

UNCLE JOE FROM NEW YORK CITY

by Warren Swenson

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There's a story I can tell you
And I solemnly swear it's true.
It happened here and not to long ago.
Well it seems my mother's sister
Went and married her a mister
From New York and now we call him Uncle Joe.

Well she called to say they missed us
They were coming down for Christmas
But there's something that she wanted us to know
Uncle Joe she was quite sure
Had never been down south before
So could we take it easy, please, on Uncle Joe.

(Chorus)

Uncle Joe's from New York City
We all know he's just a Yankee.
Yankees don't know how to eat
So I knew I'd have to teach
A few new things to Uncle Joe from New York City.

When Uncle Joe said that he wished
Papa hadn't burned his red fish
He blackened in his cast iron frying pan
And when he said that Papa's roux
Looked like water from the bayou,
Brown and dirty, well I guess you'll understand

Why my papa threw a fit
I mean he totally lost it
And said, "You best leave my kitchen while your able."
Papa's face was turning red
When Joe asked, "Is it what I said?"
Then Papa hit him in the head with the soup ladle.

Chorus

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He thought oysters came in buckets
Didn't know you had to shuck it.
Didn't know just how to suck it off the shell.
He put the half shell in his mouth
And when he started spitting out
The grit and dirt that's when my Papa almost fell

From the chair unto the floor
He never laughed so hard before.
Mama said, "now Papa have a little pity."
"They must have raised him on the streets
That poor boy don't know how to eat."
That's what he said of Uncle Joe from New York City.

Chorus

When Mama served some boiled crawfish
She put a few on Uncle Joe's dish
He just thought it was a garnish for his plate.
So he hardly could believe it
When he saw all of us eat it.
He thought crawfish were just used as fishing bait.

Well he finally decided
He'd be brave enough to try it.
After all, just what harm could it do.
When he went to suck the head
He swallowed the whole thing instead.
His eyes turned red while his face was turning blue.

Chorus

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Well I guess I ought to fess up
That it wasn't just a mess up
When I passed instead of ketchup, the hot sauce.
Uncle Joe took no precautions,
Took himself a healthy portion
He turned redder then the suit on Santa Claus.

Papa, trying to be helpful
Gave my Uncle Joe a mouthful
Of his home made brew that taste like kerosene.
And I'm sure I never saw
A sight quite like that before.
His face went from brilliant red to almost green.

Chorus

After dinner I was sure
He wasn't coming south no more
So it was quite a surprise to me
When Uncle Joe said, "Listen here
We're coming back again next year
And I'm bringing my entire family.

Uncle Joe's from New York City
We all know he's just a Yankee
And I'll not forget that year
When he brought all them Yankees here.
I taught a lot of things to folks from New York City.