

Shoot Low, Sheriff!

John Anderson

Well you better shoot low sheriff 'cause they might be crawlin'
Got a big load of booze that they'll soon be a-haulin'
They're running every night when the whipporwill is callin'
So shoot low sheriff 'cause they might be crawlin'

Old Uncle Bill's got a still on a hill
He never worked a day and I guess he never will
He runs shine liquor that he sells it to Paw
It made Maw mad and she called the law

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Well, Maw put the sheriff on Uncle Bill's trail
She said, "Catch that sock and throw him in jail
He run out and left his wife as the little kids squallin'
So shoot low sheriff 'cause they might be crawlin'"

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,
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Uncle Bill held the bottle 'tween his finger and thumb
He said if I leave any, you can have some
Make him reach into his pocket for his last thin dime
And wear summer britches in the cold winter time

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