

Alison Krauss, The Boy Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn

Tell You a little story and it won't take long,
'Bout a lazy farmer who wouldn't hoe his corn.
The reason why I never could tell,
That young man was always well.

He planted his corn in the month of June.
By July it was up to his eyes.
Come September, came a big frost.
And all the young man's corn was lost.

His story, kith, had just begun.
Said: "Young man, have you hoed some corn?"
"Well I tried and I tried, and I tried in vain.
"But I don't believe I raised no grain."

He went down town to his neighbour's door.
Where he had often been before.
Sayin': "Pretty little miss, will you marry me?"
"Little miss what do you say?"

"Why do you come for me to wed?
"You, can't even make your own corn grain.
"Single I am, and will remain.
"A lazy man, I won't maintain."

He turned his back and walked away.
Sayin: "Little miss, you'll rue the day.
"You'll rue the day that you were born.
"For givin' me the devil 'cos I wouldn't hoe corn."