

# That's My Pa

Sheb Wooley

Now back in the country,  
Where I was born,  
Is on a little old hillside farm,  
My pa raised six kids,  
And one of 'em was me.

In the fall of the year,  
When the fields got white,  
We'd start pickin' cotton,  
About daylight.  
On Saturday,  
Pa'd take it all to town.

And along about dark,  
And everything was still,  
We could tell it was pa comin' down the hill,  
'Cause he'd rear back and he'd sound off somethin' like this...

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.

Now we'd go out to meet him,  
With a lantern light,  
'Cause the roads got crooked,  
On Saturday night,  
And he'd come on down the hill,  
And he'd stop in the yard.

He'd sit up there on that wagon seat,  
And he'd say, Boys, I'm hard to beat,  
Two hundred pounds of steel,  
And twice as hard.

Southern, wild, and wooly and full of fleas,  
And there never been cares for all his needs,  
And he'd rear back and bellow out a course or two.

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.

Hehehehe,

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.

That's my pa.  
Jittered up and ready,  
And about half wild,  
And I can whip anybody in about half mile,  
Of course there wasn't anybody there,

Except me and little Skeet.

Just as tough as a hickory frier,  
And I can dive deeper and come up drier,  
And he did it too,  
Right off that wagon seat.

Oh, it shook him up,  
When he hit the ground.  
Pa got up and looked around,  
And then ran back and let us have it again...

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.

Ewww, ewwww,  
Wooo hooo, hooo-ooo,  
Ha ha ha ha haaaa.