

# Sleepy-Eyed John

## Johnny Horton

Well, a way down yonder on the Candy Creek  
I whittled out a fiddle from a wagon seat  
I tuned my fiddle and I rubbed my bow  
Play a little tune wherever I goSleepy-eyed John, you better your britches on  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better tie your shoe  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better get your britches on  
Try to get to heaven 'fore the devil gets to youWell, sleepy-eyed John he stole a goose  
The goose she clucked but she couldn't get loose  
Said John to the goose, "If you don't be still  
Well miss our supper down in Candy ville"Sleepy-eyed John, you better your britches on  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better tie your shoe  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better get your britches on  
Try to get to heaven 'fore the devil gets to youWell sleepy-eyed John he had a wooden leg  
The wooden leg was nothing but a little wooden peg  
With one shoe off and one shoe on  
He'll do the double shuffle 'till the cows come homeSleepy-eyed John, you better your britches on  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better tie your shoe  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better get your britches on  
Try to get to heaven 'fore the devil gets to youNow I got twenty dollars for to build a fence  
I took my money and I ain't worked since  
Sold my buggy and I sold my plow  
I wouldn't take a dollar for my journey nowSleepy-eyed John, you better your britches on  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better tie your shoe  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better get your britches on  
Try to get to heaven 'fore the devil gets to youWell over the hickory and down the pine  
The raccoon left and the old hound whined  
John said, "Sic 'em" and the raccoon left  
They crossed Green River in a minute and a halfSleepy-eyed John, you better your britches on  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better tie your shoe  
Sleepy-eyed John, you better get your britches on  
Try to get to heaven 'fore the devil gets to you

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