

Poppin' Johnny™

Frankie Miller

Well in nineteen forty I was just a little lad,
Ole Poppin' Johnny was all I had,
Just me and that tractor, my ma and pa,
In the black bottom lands of Arkansas,

Well early every morning had to hit the floor,
Meet ole Luke that's the boy next door ,
Well ma said son, don't that be all,
Luke's twice around forty in his new Farmall,

Well pop, pop, pop all day,
Keep a poppin' Johnny if we're gonna make hay,
Pop, pop, and don't you stall,
Or I might swap you out for a new Farmall,

Well poppin' along nice could be,
Thinkin' bout Susie what she meant to me,
At about that time we got an awful bump,
Johnny popped a stoop on a blackjack stump,

Well I got off the ground and I dusted my behind,
Words I used were the poppin kind,
Heard the back door open and my ma yelled son,
Ain't no way to get the plowin' done,

Pop, pop, pop all day,
Keep a poppin' Johnny if we're gonna make hay,
Pop, pop, cause if you stall,
We'll never finish for the dinner bell call,

Well I wish ole Luke kinda slow things down,
Me and old Johnny threw the drag in ground
Well scratchy old cushion well it give me the bill,
Got my britches lookin' bad is hill,

If I plowed all week it's a hard rule,
Get to drive Johnny into Sunday School,
Well I pick up Susie take her into town,
Pop on Johnny don't you let me down,

Pop, pop, pop all day,
Keep a poppin johnny if we're gonna make hay,
Pop, pop, and don't you stall,
I can't take Susie to the barn dance hall,

Lyrics submitted by Keagen Gundersn.

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