

## Ida Red

### Asleep At The Wheel

Light in the parlor, fire in the grate  
Clock on the mantle says it gettin' too late  
Curtains in the window, snowy white  
on Sunday night

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red  
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red

Lamp on the table, picture on the wall  
There's a pretty sofa and that ain't all  
If I'm not mistaken I sure am right  
Somebody else in the parlor tonight

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red  
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red

Chicken in a bread pan pickin' out dough  
Granny, does your dog bite? No, child no  
Hurry up boys now, don't you be slow  
Y'all in a girdle like you was awhile ago

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red  
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red

My old mistress promised me  
That when she died she'd set me free  
But she lived so long that her head got bald  
Took the the notion not to die at all

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red  
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red

Lights grow dim, fire's gettin' low  
Somebody said it's time to go  
I hear a whisper, gentle and light  
Don't forget to come back Saturday night

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red  
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red