

Blackberry Boogie

Tennessee Ernie Ford

Along about sun-up every day
I grab my bucket and I'm on my way
I go down the road a runnin' and a kickin'
I'm headed for the patch to do some blackberry pickin' I fill my bucket right to the top
It makes my lips go flippety-flop
I hear a little voice and it sounds so sad
It said, Don't pick me now 'cause I ain't ripe, dad Blackberry boogie, blackberry boogie
I'm brought back like a flip
When it's blackberry pickin' time I went to see my gal, I set my bucket down
She said, Hi there baby, are you goin' to town?
I said, Uh-uh honey, I'm a goin' where they scratch
I'll meet you in a minute in the blackberry patch She grabs her bucket and she jumps and squeals
I'm headin' for the bushes and she's hot on my heels
I start pickin' on one end, she picks on the other
We meet in the middle and she yells, Oh, brother Blackberry boogie, blackberry boogie
Oh, I love that girl
When I meet her in the middle of the patch We go through the briars walkin' hand in hand
Pickin' blackberries just to beat the band
I grab her for a kiss, she said, Turn me loose
Your lips are all blue from that blackberry juice I hug her once and said, Don't be coy
You know I'm your blackberry pickin' boy
I kissed her then and she let out a sigh
And said, Let's go to my house and bake a pie Blackberry boogie, blackberry boogie
I'll be back little gal
When it's blackberry pickin' time

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