

Ry Cooder, J. Edgar

Down on the farm we had a pig, J. Edgar was his name
He'd eat up all our victuals and start back up again
Just like them vacuum cleaners they sell down in the lane
Well, that's how J. Edgar Hoover got his name

Now, mamma baked a cherry pie and set it out to cool
So we'd have something good to eat when we got home from school
J. Edgar climbed up on the porch and ate up all that pie
When we got home that mornin' we heard our mamma cry

J. Edgar, J. Edgar, just look what you've done
You ate up the cherry pie that was for everyone
We made it through the dusters, and the hoppers too
But God help us, J. Edgar, 'cause nothin's safe from you

We had an extra man named Bob he wouldn't work a lick
He drank bad moonshine likker, and it always made him sick
We rode to church on Sunday and stayed a while in town
When we reached home at suppertime, poor Bob could not be found

He wasn't in the parlor, and he wasn't in the lane
Drinking in the pantry or sleepin' in the hay
His hat was in the pigpen, that he always wore
Poor Bob won't be drinking moonshine likker anymore

J. Edgar, J. Edgar it just don't seem fair
You ate Bob our hired hand while we were at prayer
Let's say a prayer for old Bob, and our country too
God help us J. Edgar, nobody's safe from you