

Log Cabin In The Lane

Bill Monroe

I'm growing old and feeble and I can't work on more
My rusty bladed hoe I've laid to rest
My mama and my papa they are sleeping side by side
And their spirits now are roaming with the blessed

Oh, the chimney's falling down and the roof is all caved in
Letting in the sunshine and the rain
And the only friend I've got now is that good old dog of mine
And that little old log cabin in the lane

Oh the paths have all grown up that led around the hill
The fences have all gone to decay
And the creeks have all dried up where we used to go to mill
And things have changed their course another way

Oh I ain't got long to stay here, what little time I've got
I want to rest content while I remain
'Til death shall call this dog and me to find a better home
Than that little old log cabin in the lane