

Jackie Greene, About Cell Block #9

Well I used to be an angel
i guess my wings got torn
for I ain't seen nothing but bad luck and trouble
ever since that i've been born
ever since that i've been born

I used to have a best friend
and a girl for to be my bride
i had everything that a man could want
i believed i was satisfied
i bleieved i was satisfied

but as i came home one evening
the moon was hanging high
i felt something wrong, something must be going on and a black cat passed me by
a black cat passed me by

so i peeked on through my keyhole
now tell me what did i see?
i saw my gal and my best friend
in a bed that belonged to me
a bed that belonged to me

so i went and grabbed my shotgun
you know how the story goes
gonna find me on a chain, digging ditches in the rain and i'll be wearing them county clothes
wearing them county clothes

yes the jury found me guilty
i heard that gavel sound
and the only friend who would have thrown my bail
was six feet underground
six feet underground

oh Lord i'm feeling lowdown
got nothing to call mine
gonna spend my days, wasting all away
in cell block #9
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