

## Ol Red

Buddy Brown

Well I caught my wife with another man  
And it cost me ninety nine  
On a prison farm in Georgia  
Close to the Florida line  
Well I'd been here for two long years  
I finally made the warden my friend  
And so he sentenced me to a life of ease  
Taking care of Ol Red

Now Ol Red he's the damnedest dog  
That I've ever seen  
Got a nose that can smell a three day trail  
He's a four legged tracking machine  
You can consider yourself mighty lucky  
To get past the gators and the quicksand beds  
But all these years that I've been here  
Ain't nobody got past Red

And the warden sang  
Come on somebody, why don't you run  
Ol Red's itchin' to have a little fun  
Get my lantern and get my gun  
Red'll have you treed before the mornin' comes

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 penned her up in the swampland  
'Bout a mile just outside of the gate  
I'd take Ol 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  
Ol Red's itchin' to have a little fun  
Get my lantern and get my gun  
Red'll have you treed before the mornin' comes

Ol Red got real used to seeing  
His lady every night  
So I kept him away for three or four days  
And waited till the time got right  
Well I made my run with the evenin' sun  
And I smiled when I heard 'em turn Ol Red out  
'Cause I was headed north to Tennessee  
And Ol Red was headed south

And the warden sang  
Come on somebody, why don't you run  
Ol Red's itchin' to have a little fun  
Get my lantern and get my gun  
Red'll have you treed before the mornin' comes

Whoa, yeah

Now there's red haired blue ticks all in the South

Love got me in here and love got me out