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(Intro riff, Bass and Guitar1)

Some of you all never been down South too much...

I' gonna tell you a little story, so you'll understand where I'm talking about

Down there we have a plant that grows out in the woods and the fields,

and it looks something like a turnip green.

Everybody calls it Polk salad. Now that's Polk salad.

Used to know a girl that lived down there and she'd go out in the evenings to pick a mess of it...

Carry it home and cook it for supper, 'cause that's about all they had to eat,

But they did all right.

E

Down in Louisiana

E

Where the alligators grow so mean

E

Lived a girl that I swear to the world

E

Made the alligators look tame

[NC] A

Polk salad Annie

E

'Gators got your granny

G

A

Everybody said it was a shame

G

A

E

For the mama was working on the chain-gang

E

What a mean, vicious woman

E

Everyday before suppertime

E

She'd go down by the truck patch

E

And pick her a mess of Polk salad

E

And carry it home in a tote sack

[nc] A

Polk salad Annie

E

'Gators got you granny

G

A

Everybody said it was a shame

G

A

E

'Cause the mama was working on the chain-gang

E

Whoo, how wretched, dispiteful, straight-razor totin' woman,

E

Lord have mercy.

