Every Dawg

Corey Smith

A long ride back from Jacksonville
500 miles from a game we should've won
Man, we oughta' burn down that stadium
Thought this year was gonna' be ours
Talkin' too much junk in those Florida bars
Now I'm stunned
Man, I wish it was 1981

AND I KNOW WHY THEY SAY
EVERY DAWG HAS HIS DAYS
CAN'T WIN EVERY GAME WE PLAY
BUT EVERY DAWG HAS HIS DAYS

Longing for those glory days
Like the one when he cried, "Run, Lindsey, Run!"
I was too young to be there, but I'm sure it was fun
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

AND I KNOW WHY THEY SAY
EVERY DAWG HAS HIS DAYS
CAN'T WIN EVERY GAME WE PLAY
BUT EVERY DAWG HAS HIS DAYS

And I play back my favorite victories
Like that last minute win up in Tennessee
I bet them hobnails hurt like hell
And I got sweet memories of 2002
Won the SEC and the Sugar Bowl, too
Man, we had a ball on Bourbon Street
Those were the days

Just got my tickets in the mail
September's 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 flyin' high
and there'll prob'ly 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 DAWG HAS HIS DAYS
CAN'T WIN EVERY GAME WE PLAY
BUT EVERY DAWG HAS HIS DAYS

And we'll be singin',
"Glory, glory to ol' Georgia,
Glory, glory to ol' Georgia,
Glory, glory to ol' Georgia,
Oh, Georgia, hail to thee

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