

# Warner Mack, I Washed My Hands In Muddy Water

Well I was born in Macon Georgia they kept my dad in the Macon jail  
Now my daddy said son if you keep your hands clean  
You won't hear those bloodhounds on your trail  
But I fell in with bad companions we robbed a bank in Tennessee  
The sheriff caught me way up in Nashville they locked me up and threw away the key  
Well I washed my hands in muddy water  
I washed my hands but they didn't come clean  
I tried to do what daddy told me  
But I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

I asked the jailor now when's my time up he said son we won't forget  
And if you try hard to keep your hands clean  
Well we may make a good man of you yet  
I couldn't wait to do my sentence I broke out of that Nashville jail  
Now I just crossed the line of Georgia and I can hear those bloodhounds on my trail  
I washed my hands...