

When Good Ol' Boys Go Bad

Travis Tritt

Old Clarence was a corn fed Sunday school teacher
At the Cheephill Church of Christ
A God fearing fence clearing, hay slinging
Hymn singing, back breaker all of his life

Came in early one night, find his pretty wife
In the arms of another man
There's hell to pay when a good ole boy goes bad

In a smoke filled late night club by the river
Sat a stranger dealing five card stud
He was a big talkin', fast walkin' fly by nighter
There to take the money and run

They caught the fella cheatin'
So they set him up a meeting
With his maker in the promise land
Nobody sees a thing when a good ole boy goes bad

The good book goes out the window
When the gloves go to the floor
His give a damn to be a righteous man
Don't give a damn no more
Under that blue collar
There's a big ole long red tail
It hides the truth, but it bleeds through
When a good ole boy goes bad

Now old man Taylor was a fourth generation
Crop growin' son of a gun
One dry summer Uncle Sam come a runnin'
Wantin' money but there wasn't none

He put a crop in the hollar
When night came he watered
By fall he had the cold hard cash
When times get hard
Sometimes a good ole boy goes bad

The good book goes out the window
When the gloves go to the floor
His give a damn to be a righteous man
Don't give a damn no more
Under that blue collar
There's a big ole long red tail
It hides the truth but it bleeds through
When a good ole boy goes bad

The good book goes out the window
When the gloves go to the floor
His give a damn to be a righteous man
Don't give a damn no more
Under that blue collar
There's a big ole long red tail
It hides the truth but it bleeds through
When a good ole boy goes bad

It hides the truth but it bleeds through
When a good ole boy goes bad