

Knock Him Out John

Ray Stevens

Way down south in Mississippi just outside of Yazoo City
Jerry Clower and all his friends would go out & hunt raccoon
They'd take along a man named John one tree climbin' son of a gun
John would shinny up a tree & a coon would be comin' down soon

Now John was a sportin man who said "give every coon a chance if you can,
Don't ya'll go shootin' no coon' now", he'd warn 'em in advance
"I'll knock him down to the ground let him fight it out with that pack of ho
unds
It'll be slim but at least he'll have a chance."

(I can still hear ol' Jerry call, haw)
Knock him out John, knock him out John
Knock that coon right out of that Sweetgum tree
Knock him out John, knock him out John
Knock him down to Marcel, Clovis the dogs and me

One night they heard ol' Jerry's dog "Brumy" with a bark from down in his tu
mmy
Jerry answered him and said "haw, Brumy talk to me!"
Then all the other dogs joined in and pretty soon they were at trails end
And it looked like the dogs had run a coon up a big ol' tree

The dogs had a big'un and wanted 'em some and the base of that tree was pand
emonium
And before we knew it John had shinnied right up that tree
He disappeared up among the leaves and then we heard a blood curdlin' scream
"Lord have mercy get this thing off me"

Jerry yelled haw!
Knock him out John, knock him out John
Knock that coon right out of that Sweetgum tree
Knock him out John, knock him out John
Knock him down to Marcel, Clovis the dogs and me

Then John yelled "Hush you crazy fools, this thang ain't no danged raccoon..
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It's a linx... a big ol' bob tailed cat!"
He said "shoot this thang for heaven's sake, I've had about all that I can t
ake"
We said shouldn't we give him a chance John and John said "Shoot this cat!"

Well John was screamin' and the dogs were bayin',
The limbs were shakin' and the tree was swayin'
And Jerry said "we can't get off a clean shot John, ya'll are hidden by the
leaves."
Then right in the midst of all the ruckus we heard John say "Just shoot up i
n here among us,
Cause one of us is got to have some relief!"

Haw... Knock him out John... (Blam!...Blam!...Blam!...Blam!...)

Then somethin' fell out of the tree with a big ol' thud right at our feet
And the dogs were on it like it was red meat
All of a sudden we saw it was John and he wasn't havin' a lick of fun
And in the middle of the mayhem that cat made his retreat

John still goes huntin' every now and then but things aren't like they were
back when
Cause now he packs a pistol, a chainsaw and a bowie knife
But I can still hear ol' Jerry yell and tell us all his famous tale of
"Knock him out John", the funniest story I ever heard in my life.