

# Polk Salad Annie

Tom Jones

Some of you all never been down South too much...  
I'm gonna tell you a little story, so you'll understand where I'm talking about  
Down there we have a plant that grows out in the woods and the fields,  
and it looks something like a turnip green.  
Everybody calls it Polk salad. Now that's Polk salad.  
Used to know a girl that lived down there and  
she'd go out in the evenings to pick a mess of it...  
Carry it home and cook it for supper, 'cause that's about all they had to eat,  
But they did all right.

Down in Louisiana  
Where the alligators grow so mean  
Lived a girl that I swear to the world  
Made the alligators look tame

Polk salad Annie  
'Gators got your granny  
Everybody said it was a shame  
For the mama was working on the chain-gang  
What a mean, vicious woman

Everyday before suppertime  
She'd go down by the truck patch  
And pick her a mess of Polk salad  
And carry it home in a tote sack

Polk salad Annie  
'Gators got you granny  
Everybody said it was a shame  
'Cause the mama was working on the chain-gang  
Whoo, how wretched, spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman,  
Lord have mercy.

Sock a little Polk salad to me  
Yeah, you know what, yeah, yeah

Her daddy was a lazy and a no-count  
Claimed he had a bad back  
All her brothers were fit for  
Was stealing watermelons out of my truck patch

For once Polk salad Annie  
'Gators got your granny  
Everybody said it was a shame  
For the mama was working on the chain-gang

Sock a little Polk salad to me  
You know I need a meal miss  
You sock a little  
Hey, hey, hey, yeah, yeah  
(Chic a bon, chic a bon, chic a bon bon bon bon  
Chic a bon, chic a bon, chic a bon bon bon bon)  
Sock a little Polk salad to me  
You know I need a meal miss  
Sock a little Polk salad to him

You know I need a meal  
Chinc, chinc, chinc, chin, ling, ling ling