

Kickin' My Dog Around

Once me an' Lem Briggs 'an Old Bill Brown, took a load
of corn to town,

My old Jim Dawg, the onery cuss, he just naturally
followed us.

As we driv' past Sam Johnson's Store, a passel of yaps
come out the door.

When Jim he stopped to smell a box,
They shied at him a bunch of rocks.

Every time I come to town, the boys keep kickin' my dog
around.

Makes no difference if he is a houn'
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'

They tied a tin can to his tail, an' run him a-past the county
jail,

An' that plum naturally makes me sore, and Jim he cussed
an' Bill he swore.

Me an' Lem Briggs an' Old Bill Brown,
We lost no time in a jumpin' down,
And we wiped them ducks up on the ground,
For kickin' my old dawg around.

Ev'ry time I come to town, the boys keep kickin' my dog
aroun'.

Makes no difference if he is a houn'
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Folks say a dawg can't hold no grudge,
But when once I got too much fudge,
Them town ducks tried to do me up,
But they didn't count on ol' Jim pup.

Jim seen his duty thar and then, and lit into them
gentlemen.

He shore mussed up the court house sq'are
With rags an' meat an' a hide an' ha'r

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