

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Intro: 4 measures

Turpentine, dandelion wine,
Turn the corner and I'm doin' fine,
Shootin' at the birds on the telephone line,
Pickin' 'em off with this gun o' mine.
I got a fire in my belly, fire in my head,
Gonna hi-di-hi 'til I'm dead.

(Tambourine) Sister Sue, short and stout,
She didn't grow up, she grew out,
Mama thinks she's pretty and she's bein' kind,
Papa thinks she's lovely and he's half blind,
Don't let her out much except at night,
I don't care cause I'm all right.

Interlude 4 measures

Oh, the sun shines bright on our old Kentucky home,
And the young folks lay on the floor,
Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home,
Keep them bad times away from my door.

Brother Gene, he's big and mean,
And don't have much to say,
He had a little woman that he'd whup each day,
And now she's gone away.
He got drunk last night,
Kicked our mama down the stairs,
I'm all right and I don't care.

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(Everybody humming to the tune of will the circle be unbroken twice)