

Tears For Beers, Rolling Im My Sweet Baby's Arms

Ain't gonna work on the railroad
Ain't gonna work on the farm,
Gonna lay 'round the track till the mail train comes back
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

cho: Roll in my swwet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay round this shack till the mail train gets back
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Now where were you last Friday night
While I was layin' in the jail?
Were you walkin' the streets with another man?
You wouldn't even go my bail.

I know your parents don't like me
They turn me away from your door,
If I had my life to live over
Oh well, I'd never go back anymore.