

# Johnny Cash, Chain Gang

I was just a kid roamin' around travelin' through a little ol' town  
A man walked up and said come with me you're broke and son that's vagrancy  
I carefree lad that love to roam but Lord I wish I'd stayed at home  
The way it looks I'll prob'ly hang cause there ain't no hope on a chain gang  
I dig that ditch I chop that corn I curse the day that I was born  
I believe it's better for a man to hang than to work like a dog on a chain gang

[ ac.guitar ]

The guard stands there with a great big gun I bet he'd love to see me run  
And I guess I prob'ly will some day I'd rather be dead than to live this way  
He's well fed and he's six foot tall and he's a meanest of them all  
He cracks that whip and he swings that cane the sun must've touched his brain  
I dig that ditch...

[ dobro ]

I gat a gal back home that's sweet and kind and she's been waitin' a long long time  
I just told her to forget my name I won't ever live down to shame  
Lord deliver me from this hole before I lose my mind and soul  
The place gets weak and the back gets broke ain't no cause to laugh and joke  
I dig that ditch...

Work like a dog on a chain gang work like a dog on a chain gang