

Country Pie

Bob Dylan

Just like old Saxophone Joe
When he's got the hogshead up on his toe
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie.

Listen to the fiddler play
When he's playin' 'til the break of day
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie.

Raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime
What do I care?
Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum
Call me for dinner, honey, I'll be there.

Saddle me up on my big white goose
Tie me on 'er turn her loose
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie.

I don't need much and that ain't no lie
Ain't runnin' any race
Give to me my country pie
I won't throw it up in anybody's face.

Shake me up that old peach tree
Little Jack Horner's got nothin' on me
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie.