us nothing more?  
They're all smiling for the cameras, walking softly, talking loud  
Martha, she still makes those biscuits greasy, fluffy and proud  
For the finest biscuits ever was get Martha White self-rising flour  
The one all purpose flour  
Martha White self-rising flour with the hot rize plus