

Chain Gang

Freddie Hart

Chain gang, chain gang I was just a kid a roamin' around
Travelin' through a little ol' town
When a chief walked up and said, "Come with me
You're broke and son, that's vagrancy" Just a carefree lad who loved to roam
And how I wish that I had stayed at home
For the way that I pleaded I would rather hang
It's no life of living on a chain gang I dig that ditch, I chop that corn
Curse the day that I was born
I believe it's better for a man to hang
Than work like a dog on a chain gang
Chain gang, chain gang Well, the guard stands there with a great big gun
I bet he'd love to see me run
And I guess, I probably will some day
I'd rather be dead than to live this way He looks well fed and he's six foot tall
And he's the meanest of us all
For he cracks that whip and he swings that cane
I reckon the sun must've touched his brain I dig that ditch, I chop that corn
And curse the day that I was born
I believe it's better for a man to hang
Than work like a dog on a chain gang
Chain gang, chain gang I got a gal back home who's true and kind
And she's been a waitin' a long long time
I rolled and told her forget my name
For I'll never lose this chain gang chain The Heaven to deliver me from this hole
Where a man can lose his mind and soul
The place gets weak and the back gets broke
Ain't no cause to laugh and joke I dig that ditch, chop that corn
Curse the day that I was born
I believe it's better for a man to hang
Than work like a dog on a chain gang Work like a dog on a chain gang
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