

# Bill Monroe, Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms  
Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms  
Gonna lay around the track  
Till the mail train comes back  
Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms

Now where was you last friday night  
When I was lyin' in jail?  
Roamin' the streets with another man  
Wouldn't even go my bail

(refrain)

Grandma's a gingerbread maker  
Mama can weave and can spin  
Papa's got an intrest in that old frieght yard  
Just watches that money roll in

(refrain)

I know that your parents don't like me  
They drove me away from your door  
If I had my life to live over  
Wouldn't go 'round there anymore

(refrain)