

The Boy Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn

Alison Krauss & Union Station

Tell you a little story and it won't take long
'Bout a lazy farmer who wouldn't hoe his corn
The reason why I never could tell
For that young man was always well He planted his corn in the month of June
And by July it was up to his eyes
Come September, came a big frost
And all the young man's corn was lost His story, kith, had just begun
Said, "Young man, have you hoed some corn?"
"Well, I tried and I tried, and I tried in vain
But I don't believe I raised no grain" He went down town to his neighbor's door
Where he had often been before
Sayin', "Pretty little miss, will you marry me?"
Little miss what do you say? "Why do you come for me to wed?
You, can't even make your own corn grain
Single I am and will remain
A lazy man, I won't maintain" He turned his back and walked away
Sayin', "Little miss, you'll rue the day
You'll rue the day that you were born
For givin' me the devil, 'cos I wouldn't hoe corn"

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