Randy Newman, Old Kentucky Home

Turpentine and dandylion 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 Kentuky 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

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 Kentuky home Keep them hard times away from my door