Cash On The Barrelhead

Dolly Parton

I got in a little trouble
At the county seat
Lord, they put me in the jail house
For loafin' on the street
Well, the judge said guilty
He made his point
He said, "Forty five dollars
Or thirty days in the joint"
"That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hon
You can take your choice
You're twenty one
No money down
No credit plan
No time to chase you
'Cause I'm a busy man"
I found a telephone number
On a laundry slip
I had a good, hardy jailor
With a six gun hip
He let me call long distance
She said, "Number, please"
An' just as soon as I told her
She shouted back at me
Said, "That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hon
Not part, not half
But the entire sum
No money down
No credit line
'Cause a little boy tells me
You're the travelin' kind"
Thirty days in the jail house
Four days on the road
I was feelin' mighty hungry
My feet, a heavy load
I saw a Greyhound comin'
Stuck out my thumb
As soon as I was seated
The driver caught my arm
Said, "That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hon

This old, gray dog gets paid to run
When the engine starts
An' the wheels will roll
Give me cash on the barrelhead
I take you down the road
Cash on the barrelhead
I take you down the road"

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