

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 grewed 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