

Red Wing

1. There once was an Indian maid
 Who always was afraid
 That some buckeroo might fly it up her flue
 As she lay sleeping in the shade.
 She had an idea grand, she'd fill it up with sand
 To keep the boys from forbidden joys
 In Red Wing's promised land.

And the moon shone bright on little Red Wing
 As she lay sleeping This buck came creeping
 With his one good eye he was a-peeping
 He hoped to reach her promised land.

2. Now he was an Indian wise,
 He reached for Red Wing's thighs
 With an old rubber boot on the end of his toot
 He made poor Red Wing open up her eyes
 But when she came to life she grabbed her Bowie
 knife
 It flashed in the sky as she let it fly
 And shortened his love life.

Oh, the Moon shines down on pretty Red Wing
 As she lays snoring. Her knife adoring;
 Why, no longer do the braves come whoring,
 They won't pay the price of the Promised Land.

3. Oh, girls if you want to be wives,
 Put away those knives;
 Boys like to play for a fling in the hay,
 But they don't want to pay the rest of their lives.
 Mind what mama said, If you're lyin' in your bed,
 If you can't behave, don't reach for a blade;
 Have a hell of a time instead.

Oh, the clouds go floatin' over Red Wing,
 As she lay snoring, her life is boring;
 Why she'd even welcome Hermann Goering
 Into the pleasure of her promised land.

"Red Wing" was a popular song written in 1907 with music by Kerry Mills and lyrics by Thurland Chattaway. Mills adapted the music of the verse from Robert Schumann's piano composition "The Happy Farmer, Returning From Work" from his 1848 **Album for the Young, Opus 68**. The original version of "Red Wing" is in the Songs section. This is a bawdy parody of this song (also titled "Red Wing"). The reference to Hermann Goering in the last verse dates this parody to the 1940s. Woody Guthrie used this tune for his song "Union Maid" in the Legacies section.