

# Billy Bragg, Way Over Yonder

I lived in a place called Okfuskee  
and I had a little girl in a holler tree  
I said, little girl, it's plain to see,  
there ain't nobody that can sing like me

She said it's hard for me to see  
how one little boy got so ugly  
Yes, my little girly, that might be,  
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me  
way over yonder in the minor key  
Way over yonder in the minor key  
there ain't nobody that can sing like me

We walked down by the Buckeye Creek  
to see he frog eat the goggle eye bee  
To hear that west wind whistle to the east,  
there ain't nobody that can sing like me

Oh my little girly will you let me see,  
where over yonder where the wind blows free  
Nobody can see in our holler tree  
and there ain't nobody that can sing like me

Her mama cut a switch from a cherry tree  
and laid it on the she and me  
It stung lots worse than a hive of bees  
but there ain't nobody that can sing like me

Now I have walked a long long ways  
and I still look back to my tanglewood days,  
I've led lots of girlies since then to stray  
saying, ain't nobody that can sing like me