

# Boll Weevil Blues

Gus Cannon (1962)

verse:	chorus:
C, C, C, G	G, G, C, C
G, G, G, C	G, G, C, C

The first time I saw the boll weevil, he was circling in the air  
And the next time I saw the boll weevil, he had his whole doggone family there

He's looking for a home, just looking for a home  
Oh, looking for a home, just looking for a home

Now when mister boll weevil, he started out, he started up on the sandy land  
He came down to the country, trying to kill, lord, every man

He's looking for a home, just looking for a home

They put boll weevil between two thousand pounds dry, to see what boll weevil's like  
They take mister boll weevil out, and turn him to the sun, that was a gang of fun

He's looking for a home, just looking for a home

The farmer told the boll weevil, said son, I don't like your eating up my field  
He said, go ahead, mister farmer, I just want some of your oats and meal

Won't you plant some more corn, won't you plant some more corn?

Oh, the boll weevil got so tired, you know, eat up all the cotton  
And the farmer, talked like this, said I can't see how you can be so strong  
The boll weevil eat all my cotton, now you done start up on my corn

The boll weevil said, I'm looking for a home, just looking for a home  
Just looking for a home, just looking for a home