

# Dock Boggs Country Blues

Kelly Joe Phelps

come all you good time people  
while I've got money to spend  
tomorrow might be monday  
and I never have a dollar nor a friend when I had plenty of money, good people  
all my friends would gather around  
just soon as my pocket book was empty  
not a friend on earth could be found the last time I saw my little woman, good people  
had a wine glass in her hand  
she's drinking away all her troubles  
with a lowdown sorry man my papa taught me a plenty, good people  
my mama taught me more  
if I don't quit my lowdown rowdy ways  
I'm gonna have more trouble at my door I wrote my woman a letter, good people  
and I told her I was in jail  
she wrote me back an answer  
said now honey I'm soon come and go your bail all around this old jail house is haunted, good people  
forty dollars won't pay my fine  
corn liquor surrounds my body  
and pretty women aching my mind if I would've listened to my mama, good people  
I wouldn't have been here today  
drinking and shooting and gambling  
at home I could not stay dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow  
dig a hole in the ground  
when I'm dead and buried, my pale face turned toward the sun  
you can come and see the way you have done give me corn bread when I'm hungry, good people  
corn whisky when I'm dry  
pretty women surrounding my body  
and bring me heaven when I die

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