

# 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

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

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

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