

# STEWBALL - Lead Belly

1  
Way out in *uh-huh* California *mm-mm*  
Where Stewball *uh-huh* was born *was born*  
All the jockeys *uh-huh* in the country *mm-mm*  
Said he blew there *uh-huh* in a storm *in a storm*

chorus  
When you bet on Stewball and you might win, *win, win*  
Bet on Stewball *you might win*

2  
It was a big day *uh-huh* in Dallas *mm-mm*  
Don't you wish you *uh-huh* was there *was there*  
You would'a bet you *uh-huh* last dollar *mm-mm*  
On that iron *uh-huh* gray mare *gray mare*

chorus

3  
The kettle drum *uh-huh* was a'bangin' *mm-mm*  
And the word was *uh-huh* given "run" *given run*  
Old Stewball *uh-huh* was a'tremblin' *mm-mm*  
Like a criminal *uh-huh* to be hung *to be hung*

chorus

4  
When the horses *uh-huh* were saddled *mm-mm*  
And the word was *uh-huh* given "go" *given go*  
All the horses, *uh-huh* they shot out *mm-mm*  
Like an arrow *uh-huh* from a bow *from a bow*

chorus

5  
Oh Stewball *uh-huh* was a racehorse *mm-mm*  
and Molly *uh-huh* was too *was too*  
Oh Stewball *uh-huh* Runned old Molly *mm-mm*  
Right out of *uh-huh* her shoes *her shoes*

chorus

6  
The old folks *uh-huh* they hollered *mm-mm*  
The young folks *uh-huh* did bawl *did bawl*  
The children *uh-huh* said look, look *mm-mm*  
At that noble *uh-huh* Stewball *Stewball*

chorus x 2