

Cledus T. Judd, Every Light In The House Is Blown

I told you I'd leave some flairs on
In case you ever wanted to find my home
You frowned and said well the dang Law should arrest ya

Now this old house keeps falling apart
So I went down to the local Wal-mart
And bought this coleman lantern to impress ya

Chorus

'Coz every light in the house is blown
I keep on a-clapping
But they don't clap on
House looks like where the Armish live
There's really no point to pay the power bill
'Coz every light in the house is blown
The numbers won't even light up on my telephone
'Coz every light in the house is blowd

It got awful dang depressing
The bulbs all blew out one by one
And I just can't afford right now to replace them

Until then I'll sit here in the dark
'Coz I can't get this old generator to start
I got four batteries but I don't wanna waste 'em

Chorus

'Coz every light in the house is blown
I'd love to sell the place but it can't be shown
Looks like where the Clampet's lived
Before they packed up and moved to Beverly Hills
Every light in the house is blown
No more reading 'Country Weekly'
While I'm on the Throne
'Coz every light in the house blown
Can' see a thing 'til the crack of dawn
House looks like where Ben Franklin's born
Before he flew a kite in an electrical storm
A-every light in the house is blown
I was hopin' maybe Trace would float me along
'Coz every light in the house is blown