

Little Joe and Big Bill

Charlie Daniels Band

They got a dance floor the size of Texas
They got a band seven nights a week
And if you don't show up before the sun goes down
You ain't gonna find a seat They got some grown up Texas ladies
They're there to make their papas proud
They like their music, country
And they like their country loud Well, every Saturday night before they turn down the lights
And the band starts pickin' hot
They start dancin' on the tables, dancin' on the ceilin'
Dancin' in the parking lot You start feelin' it flow from your head to your toe
You sure are glad you've come Down to Little Joe and Big Bill's
Dance hall and sugar hill, barbecue emporium When it comes to southern cookin'
They know what it's all about
They got some barbecue ribs and red beans and rice
Make your tongue snap your eyeballs out And you don't wanna 'cause no trouble
Buddy 'less you're willin' to die
'Cause Big Bill will stomp a mud hole in you
And Little Joe will walk you dry Well, there's a cowboy's dream in tight blue jeans
Swingin' through the swingin' doors
And there's a long tall cutie, scootin' booty
Out there on the floor Well, I guess it's time to get in line
'Cause the house is startin' to hum Down at Little Joe and Big Bill's
Dance hall and sugar hill, barbecue emporium Well, every Saturday night when they turn up the light
When it's just about time to close
The fiddlin' man takes the bow in his hand
And start rockin' San Antonia Rose When you're walkin' out
There ain't no doubt that you sure had a whole lot of fun Down at Little Joe and Big Bill's
Dance hall and sugar hill, barbecue emporium
Down to Little Joe and Big Bill's
Dance hall and sugar hill, barbecue emporium

Songwriters

DANIELS, CHARLIE / JONES, CHARLES H. Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>