

# Uncle Remus

## Bonnen

Woo, are we movin' too slow?  
Have you seen us, uncle Remus?  
We look pretty sharp in these clothes, yes, we do  
Unless we get sprayed with a hose It ain't bad in the day if they squirt it your way  
'Cept in the winter, when it's froze  
An' it's hard if it hits on your nose, on your nose Just keep your nose to the grindstone, they say  
Will that redeem us, uncle Remus  
I can't wait till my Fro is full-grown  
I'll just throw 'way my Doo-Rag at home I'll take a drive to Beverly Hills just before dawn  
An' knock the little jockeys off the rich people's lawn  
An' before they get up I'll be gone, I'll be gone  
Before they get up I'll be knocking  
The jockeys off the lawn down in the dew

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