

Ain't It Crazy

Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions (1964)
from Lightnin' Hopkins (1960)
from Birmingham Jug Band (1928)

E, E / E, E A, A, E, E B7, A, E, E
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Mama's got the rub board, papa's got the tub
Sister's got the whiskey and brother's got the jug

Ain't it crazy, ain't it crazy
Ain't it crazy one day, to keep on rubbin' that thing

Two old maids, they was layin' in a bed
One turned over and this is what she said

Yeah mama killed a chicken, thought it was a duck
Put him on the table with his feet sticking up

You know the little old rooster told the little old hen
"I ain't had no lovin' since God knows when"

I said the rooster crows and the hen walks 'round
I haven't seen my woman since she left this town

I woke this morning at the break of day
I hugged the pillow where you used to lay

Well I feel so good, and I feel so fine
All I gotta do is drink that wine

Oh that darling she's long and slim
When she starts to shake it she's too tight, Jim

Well the rooster chews tobacco and the hen dips snuff
The little chick can't do it but he struts his stuff

There was two old maids, layin' in the sand
Each one wishing that the other was a man

Said a nickel's worth a nickel and a dime's a dime
Got a house full of children and that one's mine

Wake up mama, hear the roosters crow
One at your window, one at your door

("Mean kind of world") ("She's carried it away") ("She's kinda weird")