

By The Junipers

The Stillwater Hobos

Well I stole the golden calf from Mister Crowley's hole. He caught me with his mouth before daylight. That's the first time that I saw the freckles on the wall before my flannel shirt-tails turned to night. So come away my turtle dove, don't tarry any more. There's a crime been lingerin' in Salem town. It's funny but it's true that the worst a man can do to walk the river banks without a sound. So come a -

way! Come a - way! Leave the bot - tle take the jin And

we'll stand by the Ju - ni-pers as we be - gin a - gain, So come a -

way! Come a - way! Leave the bot - tle take the jin And

we'll stand by the Ju - ni-pers as we be - gin a - agin.

*So I picked up my accordeon and played from reel to reel,
And drunk a health to Bertram by the bay,
Devouring northern winds, we'll loudly make amends,
And beg the handsome boatman here to stay.*

*Before the tune was done we hammered out a song,
And played John Hardy's rag against the crowd,
But curfew rang at two, and the purple men in blue,
They knocked the uilleann pipes and bodhran down.*