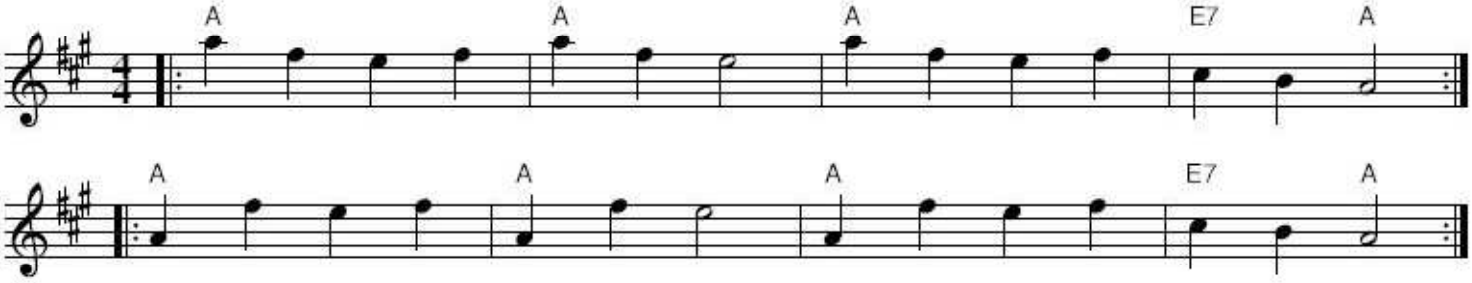
# Shortnin' Bread




Put on the skillet, slip on the lid,
Mama's gonna make a little short'nin' bread.
That ain't all she's gonna do,
Mama's gonna make a little coffee, too.

Chorus - Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread,
Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

Three little children, lyin' in bed
Two were sick and the other 'most dead
Sent for the doctor and the doctor said,
"Give those children some short'nin' bread." - Chorus

When those children, sick in bed,
Heard that talk about short'nin' bread,
Popped up well to dance and sing,
Skipped around and cut the pigeon wing. - Chorus

Slip to the kitchen, slip up the lid,
Filled my pockets full of short'nin' bread;
Stole the skillet, stole the led,
Stole the gal makin' short'nin' bread. - Chorus

Caught me with the skillet, caught me with the lid,
Caught me with the gal makin' short'nin' bread;
Paid for the skillet, paid for the lid,
Spent 6 months in jail eatin' short'nin' bread.. . - Chorus