

They Gotta Quit Kicking My Dawg Around

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 2-Track 72

Oungst &
Perkins, 1912

1. Once me and Lem Briggs and old Bill Brown, Took a load of corn to town.
we— passed by Sam John-son's store, A passel of yapes came out the door.

T
A
B

5 Old Jim Dawg, that orn - ery cuss, He just nat - ur' - ly foll - owed us. As—
Lem's dog stopped to smell a box, They threw at him— a bunch of rocks.——

9 Chorus: Ev - ery time I go to town, The boys keep kick-ing my dawg a - round.

13 Makes no differ - ence if he is a hound, You got - ta quit kick-ing my dawg a - round.

G C
2. They tied a tin can to his tail,
D G
Drove him past the county jail.

 C
That plum natur'ly made me sore,
D G
Lem, he cussed and Bill he swore.

G C
Me and Lem Briggs and old Bill Brown,
D G
Lost no time in jumping down.

 C
We whipped those guys upon the ground,
D G
For kickin' that old hound dog around.

3. Well, they say that a dog can't hold no grudge,
Once when I got too much budge,
Those town ducks tried to do me up,
But, they didn't count on old Lem's pup.
He saw his duty there and then,
He lit into those gentlemen,
He sure messed up the courthouse square,
With rags and meat and hunks of hair.