

Mahala Mullens Tracy Hutchison

Good ol' Mahala Mullens
Largest woman in Tennessee
Made her livin' off lightenin'
I think you know what I mean
Lived in a little log house
Up on Newman's ridge
The law knew she was sellin' 'shine
But they couldn't budge her an inch

Some called her Betsy
Some called her big Mary
And folks came from miles around
To buy her fine whiskey
But the law couldn't touch her
And to her that was fun
They couldn't get her
'Cause she weighed half a ton

Sixteen miles from the railroad
And no road anywhere around
If you wanted to come see her
You had to walk a lot of ground
And when you got to her back yard
The first thing that you'd see
Was four lonely grave mounds
One a husband and her sons three

She spent her life in bed
And not that she was sick
But because of her immense size
She couldn't walk a lick
It took twelve yards of cloth
Just to make her a dress
But as far as we know
She never was distressed

She got herself indicted
By a jury time after time
For sellin' that fine whiskey
From over the Kentucky line
But it would take a dozen men
Just to carry her out the door
So they served up her papers
And left her be forevermore

When the law come a callin'
She laughed 'take me if you can
'Ya'll too small to move me
And I'm too big to stand
So hand me off them papers
And get down off my ridge
I'll keep on sellin' my whiskey
By the jug, jar, or a smidge

Good ol' Mahala Mullins
Passed in Eighteen Ninety-Eight
She lived seventy-five years
Despite her tremendous weight
This immovable desperado
Never spent a day in jail
She's probably laughing now
As I tell her real life tale