

Randy Newman, Old Kentucky Home

Turpentine and dandyion wine
I've turned the corner and I'm doin' fine
Shootin' at the birds on the telephone line
Pickin' 'em off with this gun o' mine
I got a fire in my belly and a fire in my head
Goin' higher and higher until I'm dead

Sister Sue she's short and stout
But she didn't grow up, she grew out
Mama says she's plain, but she's just bein' kind
Papa says she's pretty, but he's almost blind
They don't let her out much, except at night
But I don't care 'cause I'm alright

Oh the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home
And the young folks roll on the floor
Oh the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home
Keep them hard times away from my door

Brother Gene he's big and mean
And he don't have much to say
He had a little woman who he whooped each day
But now she's gona away
Got drunk last night kicked Mama down the stair
But I'm alright so I don't care

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