

By Charlie Ipcar, ©2020 (7/5/2020)

Tune: traditional field holler

Key: Dm (7/Gm)

Way Down Under the Hill

Grand Chorus:

Dm-----C

Way down! (Way down!)

Dm-----C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill!

-----C

Roll on down and get your fill,

Dm-----C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill!

Dm-----C

There was a place, there may be still,

Dm-----C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill,

-----C

A saloon well known as Under-the-Hill,

Dm-----C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill;

-----C

That joint was loud, the beer was cold,

Dm-----C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill,

-----C

It chilled the body but not the soul,

Dm-----C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill! (CHO)

Now when you gets to Natchez town,

Way down, under the hill,

You sing and dance the night around,

Way down, under the hill;

You spend and spend all your pay,

Way down, under the hill,

And roll away at the break of day,

Way down, under the hill! (CHO)

Now who was dancin' the "Funky Chicken"?

Way down, under the hill,

Ol' John Hartford, his banjo pickin',

Way down, under the hill;

Swing 'er high an' swing 'er low,

Way down, under the hill,

It's time for us to roll and go,

Way down, under the hill! (CHO)

Here's to that gal Coal-Black Rose,

Way down, under the hill,

She's coal-black from head to toes,

Way down, under the hill;

And how that gal could dance and sing,

Way down, under the hill,

Why she could do most anything,

Way down, under the hill. (CHO)

And here's to the crew where'er they be,

Way down, under the hill,

Ed Smith, Shorty, and The Cherokee,

Way down, under the hill;

They done their work and they done it well,

Way down, under the hill,

And there's many a tale that's left to tell,

Way down, under the hill. (CHO)

And here's a round to Captain Don,

Way down, under the hill,

And may he steam forever on,

Way down, under the hill;

He know the river and he know it well,

Way down, under the hill,

He'd even run the Gates of Hell,

Way down, under the hill. (CHO)

C-----Dm

Way down, under the hill!