Lookin' for the Bully of the Town

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Monday I was 'rested, Tuesday I was fined,
Sent to chain gang, done serve my time,
Still I'm lookin' for that bully of this town.

The bully, the bully, the bully can't be found
If I fin' that bully, goin to lay his body down
I'm lookin' for that bully of this town.

The police up town they're all scared,
But if I fin' that bully, I goin' to lay his body 'way,
For I'm lookin' for that bully of this town.

I'm goin' down on Peter Street,
If I fin' that bully, will be bloody meet,
For I'm lookin' for that bully of this town.

I went down town the other day,
I ask ev'ybody did that bully come this way,
I wus lookin' for that bully of this town.

Oh, the gov'ner of this State offered one hundred dollars reward
To any body's arrested that bully boy,
I sho' lookin' for dat bully of this town.

Well I found that bully on a Friday night
I told that bully I's gwine take his life
I found that bully of this town

I pull out my gun and begin to fire
I shot that bully right through the eye
An' I kill that bully of this town

Now all the wimmins come to town all dressed in red
When they heard that bully boy was dead
An' it was the last of the bully of this town

Each town had its bad man--the bully.
And he is bully until someone successfully
disputes his right. Here is the story of the
challenge to the bully in a spirited,
characteristically Negro ballad.

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