Over Here

Firkin

oh the praties they grow small over here over here
oh the praties they grow small over here
oh the praties they grow small and we dig them in the fall
and we eat them skin and all over here over here

oh I wish that we were geese night and morn' night and morn'
oh I wish that we were geese night and morn'
oh I wish that we were geese for they fly and take their ease
and they live and die in peace eating corn eating corn

oh we're trampled in the dust over here over here
oh we're trampled in the dust over here
oh we're trampled in the dust but the Lord in who we trust
will give us crumb for crust over here over here

Lyrics submitted by Janos.

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