Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam

Montgomery Gentry

Every Friday evening about sundown
Ole' Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam
Come ridin' their mules and leading their hounds
Down to my place
They holler "Hey son" have you got a drank
Gonna make it hard on you if you ain't

I'd grin and point to a jug coolin' in the spring
They turn the hounds loose and let'em run
Drink a little whiskey and have a lot of fun
Talk about the days when they were younger than nowadays

Talk about women young and old
It was hard to believe all the stories told
Wonder how they to be as old as they are now
Well Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam
Fought together in Vietnam
Mean as hell but they say, "Yes mam" to your momma

They gambled away all the money they made
Knowing they was never gonna change their ways
Living out every single day like another wasn't comin'

Well Ole' Black Jack Fletcher was an ornery man
Mississippi Sam didn't give a damn
They'd steal a lady from a man while he was lookin'
Well there ain't no doubt they was both outlaws
Turnin' yellow corn into alcohol
But they never hurt no one who didn't need a hurtin'

Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam
Always getting in and out of a jam
Makin' up their own law of the land, while a runnin'
They knew life was just a luck of the draw
So they played a game with the local law
Laughin' and sayin' a catchin' comes before a hangin'

Now I wouldn't take nothin' for those days
Every now and then I visit their graves
And as the moon hangs in the haze
I have a drink to Fletcher and Sam

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