

You've Been A Good Old Wagon, But You've Done Broke Down - song lyrics

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You've Been a Good Old Wagon, but You've Done Broke Down
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By Harney & Biller.

I was standing in a crap game, doing no harm, baby,
When a copper grabb'd me by my arm, honey,
Took me down to the jail-house door,
Place I never had been before-I was run in.

Chorus.

No more will I buy my sweet thing pork chops,
And hear her lily lips go flip-flop;
The reason I'm in truble about my sweet thing
Is because this song to me she did sing.
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone, darling;
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone, darling;
Good-bye, my honey, if you call it gone,
You've been a good wagon, but you done broke down, bye-bye.-[Dance]

The judge asked me what had I done, baby;
Said standing in a crap game, getting my gun, hot Stuff.
The judge and jury said to me,
"You have killed three niggers in the first degree-no bail.-Chorus Dance.