

Country Blues

The Chieftains

Come all you good, kind people
While I've got money to spend
Tomorrow might be Monday
And I'll neither have a dollar nor a friend
When I've got plenty of money, good people
My friends are all standing around
Just as soon as my pocketbook is empty
Not a friend on this earth can be found
The last time I seen that dear woman, good people
She had a wine glass in her hand
She's a-drinking down her troubles
With a lowdown, sorry, no good man
My daddy told me a plenty good people
And my mamma she told me more
Said son if you don't quit your rowdy ways
You'll have trouble at your door
All around this old jailhouse this evening, good people
Forty dollars will pay my fine
Corn whiskey has surrounded my body, poor boy
Pretty women look trump in my mind
If I'd a-listened to my mamma, good people
I would not be here today
But a-drinking and a-shooting and a-gambling
At home I cannot stay
Go dig a hole in the meadow, good people
Make it deep in that cold, cold ground
Come gather around all you kind friends
And see this poor rounder go down
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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