Caledonia

A little song A little dance A little seltzer down yer pants Lump o gold the size of yer head A little bramble in yer bed Happy day in a boat Trade a heffer for a goat Caledonia where the hell you been Dear friend rub my back 'tis no cadence that I lack Rise in humor and or laughter May a basoon full of camphor Blow yer britches down today Blow yer britches down today Caledonia where the hell you been Step lively with caprice Through the heavy chested spread May the purple painted thief Dance on the harpsichord instead Let mine eye state it bluntly No such stuff was in my thoughts Caledonia where the hell you been

The Gourds