

I used to have an old grey horse,
He weighed ten thousand pounds,
Every tooth he had in his head,
Was eighteen inches around.

Chorus: I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my tobacco down.

That horse he had a holler tooth,
He could eat ten bushels of corn,
Ev'ry time he opened his mouth,
Ten bushels and a half were gone.

Chorus: I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my tobacco down.

I had a yaller gal,
I brought her from the south,
All the fault I had with her,
She had too big a mouth.

Chorus: I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my tobacco down.

I took her down to the blacksmith shop,
To get her mouth made small,
She opened her mouth to get a breath,
And swallowed blacksmith, shop and all.

Chorus: I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my tobacco down.

I'm a-goin' to get me some sticks and sand,
To make my chimney higher,
To keep that dog-goned old tom cat,
From puttin' out my fire.

Chorus: I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to town,
I'm a-goin' down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my tobacco down.

