

## Log Cabin In The Lane

Bill Monroe

I'm growing old and feeble and I can't work on more  
My rusty bladed hoe I've laid to rest  
My mama and my papa they are sleeping side by side  
And their spirits now are roaming with the blessed

Oh, the chimney's falling down and the roof is all caved in  
Letting in the sunshine and the rain  
And the only friend I've got now is that good old dog of mine  
And that little old log cabin in the lane

Oh the paths have all grown up that led around the hill  
The fences have all gone to decay  
And the creeks have all dried up where we used to go to mill  
And things have changed their course another way

Oh I ain't got long to stay here, what little time I've got  
I want to rest content while I remain  
'Til death shall call this dog and me to find a better home  
Than that little old log cabin in the lane