

# Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Roll In My Sweet

Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
Lay around the shack 'til the mail comes back  
And I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

I ain't gonna work on the railroad  
I ain't gonna work on the farm  
Lay down the shack 'til the mail train comes back  
And I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

Now where were you last Friday night  
While I was lying in jail  
Walking the streets with another man  
Wouldn't even go my bail

I know you parents don't like me  
They drove me away from your door  
If I had my life to live over  
I'd never go there any more