**When Pappa Comes Home**

**There’ll be no more sighin’, no more cryin’**

**No accusifyin’ when pappa comes home**

**No more cussin’, no more fussin’**

**No huffin’ and a puffin’ when pappa comes home**

**Put bread upon the table, so long as I am able**

**Pie into the oven and a pickle in the jar**

**Caught a snapper in the river, cook it for my dinner**

**A little turtle soup and then corn fish boil**

**There’ll……**

**Workin’ like a beaver, a singular achiever**

**Never stoppin’ toilin’ til the sun sinks low**

**You can call me crazy, But you can’t say I’m lazy**

**Still be pushin’ up the daisies when they lay me down**

**There’ll be…..**

**Everyday’s a work day, ‘ceptin’ on a Sunday**

**When I can have it my way, no worries, no cares**

**Then I’m back to workin’, no stoppin’ and no shirkin’**

**For they tell me that the boss he put the gris gris on you**

**There’ll be no more sighin’, no more cryin’**

**No accusifyin’ when pappa comes home**

**Y’hear me, no more cussin’, no more fussin’**

**No huffin’ nor no nuthin’ when pappa comes home**