

## 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