

Kirby Hill

Hayseed Dixie

If you want to get your eyes knocked out,
You want to get your fill,
You want to get your head shot off,
Just climb up Kirby Hill.

My daddy made corn whiskey,
Up on Kirby Hill,
Just like his dad before him,
In an old pot-belly still.
He never took to strangers
Heading up that way.
And when he'd hear 'em talk about it
This is what he'd say:

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You want to get your fill,
You want to get your head shot off,
Just climb up Kirby Hill.

One night some Revenuers
Thought they'd take the old man down,
And they asked about the way up
Kirby Hill all over town.
They headed up the mountain
'Round about half-past ten.
Reckon now it's safe to say
We ain't never seen 'em again.

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You want to get your fill,
You want to get your head shot off,
Just climb up Kirby Hill.

My great granddaddy used to talk
'Bout the war 'tween the governments,
Back when old Jeff Davis
And Abe Lincoln were the Presidents.
He watched the armies marching up,
He watched them both march by.
No army ever took his hill,

No army dared to try.

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You want to get your head shot off,
Just climb up Kirby Hill.

Lately up on Kirby Hill
I've been planting seeds of my own,
And Lord they fetch a pretty price,
When they're good and grown.
I've seen the helicopters,
Sent by the D.E.A.
If they value their lives like I do my buds
They'll stay the hell away.

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Lyrics submitted by Borislav.

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