

## Montgomery Gentry "Black Jack Fletcher And Mississippi Sam"

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Every Friday evening about sundown  
Ole' Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam  
Come ridin' their mules and leading their hounds  
Down to my place  
They holler "Hey son" have you got a drank  
Gonna make it hard on you if you ain't

I'd grin and point to a jug coolin' in the spring  
They turn the hounds loose and let'em run  
Drink a little whiskey and have a lot of fun  
Talk about the days when they were younger than  
nowadays

Talk about women young and old  
It was hard to believe all the stories told  
Wonder how they to be as old as they are now  
Well Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam  
Fought together in Vietnam  
Mean as hell but they say, "Yes mam" to your momma

They gambled away all the money they made  
Knowing they was never gonna change their ways  
Living out every single day like another wasn't comin'

Well Ole' Black Jack Fletcher was an ornery man  
Mississippi Sam didn't give a damn  
They'd steal a lady from a man while he was lookin'  
Well there ain't no doubt they was both outlaws  
Turnin' yellow corn into alcohol  
But they never hurt no one who didn't need a hurtin'

Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam  
Always getting in and out of a jam  
Makin' up their own law of the land, while a runnin'  
They knew life was just a luck of the draw  
So they played a game with the local law  
Laughin' and sayin' a catchin' comes before a hangin'

Now I wouldn't take nothin' for those days  
Every now and then I visit their graves  
And as the moon hangs in the haze  
I have a drink to Fletcher and Sam

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