

Old Joe Clark

Old Joe Clark was a preacher's son
He preached all over the plain
But the only prayer that Joe Clark
knew
Was high, low, jack and the game

Old Joe Clark he built a house
Eighteen stories high
And every story in that house
Was filled with chicken pie

CHORUS

Fare thee well Old Joe Clark
Goodbye Betty Brown
Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark
I'm gonna leave this town

I went down to Joe Clark's house
He let me in the door.
He slept on the feather bed
And I slept on the floor

I went down to Joe Clark's house
He was eating supper
Stumped my toe on the table leg
And stuck my nose in the butter

Chorus

Joe Clark had a brindle cow
And he was muley born
But it took a jaybird twenty years
To fly from horn to horn

Old Joe Clark he had a mule

His name was Morgan Brown
Every tooth in that mule's head
Was twenty inches round.

Chorus

Old Joe Clark he had a dog,
As blind as he could be,
But ever' time he treed a coon,
He swore that dog could see.

I wouldn't marry a widow
I'll tell you the reason why
She'd blow her nose on a biscuit
crust
And call it chicken pie

Chorus

Fifteen miles of mountain road
Twenty miles of sand
Before I'd travel this road again
I'll be a married man

I had a banjo made of gourd,
The strings was made of twine,
But the only tune that I could play
Was I wish that gal was mine.

Chorus