

## Laura Story

### "Devil's Hootenanny"

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I was walking through the snow  
When I saw a distant glow  
Of a farmhouse nestled down beneath the trees  
With a guitar on my back  
I thought it sure can't hurt to ask  
If I could stay the night  
And sing a pretty song for free

I walked up to the house  
And then I knocked hard on the door  
That old dark piece of wood  
She fell right in there on the floor  
And as she did a fire burst out on all sides  
I wondered what the hell was going on inside

Then the music that I heard  
It was bizarre, it was absurd  
Like no banjo fiddle bass I'd ever seen  
I stepped into a room of flames  
Shook my head and looked again  
It was the kind of company to make you scream

It was a devil's hootenanny  
An old-time fire band  
A drunken whiskey choir singing  
Round me you understand  
And then they said, "We've been searching near and far  
For a thing like you to sing and play guitar"

Well I opened up my case  
And all the blood rushed to my face  
I sang a fragile note, picked a minor tune  
Well those devils yelled and clapped  
And all their asses they did slap  
Before too long we were arm and arm beneath the moon

'cause that old house burnt on down  
There were cinders on the ground  
I snuggled up inside, closed my eyes

I was sleeping sound  
And I dreamt of summer nights down by the sea  
With a devil's banjo playing on my knee

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