

Richey Lee

Hayes Carl

Richey Lee was his Father's boy
Big, loud, Hard-drinkin' bundle of joy
A walkin' laugh wrapped up in corduroy
Richey couldn't do no wrong

Grew up with a fast runnin' crowd
Good bunch of boys, just a little too loud
Can't fault a man for being proud
Richey kept rollin' on

Spent his days in a rock-n-roll band
Tellin' jokes, a guitar in his hand
Tryin' hard to meet every demand
Of all of those late-night shows

Whiskey-drunk on a Saturday night
She caught his eye comin' out of the light
Half way there he had to get in a fight
Back home that's just the way it goes

Strange days, they leave you in a wonder
And good times, they don't always stay
And true love, it will shake you like thunder
But old friends just fade away
Old friends just fade away

Summertime on the river again
Fishin' poles and a two-dollar grin
Ain't ever gonna laugh like that again
Fallin' right to the ground

Count the miles down to New Orleans
Borrowed cash and dirty bluejeans
Couple of boys lookin' for Cajun queens
Thinkin' they own the town

But we all left to find work out of town
Even the wild ones, they slow down
Richey felt like he was comin' unwound
Got tired of playin' the game

Liquor bottles pilin' up before noon
Richey said he just needed some room
We all saw the end comin' way too soon
And man that's an awful shame