

My baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred

George Jones

Well, my baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred
True love never backed up one word that she said
That proved to me that a black bear is green when it's red
My baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred.

My baby told me, Honey, you're poor but I love you
And you could make me happy just livin' in a little old shack
You seemed real happy with my jinglin' John's pocket money
Till the grapevine told her that foldin' Fred was back.

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Now her love was sweeter than a great big watermelon
And love was fifty-fifty right down the middle of the line
I'd a-been better off if I'd never of tasted her lovin'
She took the heart from a melon and left me nothin' but the rhi
ne.

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