

Brown's Ferry Blues

Glen Campbell

Hard luck poppa, a-countin' his toes
You can smell his feet wherever he goes
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues
Hard luck poppa done [?]
[?] luck, you got to smile
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues.
Two old maids a-sitting in the sand
Each one wishing that the other was a man
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues
Two old maids done lost their style
If you want to be lucky you got to smile
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues.

It's early to bed and early to rise
And your girl goes out with other guys
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues
You don't believe me try it yourself
I tried it and I got left
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues.

Hard luck poppa standing in the rain
If the world was corn he couldn't buy grain
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues
Hard luck poppa standing in the snow
His knees knock together but he's raring to go
Lord, Lord, got those Brown's Ferry blues.