

Going Down This Road Feeling Bad

[Doc Watson](#)

Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad
Bad luck's all I've ever had
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way Got me way down in jail on my knees
This old jailer he sure is hrd to please
Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way (break) Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes
Lord, she's left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues
My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet
The jailer won't gi'me enough to eat
Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way (break) I'm going where the climate suits my clothes
Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never blow (hmmhmm)
Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad
Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

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