

IT STUNG LOTS WORSE THAN A HIVE OF BEES

This is one of the “orphan” lyrics Woody Guthrie wrote towards the end of his life when he was too sick with Huntington’s Chorea to play the guitar, so he could not compose music. In 1998, Woody’s daughter Nora commissioned Billy Bragg and the band Wilco to compose and record music for some of these lyrics. You can listen to it here: https://youtu.be/oHVo-UKogBs?si=UC_dH-QvnCWYdL_o

WAY OVER YONDER IN THE MINOR KEY

G **C**
I live in a place called Okfuskee
G
And I had a little girl in a hollow tree.
C
I said, little girl it’s plain to see
G
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me;
D **Em**
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

G **C**
She said, it’s hard for me to see
G
How one little boy got so ugly.
C
Yes, my little girlie, well that might be,
G
But there ain’t nobody that can sing like me
D **Em**
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

C **G**
Way over yonder in the minor key
D **Em**
Way over yonder in the minor key
D **Em**
There ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

We walked down by the buckeye creek
To see that froggy that goggle-eyed me
To hear that west wind whistle to the east
There ain’t nobody that can sing like me,

Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

Oh, my little girlie will you let me see
Way over yonder where the wind blows free.
Nobody can see in our hollow tree,
And there ain’t nobody that can sing like me,
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

Her Momma cut a switch from a cherry tree,
And laid it on to she and me.
It stung lots worse than a hive of bees.
But there ain’t nobody that can sing like me,
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

Now I have walked a long, long ways,
Still look back to my tanglewood days.
I’ve led lots of girls since then to stray,
Sayin ain’t nobody that can sing like me,
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain’t nobody that can sing like me.

Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain’t nobody that can sing like me.
Ain’t nobody that can sing like me.