



# The D.O.T.B. The Tennessee Boys

“Dang Old Tennessee Boys”

The song lyrics on this page are from the CD issued at Philmont,  
and sold by the [“Tooth of Time Traders”](#)

The lyrics are: “As-sung on the CD’s”.

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Tennessee Boys Version 1.6

## The Tennessee Boys

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|--|--|
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| (13) <b>Perry County Waltz</b>             | <b>Gus Cannon</b>                        |
|  | <b>Ryan Crider - <i>Instrumental</i></b> |

This album is the D.O.T.B. attempt to capture multiple summers of porch swings, fiddles, campfires, dance floors, thunder storms, cowboy hats, axes, hiking boots, guns and banjos and put it all into something that you can listen to wherever you might be traveling. Everything was recorded live in two days, and hopefully will bring out the sound of seven close friends having a good time. With a bit of luck, you’ll feel like you’re right there on the front porch with us.

The Boys are: Cory Younts - banjo, mandolin, guitar, vocals; Ryan Crider - fiddle, mandolin, guitar, vocals; Charles Pitcock - harmonica, vocals; Patrick Davis - kazoo, vocals; Brain Rappold - guitar, mandolin; Brain Barnes - guitar; Carl Hofstrom - bass.

**IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!**

## **(1) Walk Right In**

**Original Artist: The Rooftop Singers**

Walk right in, sit right down  
Daddy, let your mind roll on  
Oh, walk right in, stay a little while  
Daddy, you just can't stay long  
Everybody's talkin' 'bout that new way of walkin'  
Say they gonna lose your mind?  
Walk right in, sit right down  
Daddy, let your mind roll on

(Sing it out, Boys)

Well, walk right in, sit right down  
Daddy, let your mind roll on  
Oh, walk right in, stay a little while  
Daddy, you just can't stay long  
Everybody's talkin' 'bout that new way of walkin'  
Say they gonna lose your mind?  
(That's your mind now)  
Walk right in, sit right down  
Daddy, let your mind roll on  
(Oh now, sing it again)  
Daddy, let your mind roll on

## (2) I Truly Understand

## Traditional Lyrics and Music

I wish to the Lord I'd never been born  
Or died when I was young  
Before I'd seen your two brown eyes  
Heard your lying tongue, love  
Heard your lying tongue

\* CHORUS \*

I truly understand you love another man  
And your heart shall no longer be mine  
I truly understand you love another man  
And your heart shall no longer be mine

I'll never listen to what another woman says  
Whether her hair be black or brown  
I'd rather be on the top of some hill  
Rain pouring down, down  
Rain pouring down

\* CHORUS \*

Now who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot?  
Who's gonna glove your hand?  
Who's gonna be your own true love  
I'm in a foreign land, love  
I'm in a foreign land?

Now mama's gonna shoe your pretty little foot  
And papa's gonna glove your hand  
I'll still be your own true love  
I'm in a foreign land, love  
I'm in a foreign land

\* CHORUS \*

And your heart shall no longer be mine

### (3) Hesitation Blues

**Original Artist: Art Gillham**

(aka "The Whispering Pianist") recorded in 1925

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee  
You know you like my peaches  
come and shake my tree

Tell me how long  
Have I got to wait?  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?

And if the river was whiskey and the branches wine  
You see me swimmin' just-a any ol' time  
Tell me how long, have I got to wait?  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?

Well, ain't no doctor but the doctor's son  
I can do the doctor, till the doctor comes  
Tell me how long  
Have I got to wait?  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?

Oh, and if the river was whiskey and I was a duck  
I'd dive to the bottom, was-a never come up  
Tell me how long, how long, have I got to wait?  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?

Well ain't no doctor, I'm the doctor's son  
I can do the doctor till the doctor comes  
Tell me how long, how long  
Have I got to wait?  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?

Oh, I got the hesitation stockings, the hesitation shoes  
Me an my Lord, I got the hesitation blues  
Tell me how long  
Have I got to wait?  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?  
(One more, Boys)  
Oh, can I get you now, must I hesitate?

#### (4) Asheville Junction

#### Traditional Lyrics and Music

I'm-a goin' back home  
Gonna see my baby  
And I ain't comin' back, babe  
I ain't comin' back

Gonna see my Momma  
Gonna see my Pappa  
And I ain't gonna leave, babe  
Ain't gonna leave

\* CHORUS \*

Asheville Junction, Swannanoa Tunnel  
All caved in, babe, all caved in

Ain't one hammer that's on this mountain  
That'll ring like mine, baby, that ring like mine  
It'll ring like silver, shine like gold,  
Ring like silver, babe it shine like gold,

\* CHORUS \*

Now when you hear that bulldog barkin'  
Somebody's comin', babe, somebody's comin'  
And when you hear that jaybird holler  
Sign of rain, babe, sign of rain

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*

## (5) Colfax County

**Original Artists: Front Range**

Adapted from "Fergus County Jail"

I was out a ridin' on a snowy winter's eve  
comin' home from the Baldy Mountain Gold.  
In the tavern of the town while the sun was sinking down,  
I stopped to drive away the cold,  
rye whiskey to drive away the cold.

