

## **Three Dog Night "My Old Kentucky Home"**

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Turpentine, dandelion wine  
Turned the corner and I'm doin' fine  
Shootin' at the birds on the telephone line  
Pickin' 'em off with this gun of mine  
I got a fire in my belly, fire in my head  
Gonna hi-di-hi 'til I'm dead

Sister Sue, short and stout  
She didn't grow up, she grew out  
Mama thinks she's pretty and she's bein' kind  
Papa thinks she's lovely and he's half blind  
Don't let her out much except at night  
I don't care 'cause I'm all right

Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home  
And the young folks lay on the floor  
Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home  
Keep them bad times away from my door

Brother Gene, he's big and mean  
He don't have much to say  
He had a little woman that he'd whoop each day  
But now she's gone away  
Got drunk last night kickin' mama down the stairs  
And I'm all right and I don't care

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