

Sam

Sturgill Simpson

Well a good dog on the ground's worth three in the saddle
No matter where your from
Been many good dog, was a friend to a man
But Sam was the greatest one
He was the hound of hounds
He was the wonder of all walkers
He loved howling at the moon
He loved treeing that raccoon
Most of all he was my best friend and he's gone too soon

He was the runt of the litter
But a plenty mean pup
Put Sam on the scent and he never let up
Spent his nights on the porch
Chewin on a bear bone
Now he's underground
And I'm all alone

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