

Tommy Sands "The Old Oaken Bucket"

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Oh, that old oaken bucket
Yes, that ironbound bucket
Oh, that moss-covered bucket
That hung in the well

Well, I went for a sip
And my heart did a flip
There by the old
Buck-a-buck-a-bucket
That hung in the well

It was my fifteenth summer
When I met this cool cucumber
With a face like an angel
A voice like a bell

Well, she told me she
Played a mill last summer
Theater by the
Buck-a-buck-a-bucket
That hung by the well

She was the hippest of chicks
I was a square from the sticks
But she dug me, she said
Like a daisy digs the dells

So each night, I would date her
Well, our only spectator
Was that nosy old bucket
That hung in the well

Missy Venus' daughter
Never let me escort her
Back to her pad at
The local hotel

I should have
Been more suspicious
But she came on
Too delicious by the old
Buck-a-buck-a-bucket

That hung in the well

It turns out while we tarried
She was really very married
What I thought was an angel
Was pure Jezebel

Cause one night
We're getting clubby
When it walks her
Burned up hubby
By the old bucket
That hung in the well

Boy, her scream shattered crystal
And her mate threw his pistol
Brother, that's when I took off
Running just like, well, man

Those bullets came a-whining
Through the vines that were twining
Round that creepy old bucket
That hung in the well

Oh, that old oaken bucket
Yes, that ironbound bucket
Oh, that moss-covered bucket
That hung in the well

There were two loving soul and
Now there's just six bullet holes
In that old Buck, buck, bucket
That hangs in the well

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