

# Flatt And Scruggs, Down The Road

Now down the road just a mile or two  
Lives a little girl named Pearly Blue  
About so high and her hair is brown  
The Prettiest thing boys in this town

Now anytime you want to know  
Where I'm going, down the road  
Get my girl on the line  
You'll find me there most any old time

Now everyday and Sunday too  
I go to see my Pearly Blue  
Before you hear that rooster crow  
You'll see me headed down the road

Now old man Flatt he owned the farm  
From the hog lot to the barn  
From the barn to the rail  
He made his living by carrying the mail

Now every time I get the blues  
I walk the soles right off my shoes  
I don't know why I love her so  
That gal of mine lives down the road

Repeat First then Last