

Boll Weevil

Punch Brothers

Boll Weevil told the farmer
You better treat me right
I'll eat up all your cotton
Sleep in your grain rail tonight

Boll Weevil told the farmer
You don't need no Ford machine
I'll eat up all your cotton
You can't buy no gasoline

Yonder comes a spider
Crawling up and down the wall
He must've been going
To get his ashes hauled

I don't see no water
But I'm about to drown
I don't see no fire
But I'm burning down

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