

The Band, Don't Ya Tell Henry

Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly.
I went down to the river on a Saturday morn,
A-lookin' around just to see who's born.
I found a little chicken down on his knees,
I went up and yelled to him, "Please, please, please!"
He said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

I went down to the corner at a-half past ten,
I's lookin' around, I wouldn't say when.
I looked down low, I looked above,
And who did I see but the one I love.
She said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

Now, I went down to the beanery at half past twelve,
A-lookin' around just to see myself.
I spotted a horse and a donkey, too,
I looked for a cow and I saw me a few.
They said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

Now, I went down to the pumphouse the other night,
A-lookin' around, it was outa sight.
I looked high and low for that big ol' tree,
I did go upstairs but I didn't see nobody but me.
I said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."