When Good Ol' Boys Go Bad

Travis Tritt

Old Clarence was a corn fed Sunday school teacher At the Cheephill Church of Christ A God fearing fence clearing, hay slinging Hymn singing, back breaker all of his life

Came in early one night, find his pretty wife In the arms of another man There's hell to pay when a good ole boy goes bad

In a smoke filled late night club by the river Sat a stranger dealing five card stud He was a big talkin', fast walkin' fly by nighter There to take the money and run

They caught the fella cheatin' So they set him up a meeting With his maker in the promise land Nobody sees a thing when a good ole boy goes bad

The good book goes out the window When the gloves go to the floor His give a damn to be a righteous man Don't give a damn no more Under that blue collar There's a big ole long red tail It hides the truth, but it bleeds through When a good ole boy goes bad

Now old man Taylor was a fourth generation Crop growin' son of a gun One dry summer Uncle Sam come a runnin' Wantin' money but there wasn't none

He put a crop in the hollar When night came he watered By fall he had the cold hard cash When times get hard Sometimes a good ole boy goes bad

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