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Going down that road feeling bad

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Bad luck's all I ever had

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Going down that road feeling bad

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And I ain't gonna be treated this a way

Got me way down in jail on my knees

This jailer, he sure is hard to please

Feed me on corn bread and peas

And I ain't gonna be treated this a way

Sweet mama won't buy me no shoes

She's left with these lonesome jail house blues

My sweet Mama won't buy my no shoes

And I ain't gonna be treated this a way

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These two dollar shoes they hurt my feet

The jailer won't give me enough to eat

These two dollar shoes they hurt my feet

And I ain't gonna be treated this a way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes

I'm going where theses chilly winds don't blow

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes

And I ain't gonna be treated this a way