

# Polk Salad Annie

Tony Joe White

Now some of y'all 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, huh  
Used to know a girl that lived down there and  
She'd go out in the evenings and pick her 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 a chain-gang  
A mean business woman  
Now, 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  
The gators got you granny  
(Chomp, chomp, chomp)  
Everybody said it was a shame  
Cause her mama was a-workin' on a 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  
(Woo hoo)  
Everybody said it was a shame  
'Cause her mama was a-working on a chain gang  
Sock a little polk salad to me  
Know I need a mess of it  
Ooh, good God  
Got to have me

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

