

My Old Kentucky Home

Three Dog Night

Turpentine, dandelion wine
Turned the corner and I'm doin' 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 bein' 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 whoop each day
But now she's gone away
Got drunk last night kickin' mama down the stairs
And I'm all right and I don't care

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