

Uncle Lijah

Black Oak Arkansas

Oh Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah,
He's still alive.
Oh, Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah,
A hundred and five.
There was a time early in life
When he gambled to gain
And he carried a knife
And he was winnin' that very night.
He cussed the devil, yes he cussed him good;
He swore he'd lick 'em,
Yes, he swore he could,
And he dared him to come to Him if he would. Yeah!
Oh Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah,
He's still alive.
Oh Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah,
A hundred and five.
It was early in the mornin' when he got to bed
To rest his weary gamblin' head
When he heard the angry words his pappy said:
"Lijah go and fetch some wood!"
He heard his words and up he stood.
Even though it hurt, he knew he should. Yeah!
Oh Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah,
He's still alive. Still cookin'!
Oh Uncle Li--jiah, Uncle Lijah,
A hundred and five.
Outside he heard the rattle of chains
And he ran from someone
He thought insane
As he heard the devil
Callin' out his name.
The devil grabbed his suspenders well,
And he trembled
As he felt the hand from hell,
And he let out with a hairy yell.
He jumped in bed with his Maw and Paw.
And he told 'em that the devil was in Arkansas,
And he told 'em he'd quit gamblin' or break the law. Yeah!
Oh, Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah,
He's still alive. Still cookin'!
Oh, Uncle Li--jiah, Uncle Lijah,
A hundred and five. Yeah!
Oh Uncle Lijah, Uncle Lijah
He's still alive. Still cookin', yeah!
Oh Uncle Li--jiah, Uncle Lijah,
A hundred and five.