

Ida Red

Asleep at the Wheel

Light in the parlor, fire in the grate
Clock on the mantle says it gettin' too late
Curtains in the window, snowy white
[Incomprehensible] 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

Songwriters

WILLS, BOB/GUTHRIE, JACK/NELSON, KEN

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