

Uncle Fred

Blue Highway

Uncle Fred, how are you set
for candy bars and cigarettes?

Overalls and kerosene,
baseball caps or magazines?

Let's all go to Brown's today
don't need a map to find the way
Sit on the porch and smoke a few
there's nothing else I'd rather do

Tell me â€™bout the time you went
to Chuckey school for fifteen cents

You saw A.P. and Sara too
heard Mother Maybelle play that tune

Uncle Fred recalls the day
He left the farm and moved away
sailed across the deep blue sea
from Panama to Waikiki

Served his country, did his time
Still got the pictures in his mind
Scolfield Barracks, Diamond Head
â€™What a time,â€™ he smiled and said

Uncle Fred and R.G. too
Have a seat and tell a few
Been working on that car today
It's out of gas and by the way

Just whittle on that stick a while
Every now and then he'd smile
calloused hands, a pocket knife
tobacco farmer all his life

Uncle Fred has passed away
I came to see his grave today
â€™What a time,â€™ I smiled and said
Still got the pictures in my head

Lyrics submitted by Samdaman.

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