

Fred

Ray Stevens

Well, Fred was a dog I used to own
He used to answer the telephone
And every now and then, he'd take the truck into town for groceries

Yeah, Fred and I got along real well
At the checker board, ol' Fred was hell
And he never minded taking turns at doing the dishes

Now when Fred was just about three years old
He started acting kind of bold
And he's chasing after that beagle down across the highway

Well he's down there every day and night
I said, "Fred, you know you're gonna have to fight"
He said, "I've already whipped everything between here and the railroad"

Fred, you are a good dog
But the women got you rinnin wild and crazy as a loon
Fred, you are a good dog
But you're chsing cars, hanging out at bars and howling at the moon

Well now, one night old Fred came stragglin' in
He's looking bad but he's pulling a grin
He said "'Mone, I just took a wife and I want you to meet her"

Now she didn't really have much to say
And it's plain to see she's in a family way
She said, "Fred, you better whip on back and get my suitcase"

Well Fred never made it to the other side
'Cause right in the middle of the road he died
Flattened by a trucker hauling dog food.

Now old Fred's gone and she's living here
Just yappin' at her kids and drinkin' my beer
And she don't drive the truck nor do the dishes

Fred, you were a good dog
But you never knew when to chase 'em or when to turn around and run
Yeah Fred, you were a good dog
But now you're flat out on the freeway and drying in the sun

Now old Fred's gone and I'm kinda glad
'Cause if he were here now he'd sure be mad
'Cause ain't one of them pups looks anything like him

Yeah Fred, you were a good dog
But you never knew when to chase 'em or when to turn around and run
Oh Fred, you were a good dog
But now you're flat out on the freeway and drying in the sun
Flat out on the freeway and drying in the sun