

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 boyMama cookin' chicken, fried in bacon grease
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apieceWell, 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 drillCome on along, you can to lose your lease
Down the road, down the road, down the road apieceWell, 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 drillCome on along, you can lose your lease

Down the road, down the road, down the road apieceDown the road, down the road

Down the road, down the road

Down the road, down the roadWell, momma cookin' chicken, fried in bacon grease

Come on along boys, it's just down the road apieceDown the road, down the road

Down the road, down the road

Down the road, down the roadWell, it's better than chicken fried in bacon grease

Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece

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