

# Tony Joe White, Polk Salad Annie

POLK SALAD ANNIE

Tony Joe White

(words & music by Tony Joe White)

(Recitation)

If some of ya'll never been down South too much...  
I'm gonna tell you a little bit about this, so that you'll understand  
What I'm talking about  
Down there we have a plant that grows out in the  
woods and the fields,  
looks somethin' like a turnip green.  
Everybody calls it Polk salad. Polk salad.  
Used to know a girl that lived down there and  
she'd go out in the evenings and pick a mess of it...  
Carry it home and cook it for supper, 'cause that's about all they had to eat,  
But they did all right.

Down in Louisiana Where the alligators grow so mean  
There lived a girl that I swear to the world Made the alligators look tame

Polk salad Annie polk salad Annie  
Everybody said it was a shame  
Cause her mama was working on the chain-gang  
(a mean, vicious woman)

Everyday 'fore supper time She'd go down by the truck patch  
And pick her a mess o' Polk salad And carry it home in a tote sack

Polk salad Annie 'Gators got you granny  
Everybody said it was a shame  
'Cause her mama was a workin' on the chain-gang  
(a wretched, spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman,  
Lord have mercy. Pick a mess of it)

Her daddy was lazy and no count  
Claimed he had a bad back  
All her brothers were fit for was stealin' watermelons out of my truck patch  
Polk salad Annie, the gators got your granny  
Everybody said it was a shame  
Cause her mama was a working' on the chain gang  
(Sock a little polk salad to me, you know I need a mess of it)