

Chuck Berry, Wuden't Me

Old boy he ran a little stop sign in the south
And he got in deeper trouble with his mouth
They wouldn't let him phone or make a bail
Just let him sit there in that Delford County jail

It wudn't me, it wudn't me
I'm so glad it wudn't me
No phone, no bail, no plea
Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He had to break out of that Delford County jail
They put a Grand Dragon posse on his trail
And seven Alabama bloodhounds in a line
Buckin' and barkin' for a bite of his behind

It wudn't me, it wudn't me
I'm so glad it wudn't me
Hung posses ain't my cup o'tea
Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He was streakin' through the Delta double three
But them hungry hounds was gainin'on his lee
His feet was playin' "Louisiana Bound"
Lord, you help me pick 'em up, I'll put 'em down (Amen)

It wudn't me, it wudn't me
I'm so glad it wudn't me
Prayin' ain't no sure guarantee
Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He was streakin' through the Delta, stridin' wide
But that leadin' hound was meters from his hide
Lord, bless my feet, don't let 'em go corrupt
I'll lay 'em down as fast as you can pick 'em up

It wudn't me, it wudn't me
I'm so glad it wudn't me
Just meters from a canine jubilee
Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He reached a highway through the ticket on the side
And a trucker came along and let him ride
But as he settled down to thank him for no harm
He saw a swasti-KKK band on his arm

That's when he knew he had to get on help his self
'Stead if sittin' pinnin' it on somebody else
He hung a left into that thicket 'cross the fence
And ain't nobody ever sawed or seen him since

It wudn't me, it wudn't me
I'm so glad it wudn't me
It ain't quite my kinda cup o'tea
Jeez, I'm glad it wudn't me

It wudn't me, it was not me
I'm so glad it wudn't me
It just ain't my kinda cup o'tea
Jeez, am I glad it wudn't me