

Corey Smith "Every Dawg"

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A Long ride back from Jacksonville
500 miles from a game we should've won.
Man we ought to burn down that stadium.
Thought this year was gonna be ours
Talkin' too much junk in those Florida bars
Now I'm stuck.
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.

Longin' for those glory days
Like the one where he cried
"Run Lindsay Run"
I was too young to be there
But I'm sure it was fun.
Bet that crowd was flyin' high
And I bet Glory to Old Georgia was cried
As the band played.
Man I wish I could feel that way today.

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 play back my favorite victories
Like that last minute win up in Tennessee.
I bet them hob nails hurt like hell.
And I got sweet memories of 2002,
Won the SEC, and the Sugar Bowl too.
Man we had a ball down on Bourbon street.
Woah, woah, those were the days.

Just got my tickets in the mail
September's comin fast and I can hardly wait.
They say these guys, they might take us all the way.
And if they do I'll be flyin high
And there'll probably be a happy tear in my eye.
But rain or shine,

I'll be yellin GO DAWGS
From the 20 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 gonna have our day.
We'll be singin
Glory glory to old Georgia. (x3)
Oh Georgia, hail to the.

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