

Get Along Down to Town

GET ALONG DOWN TO TOWN 5143 B2

King Family Visalia, 1941

Boss he had a yaller gal He brought her from the South She had her hair done up so tight
She could 'nt hardly shot her mouth.

Get along down to town Get along down to town Get along down to Little Rock town
Gonna set my banjo down.

Her head looked like a coffee pot Her nose looked like a the spout Her mouth looked like a
fire place With the ashes all kicked robed out.

Get along down to town Get along down to town Get along down to Little Rock town
Gonna set my banjo down.

I wouldn't have a yaller gal And Now here's the reason why Her neck's so long and
scrangy She 'd makes those them biscuits fly.

Get along down to town Get along down to town Get along down to Little Rock town
Gonna set my banjo down.

Boss he had an old gray mare He rode her down to in town Before he 'd got his tradin'
done ? - The butter'd melted down. The hazzards had her down.

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Gonna set my banjo down.

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Boss he had an old, gray mare Her name was Brindy Brown Every tooth in that mare's head Was Had Sixteen inches round.

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Gonna set my banjo down.

Well, I hopped upon that old gray mare And I rode her through the town I sold that mare
for fifty cents And I got my money down.

Get along down to town Get along down to town Get along down to Little Rock town
Gonna push my 'baccer roun'.

Boss he had a big white house Sixteen stories high And Well every story in that house
Was lined with chicken pie.

Get along down to town Get along down to town Get along down to Little Rock town
Gonna push my 'baccer roan'.

Whiskey by the gallon and Sugar by the pound A great big bowl to put pour it in And a
purty gal to carry it around.

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Gonna set my banjo down.