

Caledonia

The Gourds

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