

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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