

Oh, we're the boys from West Boone
We're very hard to beat
We seldom wash our neck and ears
And never wash our feet.

We love our whiskey, wine, and beer
We love our women too
Oh, we're the boys from West Boone
Who in the heck are you?

We ask some guys from East Boone
To have a game of ball
When one shows up
We roll him up
And bounce him off the wall.

We shoot pigeons off the Court House
And sell them to the bar
We have beer & squab
And corn-on-the-cob
And stagger to the car.

West Boone, West Boone
The best side of town
If you wanta have some fun
Just come truckin' down.
Hit a cop on the head just for fun
Knock out a street light
And take it on the run.

A walkin' down the railroad track
Not doing any harm
Along came Jimmy Pratt
And took me by the arm.

He took me to a little house
And rang a little bell
The first thing I knew it
I landed in a cell.

I woke up in the morning
And looked upon the wall
The cooties and the bed bugs
Were having a game of ball.

The score was 6 to nothing
The cooties were ahead
The bed bugs knocked a home run
And knocked me out of bed.

I went down stairs for breakfast
The food was rot'n stale
The coffee's like tobacco juice
Right out of a dirty swill.

The weiners took a flip flop
And landed in a pail
And that's the way they treat you
In the Boone County JA-A-ALL.

THE WEST BOONE BALLAD
2/1/1990

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West Boone Boys Chorus
of
Southern California

*Arnold Tuttle helped
write this song.
(BHS 1948)*