

POLK SALAD ANNIE

Tony Joe White

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.

Verse 1

E
Down in Louisiana, where the alligators grow so mean.

There lived a girl, that I swear to the world,

made the alligators look tame.

Chorus 1

A **E**
Polk salad Annie, polk salad Annie.
G **A**
Everybody said it was a shame..
G **A**
cause her Mama was working on the chain-gang.
E
A mean, vicious woman.

Verse 2

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.

Chorus 2

A **E**
Polk salad Annie..'gators got your Granny.
G **A** **G**
Everybody said it was a shame..cause her Mama was
A
workin on the chain-gang..
E

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a wretched, spiteful, straight-razor totin' woman.

Lord have mercy.

Interlude

Verse 3

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.

Tag

E

Sock a little polk-salad to me..you know I need a mean
mess of it..(Fade.)