

# 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 momma she told me more  
Said son if you don't quit your rowdy ways  
You'll have trouble at your doorAll 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 momma, 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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