

Red Sovine, Baby Rocked Her Dolly

Sister did the jig and brother beat the drum
And baby rocked her dolly baby rocked her dolly

As I sit here in this old folks home my hair is white as snow
I remember when I was young again how everything was jolly
When sister did the jig...

Well them kids of mine they've all grown up they write every now and then
As I read the letters it makes memories of all our fun and folly
When sister did the jig...

That wife of mine God rest her soul she's gone on before me
I bet she's told the Lord about the times our house was filled with jolly
When sister did the jig...

That man across the hall is a lonely man he's never had a family
So he asked me to tell him all about my kids when he's feelin' melancholy
When sister did the jig...
When sister did the jig...