

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Penitentiary blues

I've been blue in Texas, had the blues in Tennessee
Now I've got the penitentiary blues, the blues my gal gave me
I shot my gal in Georgia, steppin' out with other men
When I was going up to my work, well, another man was coming in

I took, my shiney pistol, shot my gal in the side
When I used that old forty four, well she hung her head and died
Now boys I'm here in prison and I think of my crime each day
I'm sorry now for what I've done, now I've got to pay

The judge said, boy, your sentence you'll spend your life in the pen
So let this be a lesson boys to all shootin men
Don't trust a woman anytime, if you do your bound to lose
You'll be right down here with me, baby
And you'll have the penitentiary blues