

Corey Smith "Every Dawg Has Its Days"

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A long ride back from Jacksonville
500 miles from a game that we should've won
Man, we oughta burn down that stadium
Thought this year was gunna be ours
Talking too much junk in those Florida bars
And now I'm stunned, man, I wish it was 1981

And I know why they say "Every dawg has his days"
Can't win every game we play, but
Every dawg has his days

Longing for his glory days
Like the one when he cried, "Run, Lindsay, Run"
I was too young to be there, but I'm sure it was fun
I bet that crowd was flying high, and
I bet Glory to Ol' Georgia was cried as the band played
Man, I wish I could feel that way today

And I know why they say "Every dawg has his days"
Can't win every game we play, but
Every dawg has his days

And, I played back my favorite victories
Like that last minute win up in Tennessee
I bet them hot bails hurt like hell
And, I got sweet memories of 2002
Won the SEC and the Sugarbowl too
Man, we had a ball down on Bourbon Street
Woah, Woah, those were the days

Just got my tickets in the mail, and
September's coming fast, and I can hardly wait
They say these guys, they might take us all the way
And, if they do I'll be flying high
And, there'll probably a happy tear in my eye
Rain or shine, I'll be yelling "GO DAWGS" from the
twenty yard line

And I know why they say "Every dawg has his days"
Can't win every game we play, oh but you know
We're gunna have our days
We'll be singing "Glory, glory to Ol' Georgia"

Glory, Glory to Ol' Georgia
Glory, Glory to Ol' Georgia
Oh, Georgia, hail to thee

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