

Welfare Line

The Highwaymen

Well now, boys I've been to Bethlehem,
Rode there on a big steam train.
Lost two fenders in the steel wheels,
And I ain't goin' back again. I fought for my country,
Lord knows I did my best.
Crawlin' cross some foreign field,
They pinned a ribbon to my chest. So pass around the bottle boys,
Let's talk about old times.
Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin,
Here on the welfare line. Served on a Georgia road gang,
Couldn't pay the debts I owed.
'Cos I ain't made of silver,
And I ain't ever seen no gold. I still remember Rachel,
Soft as a velvet gown.
They laid her in a pauper's grave,
On the other side of town. So pass around the bottle boys,
Let's talk about old times.
Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin,
Here on the welfare line. Now some folks are born to money,
You know I wish 'em well.
If the devil should ever want my soul,
I swear I'd never sell. So pass around the bottle boys,
Let's talk about old times.
Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin,
Here on the welfare line.

Songwriters

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