

Ida Red

Merle Haggard

Lights in the parlor fires in the grate
LoOk on the mantle says its getting late
Urtains on the window snowy whiteThe parlors pleasant on Sunday night
Ida Red Ida Red
I'm a plumb fool bout Ida RedLamp on the table picture on the wall
There's a pretty sofa and that's not all
If I'm not mistaken and I'm sure I'm right
There's somebody else in the parlor tonightHiken in the bread bin peking out dough
Granny will ya dog bite no hild no
Hurry up boys and don't fool around
Grab your partner and truk on downLights a burning dim fire's a getting low
Somebody says its time to go
I hear the whisper gentle and light
Don't forget to ome next Sunday nightMy old Missus swore to me
When she died shed set me free
She lived so long her head got bald
She took a notion not to die at all

Songwriters

WILLS, BOB/GUTHRIE, JACK/NELSON, KENPublished by

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