Asleep At The Wheel, Ida Red

Light in the parlor, fire in the grate Clock on the mantle says it gettin' too late Curtains in the window, snowy white on Sunday night Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red Lamp on the table, picture on the wall There's a pretty sofa and that ain't all If I'm not mistaken I sure am right Somebody else in the parlor tonight Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red Chicken in a bread pan pickin' out dough Granny, does your dog bite? No, child no Hurry up boys now, don't you be slow Y'all in a girdle like you was awhile ago

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red My old mistress promised me
That when she died she'd set me free
But she lived so long that her head got bald
Took the the notion not to die at all
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red
Lights grow dim, fire's gettin' low
Somebody said it's time to go
I hear a whisper, gentle and light
Don't forget to come back Saturday night
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red
Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm plum fool about Ida Red