Sloan

C.W. McCall

(Bill Fries, Chip Davis)Well, I found him on the corner of Seventh and Main
In the Iowa township of Sloan (Township of Sloan...)
He's tired, and he's hungry, he's old, and he's grungy
And parked in a no-parkin' zoneWell I bent down an' says "How ya doin', old fella?"
He tried to get up on his own (On his own...)
When I gave him a piece a' my ham salad sandwich
He reached up an' licked on my nose[Chorus]
He gave him a piece of his ham salad sandwich
And reached up and licked on his nose
Old Sloan...Well, I opened the door of my old beat-up semi
Threw an old dirty shirt on the floor (On the floor...)
He hopped in an' laid hisself down by the gearshift
Curled up and started to snoreFor years we went truckin' them highways together
On the byways of life we did roam (They did roam...)
With his paws on the dashboard an' his head out the winda
An' his ears in the breeze, gently blowin'[Chorus]
With his paws on the dashboard, his head out the winder
And his ears in the breeze gently blowin'
Old Sloan...When one mornin' last May, four miles north a' Mondamin
I stopped to use a pay telephone (Pay telephone...)
Old Sloan made a fireplug, while I made a phone call
An' when I come back, he was goneWell I searched forty miles of that Interstate highway
And the byways that we used to roam (Used to roam...)
From Ricketts to Red Line, Magnolia to Woodbine
But I just couldn't find poor ol' Sloan[Chorus]
From Fiscus to Jacksonville, Quick to Correctionville
Looked like the end for old SloanPoor ol' fella. He didn't have no license, nor shots, nor nothin'.I thought he's a goner.When on a cold winter day on the ninth of November
I's drivin' my rig all alone (All alone...)
When my eye caught a blur in my left rear-view mirror
An' my ears heard the sound of old SloanHe's runnin' as fast as his old legs could run 'im
An' cryin' for me to slow down (To slow down...)
His tail was a-waggin', his tongue was a-draggin'
An' I opened the door for old Sloan[Chorus]
His tail was a-waggin', his tongue was a-draggin'
And he opened the door for old Sloan
Old Sloan...Well I gave him a hug as he licked me all over
An' I threw him his old dirty bone (Old dirty bone...)
Then in through the winda jumped a poodle from Pisgah

An' she set on down beside Sloan[Chorus]
Then in through the winder come a poodle from Pisgah
And set herself down beside Sloan.
Old Sloan...So that's where ya been, boy.Hey! She's kinda purty.Aw, Sloan.

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