

Jim Stafford, Wildwood Weed

The wildwood flower grew wild on the farm,
And we never knowed what it was called.
Some said it was a flower and some said it was weed,
I never gave it much thought
One day I was out there talking to my brother,
Reached down for a weed to chew on,
Things got fuzzy and things got blurry,
And then everything was gone!
Didnt know what happened,
But I knew it beat the hell out of sniffin burlap.

I come to and my brother was there,
And he said, Whats wrong with your eyes?
I said, I dont know, I was chewing on a weed.
He said, Let me give it a try.
We spent the rest of that day and most of that night,
Trying to find my brother, Bill.
Caught up with him, bout six oclock the next morning,
Naked, swinging on the wind mill!
He said he flew up there.
I had to fly up there and bring him down,
He was about half crazy

The very next day we picked a bunch of them weeds,
And put em in the sun to dry.
Then we mashed em up and chopped em up,
And put em in the corncob pipe.
Smokin that wildwood flower got to be a habit,
We didnt see no harm.
We thought it was kind of handy,
Take a trip and never leave the farm!

All good things gotta come to an end,
And its the same with the wildwood weed.
One day this feller from Washington came by,
And he spied it and turned white as a sheet.
Then they dug and they burned,
And they burned and they dug,
And they killed all our cute little weeds.
Then they drove away,
We just smiled and waved
Sittin there on that sack of seeds!

Y'all come back now, hear?