

Aunt Peg's New Old Man

Robbie Fulks

We came up the hill to meet him
In the dirt patch he was waiting
That was our first look at Dan
Peg's new old manUncle Hank was seventy five
He lived well and then he died
And none of us had nothing against her
New old manShe liked just fiddeling
No doubt
Liked his help on the railroad route
And the rest didn't bare thinking about
Aunt Peg's new old man
We sat down and we got fed
A long brace but what a spread
The chicken was just an hour dead
And the stew was made of barleyI pulled out my banjo after a while
But he didn't like the scrouch style
Listen up boy this here is call
Going down to RaleighOld aunt Peg begun to frail
They got going on a Texas gail
Skipped my ears like an awful wale
I wish I could hear againNo we had no use for the modern stuff
His back was strong his hands were rough
But he rocked her old eggs sure enough
Aunt Peg's new old man
Now they played the dances and made the rounds
Gave (?)
The toons ain't knew no what to count
It was all our heads in the hamAnd you can do worse as a widow
And then to find a man the spade and hoe
And raise a little hell with the lawnmoe
Aunt Peg's new old manShe liked just fiddeling
No doubt
Liked his help on the railroad route
And the rest didn't bare thinking about
Aunt Peg's new old manShe liked just fiddeling
No doubt
Liked his help on the railroad route
And the rest I don't want to think about
Aunt Peg's new old man

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