

G
Ain't gonna work on the railroad,
D7

Ain't gonna work on the farm.

G C
Lay 'round the shack till the mail train comes back,
D7 G

Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay around the shack 'til the mail train comes back,
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Can't see what's the matter with my own true love,
She done quit writing to me;
She must think I don't love her like I used to,
Ain't that a foolish idea.

Sometimes there's a change in the ocean;
Sometimes there's a change in the sea;
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love;
But there's never no change in me.

Mama's a ginger-cake baker;
Sister can weave and can spin;
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,
Just watch that old money roll in.

They tell me that your parents do not like me;
They have drove me away from your door;
If I had all my time to do over,
I would never go there any more.

Now where was you last Friday night,
While I was locked up in jail;
Walking the streets with another man,
Wouldn't even go my bail.