

Old Joe's Place

The Folksmen

Whenever Im out a wandering,
Chasing a rainbow dream,
I often stop and think about,
A place Ive never seen,
Where friendly folks can gather,
And raise the rafters high,
With songs and tales of yester year,
Until they say goodbye Well..theres a puppy in the parlor,
And skillet on the stove,
And a smelly old blanket,
With a Navajo wove,
Theres a chicken on the table,
But you got to say grace,
Theres always something cooking at,
Old Joes Place Now folks come by round evening time,
Soon as the sun goes down,
Some drop in from right next door,
And some from out of town...(Pick it) Well..theres a puppy in the parlor,
And skillet on the stove,
And a smelly old blanket,
With a Navajo wove,
Theres popcorn in the pooper,
And a porker in the pot
Theres pie in the pantry,
And the coffees always hot,
Theres chicken on the table,
But you got to say grace,
Theres always something cooking at,
Old Joes Place. Now they dont allow no frown inside,
Leave them by the door.
Theres apple brandy by the keg,
And sawdust on the floor.
So if youve got a hankering,
Ill tell you where to go,
Just look for the busted neon sign
That flashes....Ea A Ohs Well..theres a puppy in the parlor,
And skillet on the stove,
And a smelly old blanket,
With a Navajo wove,

Theres popcorn in the pooper,
And a porker in the pot
Theres pie in the pantry,
And the coffees always hot
Theres sausage in the morning,
And a party every night,
Theres a nurse on duty,
If you dont feel right,
Theres a chicken on the table,
But you got to say grace,
Theres always something cooking down at Old Joes Place

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