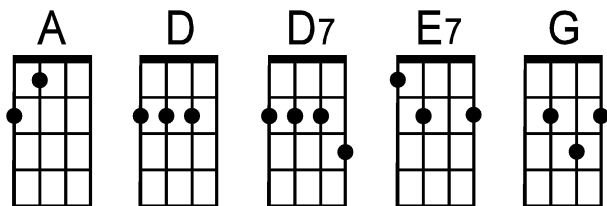


Five Pounds o' Possum

by Timothy White



Well, my chil-dren are hungry—, my dog needs a bone—

I'm out of a job now so I'm just drivin' home—

an hour after sundown and, much to my de-light—

There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night—

Chorus: There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night—

If I can run him over every-thing would be al-right—

We'll have some possum gravy. What a won-derful sigh—

There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night—

Won't have to kill no chickens, or open any cans—

Just a little closer and I'll have him in my hands—

I think the time has come now to change from dim to bright—

There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night—

Chorus: There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night—

If I can run him over every-thing would be al-right—

We'll have some possum gravy. What a won-derful sight—

There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night—

And we'll "burrow" some sweet po-taters from the farmer's garden plot——

A couple of to-maters and some peppers if they're hot

Then we'll add some wild onion to give a little bite

To that five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night——

Chorus: There's— five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night——

If I can run him over every-thing would be al-right——

We'll have some possum gravy. What a won-derful sight——

There's five pounds o' possum in my headlights to-night——

Yeah there's five pounds o' possum on my ta—ble to—night——

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3b - 6/23/19)