WILDWOOD WEED - Jim Stafford

```
      C                      Am              G                   C
The wildwood flower grew wild on the farm, And we never knowed what it was called.
C                               Am            G               C
Some said it was a flower and some said it was weed, I never gave it much thought
C                      C7              F                      C
One day I was out there talking to my brother, Reached down for a weed to chew on,
C                 Am             G              C
Things got fuzzy and things got blurry, And then ~ everything was gone!
C             Am                  G              C
Didn't know what happened, But I knew it beat the hell out of sniffin' burlap.

C             Am                     G                   C
I come to and my brother was there, And he said, ~ What's wrong with your eyes?
       C             Am                   G             C
I said, "I don't know, I was chewing on a weed." He said, "Let me give it a try."
            C               C7                   F            C
We spent the rest of that day and most of that night, Trying to find my brother, Bill.
        C                  Am               G                C
Caught up with him, 'bout 6 o'clock the next morning, Naked, swinging on the windmill!
     C                        Am
He said he flew up there, I had to fly up there and bring him down,
G            C
He was about half crazy

     C                    Am                 G                   C
The very next day we picked a bunch of them weeds, And put 'em in the sun to dry.
        C                 Am             G                C
Then we mashed 'em up and chopped 'em up, And put 'em in the corncob pipe.
C                    C7              F              C
Smokin' that wildwood flower got to be a habit, ~ We didn't see no harm.
      C                   Am       G             C
We thought it was kind of handy, Take a trip and never leave the farm!

C                 Am                G                   C
All good things gotta come to an end, And it's the same with the wildwood weed.
C                     Am
One day this fella from Washington came by,
        G                       C
And he spied them and turned white as a sheet.
          C                         C7
Well they dug and they burned, and they burned and they dug,
          F                  C
And they killed all our cute little weeds.

        C                 Am            G                   C
Then they drove away, We just smiled and waved, Sittin' there on that sack of seeds!
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Y'all come back now, hear?
```