

Porter Wagoner

"Old Log Cabin For Sale v1"

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(J.W. Payte)

While strolling along in the country
Reviewing the scenes new and old
I found an old fashioned log cabin
So beautiful there to behold.

A stranger was standing in silence
His eyes firmly fixed on the door
My heart ached in pity to see him
For these were the words that it bore.

And the sign read An Old Log Cabin For Sale
An old oaken bucket and well
Easy terms just keep a log on the fire
And a light burning bright in the dell.

Many years an old couple so patiently looked for their
boy
Whose last promise did fail
Now the old rocking chair will be rocking no more
There's an old log cabin for sale.

--- Instrumental ---

A welcome I read on the floormat
An old braided rug by the door
The hands of an angel had made it
With many a prayer prayed before.

In an old rocking chair on she waited
For one glimpse of him how she yearned
And now he was standing in silence
Too late, yes, too late he'd returned.

And the sign read An Old Log Cabin For Sale
An old oaken bucket and well
Easy terms just keep a log on the fire
And a light burning bright in the dell.

Many years an old couple so patiently looked for their

boy
Whose last promise did fail
Now the old rocking chair will be rocking no more
There's an old log cabin for sale.

(There's no place like home...)

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