

Gourds, Caledonia

A little song

A little dance

A little seltzer down yer pants

Lump o gold the size of yer head

A little bramble in yer bed

Happy day in a boat

Trade a heffer for a goat

Caledonia where the hell you been

Dear friend rub my back

'tis no cadence that I lack

Rise in humor and or laughter

May a basoon full of camphor

Blow yer britches down today

Blow yer britches down today

Caledonia where the hell you been

Step lively with caprice

Through the heavy chested spread

May the purple painted theif

Dance on the harpsichord instead

Let mine eye state it bluntly

No such stuff was in my thoughts

Caledonia where the hell you been