

George Jones "Ol' Red"

Visit "[Ol' Red](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Caught my wife with another man
Now I'm doin' ninety-nine
At a prison down in Georgia
Close to the Florida line.

I've been here for twelve long years
And I finally made the warder my friend
So he sentenced me to a life of ease
Takin' care of ol' Red.

Now ol' red he's a dangerous dog
This old boy has ever seen
He's got a nose that can smell a two day trail
Lord, he's a four legged tracking machine.

Just consider yourself mighty lucky
To get past the gators and the quicksand beds
But all these years that I've been here
Ain't nobody got past Red.

Hear the warder say,
Come on somebody why don't you run
Ol' Red's a-itchin' to have a little fun
Get my latern, get my gun
Red'll have 'em treed 'fore the mornin' sun.

I payed off a guard and he slipped out a letter
To my cousin in Tennessee
And he brought down me a blue tick hound
Lord, she was pretty as she could be.

They penned her up in the swampland
About a mile just south of the gate
And when I take ol' Red for his evening run
And I'd just drop him off and wait.

Hear the warder say,
Come on somebody why don't you run
Ol' Red's a-itchin' to have a little fun
Get my latern, get my gun
Red'll have 'em treed 'fore the mornin' sun.

Now old red got use to seein'
This little lady.there every night
So I kept him away for three or fours days
And waited till the time got right.

I made my run with the evening sun
And I smiled when I heard 'em let him out
'Cause I headed north to Tennessee
And ol' Red was a-headed south.

I hear the warder say,
Come on somebody why don't you run
Ol' Red's a-itchin' to have a little fun
Get my latern, get my gun
Red'll have 'em treed 'fore the mornin' sun.

Now, there's red hair blue ticks dogs in the south
Love got me in there and love got me out...

Visit [George Jones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.