

Devil's Hootenanny

Laura Veirs

I was walking through the snow
When I saw a distant glow
Of a farmhouse nestled down beneath the trees
With a guitar on my back
I thought it sure can't hurt to ask
If I could stay the night
And sing a pretty song for free

I walked up to the house
And then I knocked hard on the door
That old dark piece of wood
She fell right in there on the floor
And as she did a fire burst out on all sides
I wondered what the hell was going on inside

Then the music that I heard
It was bizarre, it was absurd
Like no banjo fiddle bass I'd ever seen
I stepped into a room of flames
Shook my head and looked again
It was the kind of company to make you scream

It was a devil's hootenanny
An old-time fire band
A drunken whiskey choir singing
Round me you understand
And then they said, "We've been searching near and far
For a thing like you to sing and play guitar"

Well I opened up my case
And all the blood rushed to my face
I sang a fragile note, picked a minor tune
Well those devils yelled and clapped
And all their asses they did slap
Before too long we were arm and arm beneath the moon

'cause that old house burnt on down
There were cinders on the ground
I snuggled up inside, closed my eyes
I was sleeping sound
And I dreamt of summer nights down by the sea
With a devil's banjo playing on my knee