

Death Row Blues

Eric Bibb

You might be a rich man, living high upon the hill,
coming down to China town, just for a thrill.
I might be a prisoner, waitin' on death row.No matter who you are,
when your time has come,
you gotta go.Feeling mighty lonesome, here behind these bars.
Countin' of the days, countin' my scars.
I can't tell the future, but this I know:
When my countin' days are over, I got to go.When you came to the world, they gave yourself a spoon.
I was born in a shotgun shed, on the last day of June.
I'm about to leave this world, my friend, without much to show.
But I'm so glad I got to sing my song, before I go.

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