

David Lindley, Old Coot From Tennessee

1)

There was an Old Coot from Tennessee
Lord he was as wicked as he could be.
He never went to church or Sunday School.

He believed that life was planned
and to have a good time everyday.
Well he woke up the congregation with his singn'.

I'm gonna leap an holler till I die
This life I'm livin' it ain't so very high
Sticks and stones gonna break my bones
I know you gonna talk about me when I'm gone
Then I'm gonna leap an holler till I die.

2)

And when they tried talkin' on a Sunday mornin'
everybody in the world was never one,
should have heard those mourners preach and pray.

Well the choir began to sing a little bell-up
and the devil began to ring
And he woke up the congregation with his singn'.

Well I'm gonna build a cemetery of my own.
If you don't leave my good woman alone.
I'm gonna get me a razor gonna' scrape the bread,
gonna lay some son-of-a-bitch in the grave.
I'm gonna build a cemetery of my own.

3)

Well Saint Peter on the judgment day
was a listenin' what the Old man say
Said ya gotta go back and try it all again

Don't play your life away
you better listen to what the good book say.
Then he woke up the congregation with his singn'.

I'm gonna leap an holler till I die
This life I'm livin' it ain't so very high
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I know you gonna talk about me when I'm gone
I'm gonna leap an holler till I die.

Refrain)

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