

Farmer's Daughter

Kentucky Headhunters

Sittin' in a pea patch pickin' up paw-paws
Checkin' out my baby in her short, short overalls
I got a job in the city, but I can't go to work
The boss man says I gotta' wear a shirt
But rules, man, rules, I can't be bothered
'Cause it's enough keepin' up with the farmer's daughter I'm workin' with the women when I know I shouldn't
oughta'
But I gotta' keep my eye on the farmer's daughter I got a job in the city, but I can't go to work
The boss man says I gotta' wear a shirt
But rules, man, rules, I can't be bothered
'Cause it's enough keepin' up with the farmer's daughter Hey - hey - hey But come a' Saturday night, I'm gonna'
put her in the car
Take her to a dance at the Lebanon Bar
Sell everybody a jug a' moonwater
Get a' rich and run away with the farmer's daughter Hey - hey - hey Here she comes Well, we gotta' sneak
around when we go out at night
'Cause if her daddy found out, he'd punch out my lights I got a job in the city, but I can't go to work
The boss man says I gotta' wear a shirt
But rules, man, rules, I can't be bothered
'Cause it's enough keepin' up with the farmer's daughter Yes, it's enough keepin' up with the farmer's
daughter Hey - hey - hey

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>