

John Fogerty, The Old Man Down The Road

He take the thunder from the mountain, he take the lightning from the sky,
He bring the strong man to his begging knee, he make the young girl's mama cry.

You got to hidey-hide, you got to jump and run;
You got to hidey-hidey-hide, the Old Man is down the road.

He got the voices speak in riddles, he got the eye as black as coal,
He got a suitcase covered with rattlesnake hide, and he stands right in the road.

You got to hidey-hide, you got to jump up run away;
You got to hidey-hidey-hide, the Old Man is down the road.

Aaah!

He make the river call your lover, he make the barking of the hound,
Put a shadow 'cross the window, when the Old Man comes around.

You got to hidey-hide, you got to jump and run again;
You got to hidey-hidey-hide, the Old Man is down the road.
The Old Man is down the road.

Aaah!

You got ta, you got ta, you got ta, hidey-hidey-hide!