

John D. Loudermilk, Ma Baker's Little Acre

Now a little old lady by the name of Ma Baker lived out of town on one square acre
In a little white house with a picket fence all around
She had a kind and a gentle way till the day the TVA
Tried to make Ma Baker sell her little acre of land
They showed her a map of how the river ran and a sketch of a brand new dam
But Ma Baker wouldn't sell her little acre of land
She said Pa left this to me sonny and I wouldn't sell for love nor money
No sir Ma Baker's gonna keep her little acre of land
The next time they came they brought the sheriff
Found Ma a rockin' in an old porch chair
Just a knittin' and a rockin' out in the evening sun
She said I think you best to wait and don't just step through the picket gate
And on Ma's lap they noticed Pa's old shotgun
[harmonica]
Yeah now out in the middle of the brand new lake is a little island of one square acre
And Ma Baker's just as happy as she can be
And she can't swim but she can float and catch big bass from her motor boat
And when the wind ain't blowin' too much she can water ski
Yeah and my Baker still owns her little acre of land