

Last Hoedown (for now)

(to the tune of "Last Kiss", Jan. 27, 2007)

Well where oh where have the years all gone
You grew up, now we sing this song
You're off to college or some other place,
At the next Hoedown will we see ... your face?

Each January, on the last Saturday
Karen's invited you here to play
Year after year, you been loyal and true
(Unless you had something better to do)
Now you're seniors, there's a tear in my eye
But when I think about it, I don't know why
I know you'll come back regular-ly
'cause the Hotdish Hoedown food is free

Well where oh where can our babies be
Will the apple fall far from the tree?
You're all steeped in Hoedown tradition
To carry it on is your only mission

You've made Jell-O molds, all shapes and sizes
You'll always remember the fabulous prizes
Just add water and watch it gel
I'll never forget William Tell
Blue, green and red, your Jello-O said,
"Mold me darlin' for a little while"
And here's a tip, just for your knowledge (*pause*)
Jell-O is different at the parties in college

Well where oh where can our babies be
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Mmmm, mmmm, mmm, etc