The Doobie Brothers, Down In The Track

Tom Johnston

I been workin' the whole day long
On these railroad ties singin' a sad, sad song
Down the track is a bad way to live
The boss man's whip is all he's got to give
And late at night in the twilight of the South
They put you in a cell and let the bulldogs out
The old cat down the way
Well he's singin' out the blues
'Cause he's got no one back home
Oh, somebody sighed

Next day comes they send you back out on the track
All that sweat be drippin' down off your back
Everybody's singin' a workin' man's song
Hopin' they don't have to feel the whip on their bone
The water boy slowly works his way around
A bucket full of swamp water weighin' him down
Old Squezer Walker just fell out on the ground
And they're draggin' his body away
Oh, my, my, my

Well, there's talk around camp
That there's gonna be a fight
Old Razor Face and Willie Black
The meanest dudes in sight
One's got a razor and the other's got a knife
But only one's gonna walk out alive

Oh, baby, mama, get me out of here
Can't stand no more
This place is gonna be the death of me
Believe to my soul that I gotta be free
There's only one way that it's every gonna be
That's when the angels come and take me away
Well, now

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Well, now