

Corn Bucket

Chorus

G A G C
Put your foot on the corn bucket
D C G C
Raise your banjo high
D C D G A
I'll be here singing and playing
G A G
Banjo 'til I die

Verse

G C F# G
I remember chopping that tree
G A G
I remember splitting that wood
D C D G A
I remember bending it round
G C F# G
Carving ring locks, fasten it good

Chorus

I remember family here
One seat short to sit upon
flip the bucket, problem solved
giving up room for another one

Chorus

First born took the bucket down
Filled it up from Greetham Creek
Washed his feet as he walked back
home made corn buckets always leak

Chorus

All will reach an end of days
One more job then to be done
Burn to ash and fertilise
Growing trees to make another one

Chorus

Homestead hollow is small and round
Creek water runs through, never stays
Got its name as 'The Corn Bucket'
Happy living there all my days

Final Chorus

Bring your feet to 'The Corn Bucket'
Raise your voices high
I'll be here singing and playing
Banjo 'til I die

Music and Lyrics: John Grant Taylor
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