

## **The Folkmen "Old Joe's Place"**

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Whenever I'm out a-wanderin,  
Chasing a rainbow dream,  
I often stop and think about,  
A place I've never seen,  
Where friendly folks can gather,  
And raise the rafters high,  
With songs and tales of yester year,  
Until they say goodbye

Well....there's a puppy in the parlor,  
And skillet on the stove,  
And a smelly old blanket,  
That a Navajo wove,  
There's a chicken on the table,  
But you gota say grace,  
There's always something cooking at,  
Old Joe's Place

Now folks come by round evening time,  
Soon as the sun goes down,  
Some drop in from right next door,  
And some from out of town...(Pick it)

Well....there's a puppy in the parlor,  
And skillet on the stove,  
And a smelly old blanket,  
That a Navajo wove,  
There's popcorn in the pooper,  
And a porker in the pot  
There's pie in the pantry,  
And the coffee's always hot,  
There's chicken on the table,  
But you gota say grace,  
There's always something cooking at,  
Old Joe's Place.

Now they don't allow no frowns inside,  
Leave those by the door.  
There's apple brandy by the keg,  
And sawdust on the floor.  
So if you've got a hankerin',  
I'll tell you where to go,

Just look for the busted neon sign  
That flashes....Ea A Oh's

Well.... there's a puppy in the parlor,  
And skillet on the stove,  
And a smelly old blanket,  
That a Navajo wove,  
There's popcorn in the pooper,  
And a porker in the pot  
There's pie in the pantry,  
And the coffee's always hot  
There's sausage in the morning,  
And a party every night,  
There's a nurse on duty,  
If you don't feel right,  
There's a chicken on the table,  
But you gotta say grace,  
There's always something cooking down at Old Joe's  
Place...

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