

That A Frame Cabin Where We'd Go To Play

(tune: Oklahoma Hills by Woody Guthrie) (words by Reed M. © 2012 ☺)

1 Many a year has come and gone / since I left my happy home
In the Indiana town where I was born
Where the lazy river winds / through the sycamores and pines
And the fields are lush and green with soy and corn

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Way out yonder past Meshingomesia
I won't forget unless I get amnesia
The A frame cabin where we'd go to play
With the hot dogs boiled and popcorn salty
Singin' and talkin' 'less my mem'rie's faulty
That A frame cabin after Thanksgiving Day

2 Every year we would travel far / By plane or train or car
Just to get together for some precious time
Eating lots of Jew soul food / Telling tales to lift our mood
spending time among our elders was sublime

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Way out yonder past Meshingomesia
I won't forget unless I get amnesia
The A frame cabin where we'd go to play
Frisbee, kickball, checkers, bridge, and noshin'
Walking by the water skippin' stones and joshin'
That A frame cabin on an autumn day.

3 The square downtown was a welcome sight
As we'd walk there in the night
Past the Sinai Temple, holding memories
Things have changed there, that's a fact
And the clock you can't turn back
But the recollections of the good times there still please.

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Roskins, Richards, Miltons, Old Queen City
The window decorations looked so pretty
The courthouse stood so proud by night and day
But way out yonder past Meshingomesia
There was a place that was sure to please ya
That A frame cabin where we used to play
Yes, the A frame cabin on an autumn day
...Oh, that A frame cabin – but we couldn't stay...