

**Pickin' on the Patio**  
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It started in the summer back in the year of ought three;  
It was Bob, Jim, & Theresa and what a sight to see;  
They invited all their friends to come and pick and grin;  
Only God would know what was going to happen then.

Pickin' on the patio, pickin' until dark;  
Pickin' on the patio, in Homer's parking lot.

Sometimes it was raining, sometimes it was hot;  
Sometimes the place was packed and sometimes it was not,  
We brought mikes and chords and amps and guitars around our necks,  
We came every Monday night to see what would happen next.

Pickin' on the patio, pickin' until dark;  
Pickin' on the patio, in Homer's parking lot.

Through the nights and through the years, we're still pickin' there;  
From Memorial Day to Labor Day, there's music in the air;  
Friends from all around come to sing or just stare;  
Every summer Monday night you will always find us there.

Pickin' on the patio, pickin' until dark;  
Pickin' on the patio, at Homer's Coffee House.