

# 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