

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Blackjack County Chain

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I was sittin' beside the road in Blackjack County
No knowin' that the Sheriff paid a bounty
For men like me who didn't have a penny to their name
So they locked my leg to thirty-five pounds
of Blackjack County chain

All we had to eat was bread and water
Each day we had to build that road a mile and a quarter
A blacksake whip would cut our backs
if some poor fool complained
And you couldn't fight back wearin' thirty-five pounds
of Blackjack county chain

But then one night while the Sheriff was a-sleepin'
We all gathered round him slowly creepin'
Heaven help me to forget that night in the cold cold rain
We beat him to death with thirty-five pounds
of Blackjack County chain

Now the whip marks have all healed and I am thankful
And there's nothing but a scar around my ankle
But most of all I'm glad no man will be a slave again
To a Blacksake whip and thirty-five pounds
of Blackjack County chain

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