Ida Red

Bob Wills

I
Light in the parlor, fire in the grate
V I
Clock on the mantle says it's getting late

Curtains on the window, snowy white
V I
The parlor is pleasant on Sunday night

Chorus
I
Ida Red, Ida Red
V I
I'm a plumb fool 'bout Ida Red

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

Chicken in the bread tray, pecking out dough
Granny, will ya dog bite? No, child, no
Hurry up, boys, and don't fool around
Grab your partner and truck on down

Chorus

Light's a-burning dim, fire's a-getting low
Somebody says it's time to go
I hear the whisper gentle and light
Don't forget to come next Sunday night

Chorus

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | I | V I |

| I | I | I | V I |

Chart - Chorus

| I | I | I | V I |