

Gettin' Out The Good Stuff

David Lee Murphy

Hobo Jim was tendin' the fire
He said tonight boys we got a feast
Got a fresh stole hen and half pint of gin
And a big can of blackeyed peas
Said it ain't no joke that hickory smoke
Can work up an appetite
He said roll up your sleeves and don't wait for me
Boys we're gonna do it up right

We're gettin' out the good stuff tonight
Yeah we're windin' it up and lettin' it go
Just the good stuff tonight
Yeah there ain't no place like home sweet home

Got the moon and the stars and some quarter cigars
Boys it don't get better than that
Got a big pile of wood and it sure feels good
To just kick back and relax
He learnin' to treasure the simpler pleasures
It comes real easy for me
As a matter of fact life by the tracks
It's kinda hard to beat

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In the scheme of things you don't wanna save it too long
'Cause you can't take it with you when you're gone

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