

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 aworkin' 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)