

Pass The Biscuits Marandy

In the hills of Tennessee, Sitting neath a hickory tree

There's shooting, cussing, fighting mountaineer

And he loves mountain feuds, And also loves good food

So when he comes home for supper you will hear

Pass the biscuits Marandy, I'm just as hungry as sin

Pass the gravy Marandy, I need some slop to slop them in

Since nine o'clock I've been sitting on a rock, Shooting everything in sight

I shot McCoys and a dozen Barton boys Shooting gives a man an appetite

Then he heard a rifle crack, and a bullet hit the shack

And another broke the dishes on the shelf

So he grabbed his trusty gun because the battle had begun

And he knew that he must then protect himself

Oh, pass the biscuits Marandy, I'm going to load up my gun

I'm gonna use your biscuits for bullets, I'll put them varmints on the run

He put a tun of black powder in his gun, rammed the biscuits in to place

Then he took aim, Oh my goodness what a shame

Bam the gun exploded in his face

Pass the bandages Marandy, I know that I'm gonna die

Darn your biscuits Marandy, I knew that they'd get me bye and bye

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