



DERECK RYAN BETTER TIMES A COMIN

Well the cows went dry, the hens won't
lay
No place I can borrow
Give the landlord all the news
The rent comes due tomorrow

Lot's of money in the bank
They say that's where they keep it
Not only won't they lend me some,
They wouldn't let me see it

So, pick away on the old banjo
Keep that guitar strumming
Put more water in the soup
There's better times a comin'

Well Mary-Lou could pull a plough
If only I would let her
She's twice as strong as any ox
And looks a little better

I didn't kiss that Mary-Lou but once
And then I had to leave her
She made my collar get so tight
I start to burn a fever

So, pick away on the old banjo
Keep that guitar strumming
Put more water in the soup
There's better times a comin'

My rooster used to chase a hen
And just kept getting thinner
He nearly ran himself to death
So I brought him in for dinner

The cotton crops are mighty poor
The weeds are surely grown
I need a woman pretty fast
To help me with the home

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