

Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms

Bill Monroe

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
And I roll in my sweet baby's arms
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Lay around my shack
Till the mail train comes back
And I roll in my sweet baby's arms
Now, where were you last Friday night
While I was lyin' down in jail?
You were walkin' the streets with Bill Monroe
And you wouldn't even got my bail
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Lay around my shack
Till the mail train comes back
Then, I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms
I know, your parents don't like me
They drove me away from your door
If I had my life to live over
I'd never go there any more
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Roll in my sweet baby's arms
Lay around my shack
Till the mail train comes back
Then, I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

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