

Tom T. Hall, A Week In A Country Jail

One time I spent a week inside a little country jail
And I don't guess I'll ever live it down
I was sittin' at a red light when these two men came and got me
And said that I was speeding through their town
Well, they said, "Tomorrow morning you can see the judge then go."
They let me call one person on the phone
I thought I'd be there overnight so I just called my boss
To tell him I'd be off but not for long
Well, they motioned me inside a cell with seven other guys
One little barred up window in the rear
My cellmates said if they had let me bring some money in
We ought to send the jailer for some beer
Well, I had to pay him double 'cause he was the man in charge
And the jailer's job was not the best in town
Later on his wife brought hot bologna, eggs and gravy
The first day I was there I turned it down
Well, next morning they just let us sleep but I was up real early
Wonderin' when I'd get my release
Later on we got more hot bologna, eggs and gravy
And by now I wasn't quite so hard to please
Two days later when I thought that I had been forgotten
The sheriff came in chewin' on a straw
He said, "Where is the guy who thinks that this is Indianapolis?
I'd like to talk to him about the law."
Well, I told him who I was and told him I was working steady
And I really should be gettin' on my way
That part about me bein' who I was did not impress him
He said, "The judge'll be here any day."
The jailer had a wife and let me tell you she was awful
But she brought that hot bologna every day
And after seven days she got to lookin' so much better
I asked her if she'd like to run away
The next mornin' that old judge took every nickel that I had
And he said, "Son, let this teach you not to race."
The jailer's wife was smilin' from the window as I left
In thirty minutes I was out of state