

## **The Weavers**

### **"You Old Fool"**

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I came home the other night as drunk as I could be  
I saw a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be  
I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing  
to me

What's this horse doing here in the stable where my  
horse ought to be

Well, you old fool, you blind fool can't you plainly see  
It's nothing but a milk cow that my mother send to me  
Ah, I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more

But a saddle and a bridle on a milk cow I never did see  
before

(A saddle and a bridle on a milk cow I never did see  
before)

I came home the next night so drunk I could not see  
And there was a hat on the hat rack where my hat  
ought to be

I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing  
to me

What's this hat doing here on the hat rack where my  
hat ought to be

Oh, you old fool, you blind fool can't you plainly see  
It's nothing but a chamber pot my mother send to me  
Ah, I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more

But a J.B Stetson chamber pot I never did see before  
(A J.B Stetson chamber pot I never did see before)

I came home the next night as drunk as I can be  
I spied some pants upon the chair where my pants  
ought to be

Well, I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this  
thing to me

What are these pants doing here on the chair where my  
paints ought to be

Oh, you old fool, you blind fool can't you plainly see  
It's nothing but an old dish rag that my mother send to  
me

Ah, I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more  
But cuffs and a zipper on a dish rag I never did see  
before  
(But cuffs and a zipper on a dish rag I never did see  
before)

I came home the next night as drunk as I could be  
And there was a head on the pillow where my head  
ought to be  
I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, explain this thing  
to me  
What's this head doing here on the pillow case where  
my head ought to be

Oh, you old fool, you blind fool can't you plainly see  
It's nothing but a melon that my mother send to me  
Ah, I've traveled this wide world over, ten thousand  
miles or more  
But a mustache on a mashmelon I never did see before  
(A mustache on a mashmelon I never did see before)

It's a good thing I not of a suspicious nature

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