Three Dog Night, My Old Kentucky Home

(Turpentine & Dandelion Wine)

Turpentine, dandelion wine, turned the corner and I'm doing fine.
Shootin' at the birds on the telephone line,
Pickin' em off with this gun of mine
I got a fire in my belly, fire in my head,
Gonna hi-di-hi 'til I'm dead

Sister Sue, short and stout, she didn't grow up she grew out
Mama thinks she's pretty and she's being kind
Papa thinks she's lovely and he's half blind
Don't let her out much except at night
I don't care cause I'm all right.

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

Brother Gene, he's big and mean, he don't have much to say
He had a little woman that he'd whup each day
But now she's gone away
Got drunk last night kicking Mama down the stairs
A-I'm all right and I don't care

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