



Salty Dog Rag

Away down yonder in the state of Arkansas
where my great-grandpa met my great-grandma,
they drink apple cider and they get on a jag
and they dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag.
They play an old fiddle like you never heard before.
They play the only tune that they ever did know.
It's a ragtime ditty and the rhythm don't drag,
now here's the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag:

Chorus:

One foot front, drag it back,
then you start to ball the jack.
You shake and you break and then you sag,
if your partner zigs you're supposed to zag.
Your heart is light, you tap your feet
in rhythm with that ragtime beat.
(Just) pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
and dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag.

Away down South 'neath the old Southern moon
the possum's up a tree and the hounds treed a coon.
They'll hitch up the buggy to a broken down nag
and go out dancing to the Salty Dog Rag.
They tune up the fiddle and they rosin up the bow.
They strike a C chord on the old banjo
and holler hang on 'cause we ain't gonna drag
'cause here's the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag.