

The Old Man No One Loves

George Jones

In a bar room down in Georgia sits an old man
His whisker grey and two or three days old
You can tell he's dreaming up another story
Just in case there's one hasn't told.

There's a story that he tell about a woman
And always says she was a beauty queen
But he said the angels came for her one morning
After that he just gave up on everything.

The old man no one loves is what they call him
The tales he tells are taller than the sky
The old man no one loves could tell some big ones
And everybody laugh's and said you know that old man lies.

There's the one he always tell about his children
His son, the Doctor's up in Ohio
His daughter owns a bank in California
But he don't ever see them anymore.

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But you know that old man that no one loves, he died this morn
ing
The whole town was shocked by all those big long limozines
And all his children gathered 'round and they wept beside him
And one cried out my daddies gone to join his beaurty queen.

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