



IN OLD KENTUCKY

It's up in Old Kentucky, where they
never have the blues;

Where the Captain kills the Colonel,
and the Colonel kills the "booze"

Where the horses they are pretty, and
the women they are—too;

Where they shoot men for pastime
when there's nothing else to do.

Where the blood it flows like water,
and the bullets fly like hail;

Where every pistol has a pocket and
every coat has a tail.

Where they always hang the jury,
but they never hang the man,

Where you call a man a liar, then go
home if you can,

Where you go out in the morning, just
to give your health a chance,

And they bring you home at nightfall,
with buckshot in your pants,

Where the owl's afraid to holler and
the birds don't dare to sing,

For it's h—l in Old Kentucky. where
they shoot 'em on the wing.

