

Travis Tritt, When A Good Ol' Boys Goes Bad

Old Clarence was a corn fed sunday school teacher
At the Cheap Hill church of christ
A god fearin, fence clearin', hay slingin', hymn singin'
Back breaker all of his life
Came in early one night found his pretty wife
In the arms of another man
There's hell to pay when a good ol'boy goes bad

In a smoke filled late night club by the river
Sat a stranger dealin' five card stud
He was a big talkin' fast walkin' fly by nighter
There to take your money and run
They caught the fella cheatin' so they set him up a meetin'
With his maker in the promise land
Nobody sees a thing when a good ol'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 ol'long red path
That hides the truth but it bleeds through
When a good ol'boy goes bad

Now old man Taylor was a fourth generation
Crop grownin' son of a gun
One dry summer Uncle Samn come a runnin'
Wantin' money but there wasn't none
He put a crop in the holler when night came he watered
By fall he had the cold hard cash
When times get hard
Sometimes a good ol'boy goes bad

It hides the truth but it bleeds through
When a good ol' boy goes bad