

# Miss Judy's Farm

## Faces

Miss Judy, she was moody  
Ran a sweaty farm in old Alabam'  
I was just eighteen, crude and mean  
And all I needed was to get my own way  
Get out of my wayMiss Judy she could have me  
Any hour of the working day  
She'd send me in the corn field mid-afternoon  
Said son it's all part of your jobMiss Judy had a cross-eyed poodle  
That I would kick if I was given the chance  
Never wasn't amused by the kindness I used  
I was whipped in the barn until dawn  
It hurt meLast summer we was restless  
Were gonna make a stand and burn down your farm  
But it was all in the head  
'Cause out in the yard  
Miss Judy had the National Guard  
We was beaten  
Before we startedMiss Judy, she was moody  
But she always didn't get her own wayWe'll state the facts, get it right  
Kick her when she's down

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