

## Johnny Hates Jazz

### "Gobbler, The Ole Houn' Dog"

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When the moon comes over Old Smokey  
I hear a lonesome hound-dog wail  
I know, it's time to grab my hat and coat  
For Old Gobbler's hit the trail

It's up through the hollow and down through the draw  
The pine-trees begin to sing  
They ring out the music of an old fox chase  
They know, this night will bring

Refrain:

Talk ? Gobbler ? talk  
Talk ? Gobbler ? talk  
That music echoes through my ears  
Talk ? Gobbler ? talk

I yell, go ? Gobbler ? go, boy, as I hit the ground on a  
run  
That old fox hound is a-picking 'em up  
I know, a race has just begun

I hear Old Gobbler as he crosses the creek  
Down through the meadow and over the peak  
He's a-rollin' now, boy, hot on the trail  
Picking up steam like the Fireball Mail

Refrain: -Solo-

I hear Old Gobbler as he talk's to me  
Sayin', here he is now, boy, up a tree  
I run to the spot, and lo and behold  
There sits this Old Gobbler, still's airin' to go

Refrain: - 2x

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