**Long Cold Polk County Winter**

Grandma wraps the baby up inside her pearled shawl

And sings him bits of Bible songs, a tin-eared caterwaul

Mama get a kettle on that stove to quiet that rocking chair

Seems silly to loose to a set of rules in a game of solitaire.

Save the coal for Christmas, boys, and stand up when you pray

Gonna be a long cold winter in Polk County Ioway

Cattle caught in a cloud of snow been nine days fallen down

Grease your walkers tie the sled and whistle up the hound

Backwards, sideways, east or west, Lord who the hell can tell?

If we ain’t back by 4 o’clock start beatin that dinner bell

Uncle Wilber’s bedtime stories told 100 times before

Tommy’d been asleep for an hour by the time old Wilber won the war

On his honor and his best behavior grandpa Clifford swears

It ain’t never been this cold before and 80 or 90 years.

Chorus

Sarah fetch up a kettle of snow and stoke the cookin stove

Kidney pills got lost again, you can hear Aunt Bessie moan

Corn silk, pokeroot, white oak bark and a pinch of tansy leaf

Two parts tea, six parts stiff cider, taken liberally

Don’t I know it’s 20 below now harness up the sleigh

There’s a man come clear from Alabam to preach for us today

And if His name be used in vain, a seat by the devil’s fire you’ll earn

Goddamn, I’m afraid these southern preachers got a lot to learn

Chorus

Beware the Indian summer says the Farmer’s Almanac

Like as not there’s a cold and ornery cowboy on his tracks

Fifteen four and a run of four and pair in the crib makes ten

Come on Wilber, wake up now, it’s your turn again.

Chorus