

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