

Dave Dudley, Week In A Country Jail

One time I spent a week inside a little country jail I don't guess I'll ever live it down
I was sittin' at red light when these two men come and got me
And said that I was speedin' through their town
They said tomorrow morning you can see the judge then go
They let me call one person on the phone
I thought I'd be there over night so I'd just call my boss
To tell him I'd be off but not for long
They motioned me inside the cell with seven other guys
One little barredup window in the rear
My cellmate said if they had let me bring some money in
We ought to send the jailer for some beer
We had to pay him double cause he was the man in charge
And the jailer's job was not the best in town
Later on his wife brought hot bologna eggs and gravy
The first day I was there I turned it down
Next morning they'd just let us sleep but I was up real early
Wonderin' when I get my release
Later on we got more hot bologna eggs and gravy
By now I wasn't quite so hard to please
Two days later when I thought that I had been forgotten
The sheriff came in chewing on the straw
He said where is this guy who thinks that this is Indianapolis
I'd like to talk to him about the law
Well I told him who I was and told him I was working steady
And I really should be a gettin' on my way
That part about me being who I was did not impress him
He said the judge will be here any day
The jailer had his wife and let me tell you she was awful
But she brought that hot bologna every day
And after seven days she got to looking so much better
I asked her if she'd like to run away
Next morning that old judge took every nickel that I had
He said son let this teach you not to race
The jailer's wife was smiling from the window as I left
In thirty minutes I was out of state