

## Woodshedders "That's Old Time"

Visit "[That's Old Time](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

The first time the rain fell down on a hollow log  
A seashell held up in the wind sang a lonesome song  
The first time the vine grew 'round and broke the gourd  
Old time music it was born

And every since then man he couldn't take his rest  
The women danced around doing the cuckoo call  
Just like later did Josephine Baker  
And the firelight shined and burned the whole night  
long  
And old time music found a home

Up and across the years the songbirds flew  
And over seven oceans made their way

Becoming everything from bluegrass to jazz  
And now every other cat that you meet on the street's  
Got a pick in hand and an old string band  
Now we don't let no radios tell us how to sound  
For old time music is the genuine

Cracked old fiddle squawking like a goose,  
Kay bass thumping like a stomping moose  
Hobo camping out in the caboose  
That's old time that's old time

Djangling nineteen thirty some d-18  
Bandanna on a stick holding everything  
Barn dance mama jumping like a spring that's old time  
that's old time

Banjo banging out the crooked beat  
Moonshine's coolin' in the cripple creek  
Dead arm davey's got the shufflin' feet  
That's old time that's old time

Granny greasy coating up the frying pan  
Uphill both ways with an egg in her hand  
Riding in the buggy with Sally Ann  
That's old time that's old

The clouds I made a pillow

Under the crying willow  
I found my roots  
And I dreamed the music

Visit [Woodshedders](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.