

## Sauerkraut Polka

It all began about three decades ago, this most amazing tale  
A little town and folks who wanted to throw a simple sidewalk sale  
It went so well they did year after year until it crossed the line  
And it turned into a festival, a mess of food and best of all  
That shredded cabbage soured in brine

Everyone in Waynesville's wild about sauerkraut right around this time of year  
They come from miles around to get a belly full of sauerkraut and chug-a-lug a bucket of beer

Kielbasa, roasted nuts, and sweet funnel cake, you know it's all homemade  
Pass up the arts and crafts but be sure to make the antique car parade  
The polka band it swings on into the night and you can sing along  
We could use another feaster, so get up off your keister  
For that famous polka drinking song

[Lip trombone "Roll Out the Barrel"]

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My Polish-Czechoslovakian wife, she loves that polka beat  
Strike up the band, she has the time of her life soon as she finds her feet  
We've been together now for 25 years and we're still doin fine  
Cuz we join the congregation in their annual celebration of  
That shredded cabbage soured in brine

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Anybody here who doesn't like sauerkraut, we'll throw you out on your ear  
But if wanna polka with a belly full of sauerkraut chug-a-lug a bucket of  
Chug-a-lug a bucket of  
Chug-a-lug a bucket of beer