

Root, Hog or Die

June Carter Cash

When I was young and pretty
With a twinkling in my eye
I met a traveling man one day
And I guess he told a lie

When we was a courting
He called me sugar pie
Now he calls me other names
It's root, hog, or die

Root, hog, or die
Tell you the reason why
I met a traveling man one day
And I guess he told a lie

A rig a tig tig A rig a tig tig A rig a tig tig tig

He asked me to get married
One cold day in July
But since the day we've tied the knot