Salty Dog Rag

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D
Away down yonder in the state of Arkansas
G
Where my great-grandpa met my great-grandma
C
They drink apple cider and they get on a jag,
F                                      A7
And dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag.
D
They play an old fiddle like you never heard before,
G
They play the only tune that they ever did know-
C
It's a ragtime ditty and the rhythm don't drag,
F                                C          F
Now everybody's dancing to the Salty Dog Rag.

        CHORUS:
D7
One foot front, drag it back,
G7
Then you start to ball the jack.
C
You shake and you break and then you sag.
F                                        A7
If your partner zigs, you're supposed to zag.
D7
Your heart is light, you tap your feet
                         G7
In rhythm with that ragtime beat.
C
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
F                              C          F
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've treed a coon
They hitch up a buggy to the 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
Then holler hang on 'cause we ain't gonna drag.
Now here's the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag.

CHORUS

[Thanks to Michael Brewer for tabs]
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