

Down The Road A Piece

Foghat

Now if you wanna hear some boogie like I'm gonna' play,
It's just an old piano and a knocked-out bass,
The drummer man's a cat they call Kickin' McCoy,
I know you remember that old rubber-leg boy.
Mama cookin' chicken, fried in bacon grease,
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece.

Well, there's a place you really get your kicks,
Its open every night, from 'bout twelve to six.
If you wanna hear some boogie, you can get your fill,
They shoot the eight beat to you like an old steam drill.
Come on along you can to lose your lease,
Down the road, down the road, down the road apiece

Well, there's a place you really get your kicks,
Its open every night, from 'bout twelve to six,
If you wanna hear some boogie, you can get your fill,
They shoot the eight beat to you like an old steam drill.
Come on along, you can lose your lease,
Down the road, down the road, down the road apiece.

Down the road, down the road,
Down the road, down the road,
Down the road, down the road.
Well, momma cookin' chicken, fried in bacon grease,
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece.

Down the road, down the road,
Down the road, down the road,
Down the road, down the road.
Well, it's better than chicken fried in bacon grease,
Come on along boys, it's just down the road apiece.