

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Bully of the Town

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(Charles E. Trevathan)

Have you heard about the bully, that's just come to town
He's round among the poor folks, And a-layin' their bodies down,
I'm a lookin' for that bully and he must be found.
I'm a Tennessee Rambler and I don't allow
No redeyed river rout'bout, with me to make a row
I'm a lookin' for that bully and I'll make him bow.

cho: When I a-walk that levee round, round, round, round,
When I walk that levee round, round, round, round,
When I walk that levee round,
I'm a-lookin' for that bully and he must be found.

I'm going down the street with my ax in my hand,
I'm looking for that bully, and I'll sweep him off this land,
I'm a-lookin for that bully and he must be found.
I'll take along my razor, I'm going to carve him deep,
And when I see that bully, I'll lay him down to sleep,
I'm looking for that bully and he must be found.

I went to wa wingin' down at Parson Jones,
Took along my trusty blade to carve that fella's bones,
Just a-lookin' for that bully, hear his groans,
I walked in the front door, the men were prancin' high,
For that levee fella I skinned my foxy eye,
Just a lloking for that bully but he wasn't nigh.

I asked Miss Pansy Blossom if she would wing a reel,
She says, "Law, Mr. Johnsing, how high you make me feel."
Then you ought to se me shake my sugar heel.
I rose up like a black cloud and took a look around,
There was that new bully stnading on the ground.
I've been looking for you, fella, and I've got you found.

When I got through with bully, a doctor and a nurse
Weren't no good to that man, so they put him in a hearse,
A cyclone couldn't have tore him up much worse.
You don't hear 'bout that fella that treated folks so free,
Go down upon the levee and his face you'll never see.
There's only one boss bully and that one is me.

When you see me coming, hoist your windows high,
When you see me going, hang your heads and cry,
I'm a-lookin for that bully and he must die.
My madness is a-rising and I'm not going to get left
I'm getting so bad that I'm askeered of myself
I was looking for that bully, now he's on the shelf.

note: Another version-one of several

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