

# 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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