

Black Uncle Remus

Loudon Wainwright III

Black uncle Remus sits in Central Square
Somebody flipped the Rocker of his rocking chair
When you got the whiskey habit
You don't talk about bre'r rabbit

Black uncle Remus got the death letter blues
The hellhound says it time to pay your dues
You really recall the catfish catches
When you're living in the briar patches

Uncle Remus, he moans and he sings
His tears have rusted his Banjo Strings
You call for Jesus or your ma maybe
When you're life's gummed up in the tar, baby

Watcha gonna do, watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do when you're black and blue?
Watcha gonna do, watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do when you're black and blue?