

ALONG THIS OLD CROOKED ROAD

Words and Music by:
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Mail pouch barnside in a field of clover hay
And a ground hog sunnin' in the heat of the day
A crooked-y creek running clear, clean and cold
By an old home place, 'bout a hundred years old

Now that's the country life, easy going life
Simple life, along this old crooked road

Windy Hills Farm up on the ridge
And the creek runs under a one lane bridge
A one lane bridge with a roof on the top
And not a cotton pickin' semi or a traffic cop

Now that's the country life, easy going life
Simple life, along this old crooked road

And a holler's not a yell
It's a place where you go
Between two hills
To the old fishin' hole
Catchin' bass and bluegill
On a Sunday afternoon
And whistlin' through your teeth
A funky bluegrass tune

That's the country life, easy going life
Simple life, along this old crooked road

Rusty tinted leaves on the autumn trees
By a white steepled church where folks pray on their knees
And graveyard plots behind that church
Snuggled in maple trees, walnuts and birch
And when I'm long gone, I hope the Lord do
Have a spot up in heaven along a crooked road, too

'Cause I love that country life, easy going life
Simple life, along this old crooked road

*I hear He's got a lot of gold streets up there...
I just hope there's a couple of dirt roads, too*