

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Going Down the Road Feeling Bad

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I'm going down the road feeling bad

I'm going down the road feeling bad

I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord

And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

I'm down in the jail on my knees etc.

They feed me on cornbread and beans etc.

Two dollar shoes hurt my feet etc.

Ten dollar shoes fit me fine etc.

New York water tastes like turpentine etc.

Goin' where the water tastes like wine etc.

RG