

They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dog Around

(Traditional)

(A) Every time I come to town
The boys keep kickin' my (E7) dog around;
(A) Makes no diff'rence if he is a hound,
They gotta quit kickin' my (E7) dog a(A)round.

(A) Me an' Lem Briggs an' old Bill Brown
Took a load of (E7) corn to town;
My (A) old Jim dog, onery old cuss,
He just naturally (E7) followed (A) us.

(A) As we drive past Johnson's store
A passel of yaps come (E7) out the door;
(A) Jim he scooted behind a box
With all them fellers a-(E7)throwin' (A) rocks.

(A) They tied a can to old Jim's tail
An' run him a-past the (E7) county jail;
(A) That just naturally made us sore,
Lem, he cussed an' (E7) Bill he (A) swore.

(A) Me an' Lem Briggs an' old Bill Brown
Lost no time a-(E7)gittin' down;
(A) We wiped them fellers on the ground
For kickin' my old Jim (E7) dog a(A)round.

(A) Jim seen his duty there an' then,
He lit into them (E7) gentlemen;
(A) He shore mussed up the court-house square
With rags an' meat an' (E7) hide an' (A) hair.

(A) Every time I come to town
The boys keep kickin' my (E7) dog around;
(A) Makes no difference if he is a hound,
They gotta quit kickin' my (E7) dog a(A)round.

