

Milk Cow Blues

Glen Campbell

This was the first blues I ever learned
From Bob Wells and the Texas Playboys
Called the Milk Cow Blues

Yeah.

Well, I did woke up this mornin'
And I looks out my door
Hey, I could tell my milkcow
I could tell by the way she lows
So if you see my milk cow
Well drive, drive, help her back home
'Cause I ain't had no milk and butter
Long since the cow's been gone.

Play your Harmonica Steve, yeah

Well, I tried everything woman
Just to get along with you
And now I'm goin' to tell you
What I'm gonna do.

Well, you know I'm gonna stop a-cryin'
I'a gonna leave you alone
If you don't think I'm leavin', honey
Count the days I'm gone
'Cause you're gonna need
Your lovin' daddy's help some day
And you will definately be sorry
'Cause you treat your man the wrong way.

Play your fiddle Carl, yeah, ah, ah
Don't you fiddle it son, make it feel good, yeah

Well, just treat your man right, woman
Day by day
And get out your little prayer book
Get down on your knees and pray
'Cause you're gonna need
A lovin' daddy's help some day
And you are goin' to be sorry
You just treat your old man the wrong way...