

Watson Family, Every Day Dirt

John come home all in a wonder,
He rattled at the door just like thunder.
"Who is that?" Mr. Henley cried.
"Tis my husband! You must hide!"
Then John sat down by the fireside a-weepin',
An' up the chimney he got to peepin'.
There he saw that poor old soul
Settin' up a-straddle of the pot-rack pole.
Then John built on a rousing fire
Just to suit his own desire.
His wife got out with a free good will,
"Don't do that, for the man you'll kill!"
Then John reached up and down he fetched him
Like a coon when a dog had ketched him.
He blackened his eyes and then did better:
He kicked him out right on his setter.
Then his wife she crawled under the bed.
And he pulled her out by the hair of her head.
"And when I'm gone, remember then!"
He kicked where the chinchies had been.
Now the law went down and John went up.
He didn't have the chance of a yaller pup.
They sent him down to old chain gang.
For beatin' his wife, the dear little thing.
Well John didn't worry, John didn't cry,
But when he got home he socked her in the eye.
They took him back to the old town jail,
But his wife got lonesome and she paid his bail.
Then the judge sent back, made him work so hard
He longed to be home in his own front yard.
They kept him there and wouldn't turn him loose.
I could tell you more about him, but there ain't no use.