

LYRICS

I woke up one morning in the spring of '65
Considering myself lucky to be found alive.
I hitched up my horses, my business to pursue,
Instead of hauling four loads I only hauled two.

I'd had my fill of plowing before the sun was high.
Sunshine made my head feel strange, it was an honest try.
So, I unhitched my horses and saddled up my mare
And rode down to the grocery to see what's doin' there.

Now farmin' folk from miles around were gathered in the store,
Each sayin' they had never left their plow so soon before.
While talkin' of the mystery of God's unfoldin' Will,
Old man Hawkins brought a load of whiskey from his still.

Most of us had never drunk so early in the day.
But, since today was special, we got drunk anyway.
We got so drunk and crazy that we all did agree,
To meet that very night where the music was to be.

The night was clear as crystal, the moon was full and bright,
Nothing looked familiar in that pale, unearthly light.
There was no wind, no calling bird, in fact it was so still,
I scarcely drew a breath 'till I'd reached old Laurel Hill.

Let me tell you of our party and how it did commence,
When four of us jolly folk got on the floor to dance.
The players being willin', their arms a'being strong,
They played the Crippled Kingfisher about four hours long.

IMPROVISATIONAL BREAK

I see the morning star, boys, I guess we've danced enough.
We'll spend another hour and pay in cash for cuff.
We'll spend another hour, we'll whistle and we'll sing,
And we never shall be guilty of another such a thing.

Come all you newsy people who gather news about,
Don't tell no tales upon us, we're bad enough without.
Don't tell no tales upon us or kick up any fuss —
You been guilty of the same thing, perhaps a whole lot worse.