

# Black Jack Fletcher and Mississippi Sam

## Montgomery Gentry

Every Friday evening about sundown  
Old 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 in 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 the women young and old  
It was hard to believe all the stories told  
And I wondered how they got 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 were never gonna change their ways  
Living out every single day  
Like another wasn't comin' Well, old Black Jack Fletcher was an ornery man  
And 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 were 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  
And 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

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