

Shorty George

Words & Music:
Traditional American

C C7
Well-a, Shorty George, he ain't no friend of mine,
F C
Well-a, Shorty George, he ain't no friend of mine,
G7 C F7 C G7
He's taken all the women and left the men behind.

Well-a Shor-ty George, he aint no friend of mine.
Well-a Shor-ty George, he aint no friend of mine.
He's taken all the women and left the men behind.

Well, my mama died when I was just a lad
My mama died when I was just a lad,
And ever since that day, I been to the bad.

Well my baby caught the Katy, I caught the Santa Fee
Well she caught the Katy, I caught the Santa Fee
Well, you can't quit me, baby, can't you see.

Well I went to Galveston, work on the Mallory Line
Went to Galveston, Lord on the Mallory Line.
Babe you can't quit me, ain't no use tryin'.

Shorty George, travelin' through the land
Shorty George, he's travelin' through the land
Always looking to pick some woman's poor man.

When I get back to Dallas, I'm gonna walk and tell
When I get back to Dallas, gonna walk and tell
That the Fort Bend Bottom is a burning hell.

Got a letter from my baby, couldn't read from crying,
Got a letter from my baby, couldn't read from crying,
She said my mama weren't dead yet but she was slowly dying.

Well,I took my mama to the burying ground,
Well,I took my mama to the burying ground,
I never knowed I loved her till the coffin sound.

Yes, I went down to the graveyard, peeped in my mama's face,
Yes, I went down to the graveyard, peeped in my mama's face,
Ain't it hard to see you in this lonesome place ?"