

Alison Krauss & Union Station, The Boy Who Wo

Tell you a little story an' it won't take long
'Bout a lazy farmer who wouldn't hoe his corn
The reason why I never could tell
For 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
An' 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 an' I tried an' I tried in vain
But I don't believe I raised one grain"
He went down town to his neighbor'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 an' will remain
A lazy man, I won't maintain"
He turned his back an' 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"