

# Every Dawg

Corey Smith

A long ride back from Jacksonville  
500 miles from a game we should've won  
Man we ought a burn down that stadium  
Thought this year was gonna be ours  
Talking too much junk in those Florida bars  
Now I'm stunned  
man I wish it was 1981, now I know why they say  
every dog has his days  
can't win every game we play  
but every dog has his days Longing for those glory days  
like the one he cried run Lindsay Run  
I was too young to be there but I'm sure it was fun  
I bet that crowd was flyin high  
And I bet Glory to ol' Georgia was cried as the band played  
Man I wish I could feel that way today now I know why they say  
every dog has his days  
can't win every game we play  
but every dog has his days and I played back my favorite victories  
like that last minute win up in Tennessee  
I bet them hob nails hurt like hell  
And I got sweet memories of 2002 won the SEC  
And the sugar bowl too  
Man we had a ball down on Bourbon Street  
Ooh, ooh, those were the days Just got my tickets in the mail  
Septembers coming fast and I can hardly wait  
They say these guys they might take us all the way  
And if they do I'll be flying high  
and there'll probably be a happy tear in my eye but rain or shine  
I'll be yellin' go Dawgs from the 20 yard line, and I know why they say  
every dog has his days  
can't win every game we play  
but you know well have our day and we'll be singing  
Glory, Glory to ol' Georgia  
Glory, Glory to ol' Georgia  
Glory, Glory to ol' Georgia  
Oh Georgia Hail to the The Good Life

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