

# Down the Old Plank Road

## Grandpa Jones

Iâ€™d rather be in Richmond  
In all the hail and rain  
Than to be in Georgia  
Wearinâ€™ the ball and chain

Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Way down the old plank road

I went down to Mobile  
To get on the gravel train  
Very next thing they heard of me  
I was wearinâ€™ the ball and chain

Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Way down the old plank road

Glory!

Well, Dodie Odie Dodie  
What makes you treat me so?  
Caused me to wear the ball and chain  
And now my ankleâ€™s sore

Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
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Well Knoxville is a pretty place  
Memphis is a beauty  
If you want to see them pretty gals  
Now hop to Chattanooga

Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more  
Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Way down the old plank road

Iâ€™m gonna build me a scaffold

On that mountain high

So I can see them pretty gals

As they go ridinâ€™ by

Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Way down the old plank road

Glory Hallelujah!

Well my wife died a Friday night

Saturday she was buried

Sunday was my courtinâ€™ day

And Monday I got married

Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Donâ€™t get drunk no more

Way down the old plank road

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Lyrics submitted by Mary Adair.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>