

Boll Weevil

(version 2)

Words & Music:
Traditional American

D
The Boll Weevil is a little black bug, from Mexico they say
G
Come all the way to Texas just a-lookin' for a place to stay.
A7 D
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.
A7 D
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.

The first time I seen the Boll Weevil, he was sitting on the square.
The next time I seen the Boll Weevil he had all his family there.
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.

The Farmer said to the Weevil, "What makes your face so red?"
The Weevil said to the Farmer, "It's a wonder I ain't dead."
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.

The Farmer took the Boll Weevil and he put him in hot sand.
The Boll Weevil said to the Farmer "But I'll stand it like a man."
This'll be my home, this'll be my home, this'll be my home, this'll be my home.

The Farmer took the Boll Weevil and he put him in a lump of ice.
The Boll Weevil said to the Farmer "This is mighty cool & nice."
This'll be my home, this'll be my home, this'll be my home, this'll be my home.

The Farmer took the Boll Weevil and he put him in the fire.
The Boll Weevil said to the Farmer "This is just what I desire."
This'll be my home, this'll be my home, this'll be my home, this'll be my home.

The Boll Weevil said to the Farmer "You better leave me alone;
I ate up all your cotton and I'm starting on your corn."
I'll have a home, I'll have a home, I'll have a home, I'll have a home.

The Merchant got half the cotton, the Boll Weevil got the rest.
Didn't leave the Farmer's Wife but one old cotton dress.
And it's full of holes, and it's full of holes, and it's full of holes, and it's full of holes.

The Farmer said to the Merchant, "We're in an awful fix;
The Boll Weevil ate all the cotton up and left us only sticks.
We got no home, we got no home, we got no home, we got no home."

The Farmer said to the Merchant, "We ain't made but one bale.
And before we'll give you that one, we'll fight and go to jail.
We'll have a home, we'll have a home, we'll have a home, we'll have a home."

And if anybody should ask you who it was made this song.
It was the Farmer man with all but his blue jeans gone.
A-looking for a home, a-looking for a home, a-looking for a home, a-looking for a home.