Montgomery Gentry, Black Jack Fletcher And Mis

Every Friday evening about sundown
Ole' Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam
Come ridin' their mules and leading their hounds
Down to my place
They holler " Hey son" have you got a drink
Gonna make it hard on you if you ain't

I'd grin and point to a jug coolin' in the spring
They turn the hounds loose and let'em run
Drink a little whiskey and have a lot of fun
Talk about the days when they were younger than nowadays

Talk about women young and old It was hard to believe all the stories told Wonder how they to be as old as they are now Well Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam Fought together in Vietnam Mean as hell but they say, "Yes ma'am" to your momma

They gambled away all the money they made Knowing they was never gonna change their ways Living out every single day like another wasn't comin'

Well Ole' Black Jack Fletcher was an ornery man Mississippi Sam didn't give a damn They'd steal a lady from a man while he was lookin' Well there ain't no doubt they was both outlaws Turnin' yellow corn into alcohol But they never hurt no one who didn't need a hurtin'

Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam Always getting in and out of a jam Makin' up their own law of the land, while a runnin' They knew life was just a luck of the draw So they played a game with the local law Laughin' and sayin' a catchin' comes before a hangin'

Now I wouldn't take nothin' for those days Every now and then I visit their graves And as the moon hangs in the haze I have me a drink to Fletcher and Sam