

Kinky Friedman, Rollin' In My Sweet Baby's Arms

(traditional)

I ain't gonna work on the railroad
Ain't gonna work on the farm
Gonna lay round the shack
Till the mail train comes back
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Lay around the shack
Till the mail train comes back
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Where were you last friday night
While I was laying here in jail ?
You were walking the streets with another man,
Wouldn't even go my bail.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Gonna lay around the shack

Till the mail train comes back
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

I ain't gonna work on the railroad
I ain't gonna work on the farm
Gonna lay around the shack
Till the mail train comes back
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Gonna lay around the shack
Till the mail train comes back
Roll in my sweet baby's

Roll in my sweet baby's
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Alright, kids, risin' up the bow, ready for twin fiddles now,
Mary and larry you two ready together now, alright ?
It's a crazy little thing and we call it the cotton-eyed joe!