In the corner of the room sat a man with hardened eyes,  
and he called for to drink another round.  
But the whiskey came to slow and he turned as if to go  
and he dropped that ancient bar keep down,  
Well, he pistol-whipped that poor man to the ground.

Then he turned around to me with a smile still on his face  
and he started slowly walking to the door.  
I turned and asked him when he started beating helpless men  
and he paused in the middle of the floor,  
and someone hollered, "Even up that score".

Then he turned around to me with that gun still in his hand  
and I swear I saw the hammer coming down.  
And the next thing that I knew when the smoke had cleared the room  
he was lying still upon the ground,  
and the lawman of the town was coming down.

\* CHORUS \*

Am                      Em  
I wish that I was home in old Virginia on the farm

D                      Em  
Whippoorwill singing on the rail. But the wind is blowing cold

G                      D                      Em  
on the New Mexico plains and I'm lying in the Colfax County Jail.

Now I'm lying here tonight with these shackles on my feet and that  
Whippoorwill is screamin' past the moon. Well I know I should have run  
instead of fightin' with a gun. I'm much too young to die this soon,  
Well, this night in Colfax County's been my doom.

\* CHORUS \*

**(6) Johnson Boys**

**Original Artist/Band: Flatt and Scruggs**

Have you heard the many stories told by old and young with joy  
Of the many deeds of courage that were done by the Johnson boys

Hop up pretty girl, don't be afraid (4 times)

The Johnson boys were the men of honor they knew how to court their mates  
They knew how to love and kiss them

Hop up pretty girl, don't be afraid (5 times)

They were lads of skill and courage and their lives were very poor  
But they done their country's service in that awful Civil War

Hop up pretty girl, don't be afraid (4 times)

They were scouts in the Rebel army and were but known far and wide  
When the Yankees saw them comin' they throw down their guns and hide

Hop up pretty girl, don't be afraid (4 times)

**(7) Sugar Hill**

**Tommy Jarrell**

Five cents in my pocket change, dollar in my bill  
If I had ten dollars more, I'd climb up Sugar hill

Jaybird and the sparrow, they had a little fight together  
Fought around the briar patch, never lost a feather

If I had no horse to ride, I'd be found a-walking  
Up and down old Toenail Gap to hear my gal a-talking

Five cents in my pocket change, dollar in my bill  
If I had ten dollars more, I'd climb up Sugar hill

I'd climb up Sugar hill

**(8) Goin' Down South**

**Original Artist: Dock Boggs**

I'm goin' down to the station; catch the fastest train that goes  
I'm goin' back South, weather out there suits my clothes

\* CHORUS \*

Well, I'm goin' down south if I wear 99 pair of shoes  
I'm broken hearted, got those down South blues

You know it looks like water babe; they got it off and on  
And I think that I got you, turn around and you gone

\* CHORUS \*

My Momma told me, my Daddy told me too  
Son don't you go away honey and make a man make a fool out of you

\* CHORUS \*

So I come from that country, snow never fell  
I think I'll go back South honey, if I don't do so well

\* CHORUS \*

\* CHORUS \*



## **(9) Keep My Skillet Good and Greasy Traditional Lyrics and Music**

Digital Tradition Mirror (This score available as ABC, SongWright, PostScript, PNG, or PMW, or a MIDI file)  
Pennywhistle notation and Dulcimer tab for this song is also available.

I'm gonna buy me a sack of flour;  
Make a po' cake every hour,  
Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time,  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

Honey, if you say so,  
I'll never work no more.  
I'm gonna lay around your shanty  
All the time, time, time,  
I'm gonna lay around your shanty all the time.

I'm gonna lay around your shanty  
All the time, time, time,  
I'm gonna lay around your shanty all the time.

Got some chickens in my sack  
Got some bloodhounds on my track  
Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

If they beat me to the door  
I'm gonna put 'em under that floor  
Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

Gonna get me a jar of candy.  
Gonna give it all to Mandy,  
Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

Keep my skillet good and greasy  
All the time, time, time.  
Keep my skillet good and greasy all the time.

