

# The Watermelon Blues

(A)

We were heading for the truck--when I heard that shotgun blast  
I (E) dropped my big watermelon--Little (D) Bill went a flying (A) past  
It didn't affect our courage--to that I can attest  
We (E) simply out ran the shot--(D) laughing every (A) breath

Oh (D) grab another big melon--- (A) fresh from the vine  
And head on down--that (D) dusty road--(E) really making (A) time

Little Bill kept his focus--He sure did make me proud  
When he pulled out that old knife he made—and began to dance around  
He dropped down on one knee—and he chopped another vine  
This one here's for you he said—that other one----- (STOP) *now that's mine*

(CHORUS)

Little Bill's words were profound—with bullets whizzing by  
In a moment of reflection—He was not afraid to die  
Said one little biddy melon—Mr. Farmer can't you hear my cry  
I'll pay you back in full—(STOP) ---*In the sweet bye and bye*

(CHORUS)

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