

Yard Full Of Rusty Cars

Bobby Bare

Show me a house with a yard full o' rusty cars
and you know there'll be a coffee perkin' on a rusty stove
and you walk right in, sit down and feel right at home
in the kitchen of the house of the man with a yard full o' rusty cars
Show me a man with a yard full o' rusty cars
and you know he's got a fridge full o' beer and it's nice and cold.
Swing on the porch, eat balony and bread and talk about gettin' old.
Spittin' in the dust with the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Scratchin' the ears of the dog of the man with a
yard full o' rusty cars.
Tell him I been to Haite an' he says "well 'at's real nice".
"Hay, Ma, this beer could sure use a little bit o' ice"
"Now what was you sayin' about goin' to Hades?" says the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
"Ma' teeth gone bad" says the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
"Toylet's on the blink and heavyweights today can't hit."
"You know you remind me a lot o' my brother's youngest kid."
"Got killed in Korea. You play gin rummy?" says the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Kick off your shoes on the couch of the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Smoke your smokes and flick the ashes on the floor.
"Hell son, everythin' here's been burned or broke at least once before".
And he winks at his old lady and she winks back at the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
"Lord!" says the man with the rusty cars "that woman's gettin' wide!"
"So much for beauty son! Hand me that TV guide." Watching the flies in the kitchen of the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Hole in the screen door where the dogs crawl in and out.
"Careful with that soup son. It'll burn a hole in your mouth!"
"Soup an' life, you gotta wait 'em out." says the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Watch TV in the parlour of the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
"Son, you ever get to sleep with any o' them movie stars?"
"I'd like to do that once before I die" but he's talking a little too loud,
and his woman's smilin' kinda proud of the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Talking God and baseball with the man with a yard full o' rusty cars.
Fall asleep right on the couch there where ya' sit
an' you know that his old woman ain't gonna mind a bit,
leastwise she don't mention nothin' to that smilin', smokin', dirty jokin', lucky old man with a yard full o' rusty cars.

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