

Ballad of Ol' Blue

Well, my Daddy was a backwoods, self-made type, Never went to school. Couldn't read nor write,
But made a fortune selling hogs, but was suspicious of education.
So I told my Dad I was going off to school, He said, "You'll just become one of those citified fools,
So don't expect no help from me, Son, and no financial remuneration.
Well, my Dad was tight but he loved his dogs, that's true,
And his favorite of the pack was called Ol' Blue.

So I called my Dad when I got to college,
And said, "Dad, I know you don't think much of human knowledge,
But they've got a course here where they can teach dogs to speak.
Now, I don't mean speak like bark for a bone,
No, they say these dogs can carry on an intelligent conversation, and some even go on to teach.
And when I heard of this course, of course I thought of you,
And how great it would be to sit and talk to ol' Blue,

Well, the line went dead and I thought all was lost, But then he spoke up and said, Uh, what's that cost?"
I said, "Dad, it's a bargain at \$5000 per semester, Well, he didn't balk and he didn't complain,
And ol' Blue showed up on the very next train, And that's how my Dad became a proud investor.

Chorus: In the higher education of Ol' Blue, a story that if it's not it ought to be true, about a fiscal
windfall situation, of my very own creation, Inspiration that I call the education of Ol' Blue.

(Spoken) Well the money kept right on rolling in; 8 semesters; \$40thousand dollars!

Well the time came for me to graduate, And the time I'd come to hate,
The time I have to go home and face my Dad.
When I stepped off the train, he said, "Where's ol' blue, Comon here Boy, I wanna talk to you,
I said, "Dad I've got some news, and I'm afraid its bad."
You see we were coming home on the train, And Blue was reading the New York Times.
When he took off his glasses, looked over at me and said, "Boy, you aware of all your Daddy's crimes?
Why he's a mass-murderer, just ask any hog, And he's treated my Momma just like a dog,
And he's rubbed my nose in things you wouldn't believe,
Made me sleep on the hard cold ground,
But I can talk now, and his days are through, I'm gonna tell your Momma a thing or two,
About his secret drinking habits, and his affair with the Widow Brown.

Well, Dad when Blue said those things, something snapped inside my brain,
And I picked him up and strangled him, and throwed him off the train.
Well, Dad looked at me with his face ablaze, like a madman, like somebody crazed,
And he looked like he didn't believe a word I'd said,
Then he grabbed my coat and pulled me up real close,
And said, "Son, there's just one thing I wanna know."
"Are you real sure that no-good, lying fleabag is dead?"

Chorus: