**Ida Red 3**
**(Bob Willis & The Texas Playboys)**

**[E] Lights in the parlor, fire's in the grate,**
**Clock on the mantle says it's [B7] gettin' [E] late.**
**Curtains on the window, snowy white,**
**The parlor's pleasant on [B7] Sunday [E] night**

**Chorus**
**[E] Ida Red, Ida Red,**
**I'm a plumb fool 'bout [B7] Ida [E] Red**

**Lamp on the table, picture on the wall,**
**There's a pretty sofa and [B7] that's not [E] all,**
**If I'm not mistaken and I'm sure I'm right,**
**They's somebody else in the [B7] parlor to- [E] night.**

**Chorus**

**Chicken in the bread bin peckin' out dough,**
**Granny will ya dog bite? [B7] No, chile, [E] no.**
**Hurry up boys and don't fool around,**
**Grab your partner and [B7] truck on [E] down.**

**Chorus**

**Lights a'burnin' dim, fire's a'gettin' low,**
**Somebody says it's [B7] time to [E] go.**
**I hear the whisper, gentle and light,**
**Don't forget to come next [B7] Sunday [E] night.**

**Chorus**

**My ol' Missus swore to me,**
**When she died she'd [B7] set me [E] free.**
**She lived so long her head got bald,**
**She took a notion not to [B7] die at [E] all.**