

# Ol' Red

Kenny Rogers

Well I caught my wife  
with another man,  
and it cost me 99  
on a prison farm in Georgia,  
close to the Florida line.  
Well I've been here for twelve long years,  
I finally made the warden my friend.  
And so he sentenced me  
to a life of ease  
takin' care of Old Red.

Now old Red, he's the damdest dog  
that I've ever seen.  
Got a nose that can smell  
a two-day trail,  
he's a four-legged tracking machine.  
You can consider yourself  
mighty lucky  
to get past the gators and the  
quicksand fence.  
But all these years that I've  
been here and nobody got past Red.

And the warden sang,  
"Come on somebody,  
why don't you run?  
Old Red's itching to have a little fun.  
Get my lantern,  
get my gun.  
Red will have a treat  
for the morning come."

Well I paid off the guard,  
and I slipped out a letter  
to my cousin up in Tennessee.  
Oh, and he brought down  
a blue-tick hound,  
she was pretty as she could be.  
Well, they pinned her up  
in the swampland,  
about a mile just south of the gate.  
When I'd take old Red for his evening run,  
I'd just drop him off  
and wait.

And the warden sang,  
"Come on somebody,  
Why don't you run?  
Old Red's itching to have a little fun.  
Get my lantern,  
Get my gun.  
Red will have a treat  
for the morning come."

Well old Red he got real used to seeing  
his lady every night.  
And so I kept him away

for three or four days,  
and waited til the time got right.  
Well, I made my run  
with the evening sun,  
and I smiled when I let old Red out.  
Cause I was headed north to Tennessee,  
and old Red was headed south.

And the warden sang,  
"Come on somebody,  
why don't you run?  
Old Red's itching  
to have a little fun.  
Get my lantern,  
get my gun.  
Red will have treat  
for the morning come."

Now there's red-haired blue ticks  
all in the south.  
Love got me in here,  
and love got me out...\*