Pass the Biscuits, Miranda

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In the hills of Tennessee sittin' neath a hickory tree,
There's an ornery rifle shootin' mountaineer.
He loves mountain feuds and he also loves good food
And when he goes home to supper you will hear.

cho: Oh pass the biscuits Miranda,
I'm just as hungry as sin.
Oh pass the Gravy Miranda,
I need some stuff to sop em in.

Since nine o'clock I've been sittin on a rock,
A shoot'n every thing in sight.
I shot the boys and a dozen Barton boys
A-shoot'n gives a man an appetite,

Oh pass the biscuits Miranda,
Pass em and kiss me goodbye
They're so heavy Miranda,
I feel that I'm a-gonna die.

Then he heard a rifle crack and a bullet hit the shack
And another broke the dishes on the shelf.
So he grabbed his trusty gun, cause the battle had begun
And he knew that he must then protect himself.

Oh pass the biscuits Miranda,
I'm a-gonna load up my gun
I'll use your biscuits for bullets,
I'll put them varmints on the run.

He poured a ton of black powder in his gun,
Rammed the biscuits into place.
He took good aim, Oh my goodness what a shame,
Bang! the gun exploded in his face!

Oh darn your biscuits Miranda,
I know that I'm gonna die
Oh darn your biscuits Miranda,
I knew your cookin' would kill me bye and bye.

The song was written and performed by Spike Jones and his City Slickers:
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