

The Blue Dogs

"Brown-Eyed Women"

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Gone are the days when the ox fall down
Take up the yoke and plow the fields around
Gone are the days when the ladies said, 'Please
Gentle Jack Jones, won't you come home to me?'

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on

1920 when he stepped to the bar
Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar
1930 when the walls caved in
He made his way sellin' red-eyed gin

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on

Delilah Jones was the mother of twins
Two times over and the rest were sins
She raised eight boys, only I turned bad
Never got the things that the other ones had

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on

Tumble down shack in Bigfoot county
Snowed so hard that the roof caved in
Delilah Jones went to meet her God
And the old man never was the same again

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on

Daddy made whiskey and he made it well
Cost two dollars and it burnt like hell

I cut hickory just to fire the still
Drink down a bottle and ready to kill

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on
Yeah, it looks like the old man's gettin'

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