

JOE BOWERS

D D A7 D  
MY NAME IT IS JOE BOWERS, I'VE GOT A BROTHER IKE  
D D A7 A7  
I COME FROM OLD MISSOURI YES, ALL THE WAY FROM PIKE  
G G D D  
I'LL TELL YOU WHY I LEFT THERE, AND HOW I CAME TO ROAM  
D D A7 D  
AND LEAVE MY POOR OLD MAMMY, SO FAR AWAY FROM HOME

I USED TO LOVE A GAL THERE, THEY CALLED HER SALLY BLACK  
I ASKED HER FOR TO MARRY, SHE SAID IT WAS A WHACK  
SAYS SHE TO ME, "JOE BOWERS, BEFORE WE HITCH FOR LIFE,  
YOU OUGHTER HAVE A LITTLE HOME TO KEEP YOUR LITTLE WIFE."  
SAYS I, "MY DEAREST SALLY, OH SALLY, FOR YOUR SAKE  
I'LL GO TO CALIFORNY AND TRY TO RAISE A STAKE  
SAYS SHE TO ME, "JOE BOWERS, OH YOU'RE THE CHAP TO WIN  
GIVE ME A KISS TO SEAL THE BARGAIN," AND SHE THREW A DOZEN IN  
I SHALL NE'ER FORGIT MY FEELINS WHEN I BID ADIEU TO ALL  
SALLY COTCHED ME ROUND THE NECK, AND I BEGAN TO BAWL  
WHEN I SOT IN, THEY ALL COMMENCED - YOU NE'ER DID HEAR THE LIKE  
HOW THEY ALL TOOK ON AND CRIED, THE DAY I LEFT OLD PIKE.  
WHEN I GOT TO THIS COUNTRY, I HADN'T NARY RED  
I HAD SUCH FOOLISH FEELINGS, I WISHED MYSELF MUST DEAD  
BUT THE THOUGHTS OF MY DEAR SALLY SOON MAKE THEM FEELINGS GIT  
AND WHISPERED HOPES TO BOWERS - LORD, I WISH I HAD 'EM YET!  
AT LENGTH I WENT TO MININ', PUT IN MY BIGGEST LICKS  
COME DOWN UPON THE BOULDERS JUST LIKE A THOUSAND BRICKS  
I WORKED BOTH LATE AND EARLY, IN RAIN, AND SUN, AND SNOW,  
BUT I WAS WORKING FOR MY SALLY, SO 'T WAS ALL THE SAME TO JOE  
I MADE A VERY LUCKY STRIKE, AS THE GOLD ITSELF DID TELL  
AND SAVED IT FOR MY SALLY, THE GAL I LOVED SO WELL

I SAVED IT FOR MY SALLY, THAT I MIGHT POUR IT AT HER FEET  
THAT SHE MIGHT KISS AND HUG ME, HONEY, AND CALL ME SOMETHING SWEET  
BUT ONE DAY I GOT A LETTER FROM MY DEAR, KIND BROTHER, IKE  
IT COME FROM OLD MISSOURI, SENT ALL THE WAY FROM PIKE  
IT BROUGHT ME THE DARNDEST NEWS AS EVER YOU DID HEAR  
MY HEART IS ALMOST BUSTIN', SO, PRAY, EXCUSE THIS TEAR  
IT SAID MY SAL WAS FICKLE, THAT HER LOVE FOR ME HAD FLED  
THAT SHE HAD MARRIED A BUTCHER, WHOSE HAIR WAS AWFUL RED  
IT TOLD ME MORE THAN THAT - OH, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE SWEAR  
IT SAID SALLY HAD A BABY, AND THAT BABY HAD RED HAIR!  
NOW I'VE TOLD YOU ALL THAT I CAN TELL, ABOUT THIS SAD AFFAIR  
'BOUT SALLY MARRYIN' THE BUTCHER AND THE BUTCHER HAD RED HAIR  
NOW WHETHER 'T WAS A BOY OR GIRL, THE LETTER NEVER SAID  
IT ONLY SAID IT'S CUSSED HAIR WAS INCLINED TO BE RED!

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**SHALOM, from  
SPIKE and JAMIE**