

Old Joe Clark

1

Old Joe Clark, he had a house

1

5

Eighteen stories high

1

Ev'ry story in that house

1

5

1

Was filled with chicken pie.

1

Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark,

7

Fare thee well, I say.

1

Fare thee well, Old Joe Clark

1

5

1

I'm a goin' away.

I went down to Old Joe's house
Stayed to have some supper
Stubbed my toe on the table leg
And stuck my nose in the butter

Chorus

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat
She would not sing or pray
She stuck her head in a buttermilk jar
And washed her sins away.

Chorus

Old Joe Clark got married
His wife was ten feet tall
And when her head was in the bed
Her feet were in the hall.

Chorus