

Boss Jack

Johnny Cash

Pick a lot o'cotton, drag a long sack
Comin' across the field, well, I see Boss Jack
He's a ridin' straddle of a single foot roan
When you know that horse, you'll leave him alone
The ole roan's got green in his eyes
Mean as the devil and twice as wise
A fire in his nose and a bow in his back
Can't nobody ride him but Boss Jack
Come on children, bend your back
Work a little faster, fill your sack
Then you hitch up the wagon, take it to the gin
Finish pickin' before the winter sets in
Now here while back, when the crop was laid by
Remember who took us on a big fish fry?
Caught a heap of catfish, goggle eye and carp
Dashed and sang to the guitar and the harp

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