

# My old Kentucky Home

## Frieda Hempel

Turpentine and dandelion wine  
I've turned the corner and I'm doin' fine  
Shootin' at the birds on the telephone line  
Pickin' 'em off with this gun of mine  
I got a fire in my belly  
And a fire in my head  
Goin' higher and higher  
Until I'm dead  
Sister Sue, she's short and stout  
She didn't grow up, she grew out  
Mama says she's plain but she's just bein' kind  
Papa thinks she's pretty but he's almost blind  
Don't let her out much 'cept at night  
But I don't care 'cause I'm all right  
Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home  
And the young folks roll on the floor  
Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home  
Keep them hard times away from my door  
Brother Gene, he's big and mean  
And he don't have much to say  
He had a little woman who he whupped each day  
But now she's gone away  
He got drunk last night  
Kicked mama down the stairs  
But I'm all right so I don't care

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