

Apples Dipped In Candy

Mickey Newbury

[Whistling.]

Well, apples dipped in candy,
Sweet-potato wine.
One is for your belly,
And one is for your mind.
Day off on Sunday,
When the rent is not behind.
But that's jus' the way it goes.

Lazy Mississippi,
Movin' mighty slow.
Like that ol' balckbird,
Walkin' down the road.
Able when the times get rough,
To jus' pick up and go.
Farther on down the line.

Rich man, poor man,
Begger or thief.
Oh, Lawd, the first ones getcha down the road, brother,
Any others getcha grief.
The last one getcha ninety days,
Of cotton-pickin' peas,
Down on the Captain's farm.

We got apples dipped in candy.

[Instrumental break.]

I tell you now, rich man, poor man,
Begger or thief,
First ones getcha down the road, brother,
Any others getcha grief.
The last one gets you ninety days,
Of cotton-pickin' peas,
Down on the Eastham Farm.[1]

Know what I'm talkin' about, Joe?

Well that's the way it goes.