

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 sycamores and pines
And the fields are lush and green with soy and corn

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s** 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' [spoken:] '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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s** 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 Later on you can catch the sound
Of the freights rolling through town
At the crossing grades they sound the air horn's moan
There are children in their beds
Hearing train sounds in their heads
As they dream of far off places they might go

4 The Square downtown is a welcome sight
As we 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 shared still please.

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