

Bobby Bare, Cincinnati Jail

It's cold as a well in Cincinnati jail I ain't got nobody I ain't got nobody
Shouldn't have drunk that wine it messed up my country mind
But I didn't know that pretty gal wasn't free not free
And someone called the law and I had a southern drawl
The first one they locked up you're right was me
Now it's cold as a well in Cincinnati jail I ain't got nobody I ain't got nobody
I heard a lot about that great mid western town
So I thought I'd better go and look around look around
Couldn't find me no job and my kind just don't rob
But they don't want no southern bums around
And it's cold as well in Cincinnati jail I ain't got nobody I ain't got nobody
Lord an Appalachian boy ain't never known much joy
But I was better off in my Blueridge Mountain home sweet home
I could see the light of day I could while the time away
On the mornin' the government gave me to live on
Oh it's cold as well in Cincinnati jail I ain't got nobody I ain't got nobody