

# When Good Ol' Boys Go Bad

Travis Tritt

Old Clarence was a corn fed Sunday school teacher  
At the Cheephill Church of Christ  
A God fearing fence clearing, hay slinging  
Hymn singing, back breaker all of his life  
Came in early one night, find his pretty wife  
In the arms of another man  
There's hell to pay when a good ole boy goes bad  
In a smoke filled late night club by the river  
Sat a stranger dealing five card stud  
He was a big talkin', fast walkin' fly by nighter  
There to take the money and run  
They caught the fella cheatin'  
So they set him up a meeting  
With his maker in the promise land  
Nobody sees a thing when a good ole boy goes bad  
The good book goes out the window  
When the gloves go to the floor  
His give a damn to be a righteous man  
Don't give a damn no more  
Under that blue collar  
There's a big ole long red tail  
It hides the truth, but it bleeds through  
When a good ole boy goes bad  
Now old man Taylor was a fourth generation  
Crop growin' son of a gun  
One dry summer Uncle Sam come a runnin'  
Wantin' money but there wasn't none  
He put a crop in the hollar  
When night came he watered  
By fall he had the cold hard cash  
When times get hard  
Sometimes a good ole boy goes bad  
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