

# Bill Monroe, Little Old Log Cabin In The Lane

Oh I'm gettin' old and feeble and I cannot work no more  
The children no more gather 'round my door  
And old masters and old mrs they are sleepin' side by side  
Near the little old log cabin in the lane

Oh the chimney's fallen down and the roof's all caved in  
Lettin' in the sunshine and the rain  
And the only friend I've got now is that good old dog of mine  
And the little old log cabin in the lane

Oh the trees have all growed up that lead around the hill  
The fences have all gone to decay  
And the creeks have all dried up where we used to go to mill  
And things have changed their course another way

Oh I ain't got long to stay here what little time I've got  
I want to rest content wile I remain  
'Til death shall call this dog and me to find a better home  
And a little old log cabin in the lane