

Miss Judy's Farm

Faces

Miss Judy, she was moody
Owned a sweaty farm in old Alabam
I was just eighteen, crude and mean
All I needed was to get my own way. Miss Judy, she could have me any hour of the working day
She'd send me in the corn field, mid-afternoon
Said "Son, its all part of your job"
Miss Judy had a p'roxide poodle
That I would kick if I was given the chance
Madam wasn't amused by the kindness I used
I was whipped in the barn until dawn Last summer we was restless,
Were gonna make a stand and burn down your farm
But it was all in the head 'cause out in the yard
Miss Judy had the National Guard We was beat before we started.
Miss Judy she was moody
But she always didn't get her own way
Stage a fight, get it right
Kick her when she's down

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