## **(10) Nine Miles from Knoxville**

**Ryan Crider**

Ryan is a former OATC (Order of the Arrow Trail Crew) foreman / coordinator for Philmont

We sing our songs for the things that are gone  
Dirt roads, friends known, and gasoline  
If you close your eyes, and come along for the ride  
You'll be miles away from Knoxville in a land above the clouds

There's a jukebox keepin' time to a Roger Miller rhyme  
Girls swingin' round, and a pool-hall ringin' loud  
That's another place in time, that was when I had a dime  
Now I'm nine miles out of Knoxville, singin' songs above the clouds

If I could leave \*\*\*\*\* ride across the plains  
Red barns, weather vanes would leave my view  
But the cold wind blowin' tends to keep me 'round  
It keeps me livin' here in a land below the clouds

We sing our songs for the things that are gone  
Dirt roads, friends known, and gasoline  
If you close your eyes, come along for the ride  
You'll be miles away from Knoxville in a land above the clouds

You'll be miles away from Knoxville in a land above the clouds

## (11) Chicken Pie

## Traditional Lyrics and Music

Well, I went on the mountain  
When I heard my horn a-blow  
Thought I seen that purty little gal say  
“Yonder come my beau”

\* CHORUS \*

Crow black chicken and crow today  
Crow black chicken and fly away  
Crow black chicken and crow today  
I like chicken pie

Well the chicken crow for midnight  
And the chicken crow for days  
Along come an owl, ooh-hoo  
And stole my chicken away

\* CHORUS \*

I wish I had a old frame house,  
Eighteen stories high  
Every story in that house  
Was packed with chicken pie

\* CHORUS \*

(Oh, ya I do!)

Well chicken crow for midnight  
And that chicken crow for days  
Along come a Ford, ooh-gaa  
And stole my chicken away

\* CHORUS \*

(Oh, ya!)

Well, the hardest work that ever I done  
Was plowin' them fields of rye  
And the easiest work that ever I done  
Was eatin' that chicken pie

\* CHORUS \*

(One more time)

\* CHORUS \*

## (12) Stealin'

Words and Music by: **Gus Cannon**

Well put your arms around me  
Like a circle 'round the sun  
I want you love me momma  
Like my easy rider does

\* CHORUS (a) \*

If you don't believe I love you  
Look at the fool I've been  
If you don't believe I'm sinkin'  
Look what a hole I'm in

\* CHORUS (b) \*

Stealin' stealin'  
Pretty mama don't you tell on me  
Well I'm stealin' back to my  
Same old used to be

Well the woman I love  
She's just my height and size  
Married girl she come to see me some time

\* CHORUS (a) \*

\* CHORUS (b) \*

Well now put your arms around me  
Like a circle 'round the sun  
I want you love me momma  
Like my easy rider does

\* CHORUS (a) \*

\* CHORUS (b) \*

(One more time)

\* CHORUS (b) \*

## (13) Perry County Waltz

**Ryan Crider - Instrumental**

Ryan is a former OATC (Order of the Arrow Trail Crew) foreman / coordinator for Philmont

## Notes submitted from Pedro

- (1.) Walk Right In was first recorded by Gus Cannon's Jug Stompers in the early 1930's, but it was written (and re-written and re-written) since the early 1900's.
- (2.) Truly Understand and (3.) Hesitation Blues both come from pre-civil war ditties. Truly Understand comes from the Scottish Mountain Fiddlers that moved to Appalachia and was originally a sailor's tune. Hesitation Blues came from the fields of Alabama and Georgia, first put on paper in the 1870's and the earliest version I've heard is a Smithsonian cut by an "unnamed singer" from 1917.
- (4.) Asheville Junction is an old mountain tune, origin unknown, first popularized by Bascom Lamar Lunsford of North Carolina. Old as dirt.
- (6.) Johnson Boys is another civil war tune that spread pretty quick in the 1860's. No-one knows who wrote it.
- (7.) Sugar Hill is another oldie, and got a lot of attention when Tommy Jarrell, an old time fiddler, played it at some big fiddler conventions. Appalachian Mountain tune, first wrote down in the early 1900's.
- (8.) Going Down South is a Dock Boggs tune, which was adapted from an earlier tune he heard from his dad, pre-1900.
- (9.) Skillet Good and Greasy and (11.) Chicken Pie are pretty much the same as any other traditional tune - old and no know ones really where they came from.
- (12.) Stealin' goes back further than Johnson Boys. There's a funny little blurb about Gus Cannon's "writing abilities" to be found in the "Secret History of Rock and Roll, Vol 1" liner notes.
- And a freebie - (13.) Perry county waltz is a first position crossed-tune fiddle piece in E, following a 1, 4, 1, 5 progression (by the Nashville # system) with a turnaround at the end of each section. Could be tuned down to D for less string stress...

Best Regards,  
Pedro

P.S. Has any one found the secret song on the CD yet? Figured someone would've mentioned it by now  
*What! Not me! paf56*

**Thanks Pedro!**  
pineapplefish56