

Down The Road A Piece

Foghat

Now if you wanna hear some boogie like I'm gonna' play
It's just an old piano and a knocked out bass
The drummer man's a cat they call, Kickin' McCoy
I know you remember that old rubber-leg boy
Mama cookin' chicken, fried in bacon grease
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece
Well, there's a place you really get your kicks
It's open every night, from 'bout twelve to six
If you wanna hear some boogie, you can get your fill
They shoot the eight beat to you like an old steam drill
Come on along, you can to lose your lease
Down the road, down the road, down the road apiece
Well, there's a place you really get your kicks
Its open every night, from 'bout twelve to six
If you wanna hear some boogie, you can get your fill
They shoot the eight beat to you like an old steam drill
Come on along, you can lose your lease
Down the road, down the road, down the road apiece
Down the road, down the road
Down the road, down the road
Down the road, down the road
Well, momma cookin' chicken, fried in bacon grease
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece
Down the road, down the road
Down the road, down the road
Down the road, down the road
Well, it's better than chicken fried in bacon grease
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece

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