

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