

# Ida Red

A

Lights in the parlor, fire in the grate

E7

A

Clock on the mantle says it's getting late

Curtains on the window, snowy white

E7

A

The parlor is pleasant on a Sunday night

**A**

***Ida Red, Ida Red,***

**E7**

**A**

***I'm a plumb fool about Ida Red***

Chicken in the bread pan, pecking out dough

Granny will your dog bite? No child, no

Hurry up boys and don't fool around

Grab your partner and truck on down

***Chorus***

Lamp 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 tonight

***Chorus***

My old misses swore to me

When she died she's set me free

She lived so long her head got bald

She took a notion not to die at all

***Chorus***

Lights a burnin' dim, fire's a gettin' low

Somebody says it's time to go

I hear a whisper, gently and light

Don't forget to come next Sunday night

*Chorus*