

Flatt And Scruggs, Doing My Time

On this old rock pile with a ball and chain
They call be by a number not a name, Lord, Lord
Gotta do my time, gotta do my time
With an aching heart and worried mind

When that old judge looked down and smiled
He said I'll put you on that good road for a while, Lord Lord
Gotta do my time, gotta do my time
With an aching heart and a worried mind

You can hear my hammer you can hear my song
I'll swing it like John Henry all day long, Lord Lord
Gotta do my time, gotta do my time
With an aching heart and a worried mind

It won't be long, just a few more days
I'll settle down and quit my rowdy ways Lord Lord
with that gal of mine, with that gal of mine
She'll be waiting for me when I've done my time