

Faces, Miss Judy's Farm

(Ron Wood, Rod Stewart)

Miss Judy, she was moody

Owned a sweaty farm in old Alabam

I was just eighteen, crude and mean

All I needed was to get my own way.

Miss Judy, she could have me any hour of the working day

She'd send me in the corn field, mid-afternoon

Said "Son, its all part of your job"

Miss Judy had a p'roxide poodle

That I would kick if I was given the chance

Madam wasn't amused by the kindness I used

I was whipped in the barn until dawn

Last summer we was restless,

Were gonna make a stand and burn down your farm

But it was all in the head 'cause out in the yard

Miss Judy had the National Guard

We was beat before we started.

Miss Judy she was moody

But she always didn't get her own way

Stage a fight, get it right

Kick her when she's down