

Every Dawg

Corey Smith

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 theThe Good Life

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