

Porter Wagoner, Old Black Kettle

I remember when I was just little
mama used to cook in an old black kettle
On an old wood stove she'd had since she was wed
Now the oven door was sprung a little bit
So we propped it up with a forkhead stick
That didn't matter cause mama kept us fed
My mama and daddy must've loved each other
Cause I had a bunch of sisters and brothers
The girls worked just as hard as us boys did
There was corn to hoe we'd go hoe it we might've been poor but we didn't know it
We'd heard that word but we didn't know what it meant
Oh didn't we have such a good life
And the days that I knew then are the happiest I've known
Oh didn't we have such a good time
You know it's sad to think the old black kettle's gone
The old black kettle's gone the old black kettle's gone
(guitar)
Now there wasn't nothin' that pleased us any better
Than when we'd get an occasional letter
From kinfolks livin' up north in some big town
We'd think of all the games we'd play and we just couldn't hardly wait
When our city cousins said they was a comin' down
Now mama's done away with the old black kettle
She used to cook in when I was just little
And the door ain't sprung on her new electric range
And that little old farm and home we had it ain't there no more and that's too bad
Folks're doin' away with the simple things
Oh didn't we have...
Folks're doin' away with most of the simple things