

Wicked Dickie

Rasputina

Ladies and gentlemen, this is a song about an old man.
He had a cow.
He had but one cow, and the cow died.
He loved the cow better than his own child.
When the cow died, getting grieved by the cow was going no milk
and butter.
At home.
So, here come this song.

If you mourn for Dickie, I'll tell you right now
He was an old man and he had but one cow
Over hedges and ditches and fields he had plowed
He ran for his life just to get to his cow

Oh, wicked, wicked Dickie done died
Oh, wicked Dickie done died

If you mourn for Dickie, I'll tell you right now
He was an old man and he had but one cow
Over hedges and ditches and fields he had plowed
He ran for his life just to get to his cow

Oh, wicked Dickie done died
Oh, wicked Dickie done died

When the old man heard that his cow she was dead
over hedges and ditches you see he had fled
Over hedges and ditches and fields that were mown
he ran for his life just to get to his own

Oh, wicked Dickie done died
Oh, wicked Dickie done died

Now I sit down and I eat my dried meal
but I have no milk what to put in my pail
I have no butter to sop with my bread
now old wicked Dickie is dead

Oh, wicked Dickie done died
Oh, wicked Dickie done died

If you mourn for Dickie, I'll tell you right now
He was an old man and he had but one cow
Over hedges and ditches and fields he had plowed
He ran for his life just to get to his cow