

Tennessee Jed

Levon Helm

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Cold iron shackles and ball and chain
Listen to the whistle of the evenin' train
You know you bound to wind up dead
If you don't head back to Tennessee Jed
A rich man step on my poor head
When you get back you better butter my bread
Well, you know that it's just like I said
You better hurry on back to Tennessee Jed
Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee?
Drank all day and rock all night
A law come to get you if you don't walk right
Got a letter this morning baby, you know what it read
You better hurry on back to Tennessee Jed
I dropped four flights and cracked my spine
Honey, come quick bring the iodine
Gonna catch a few winks baby, hop onto that bed
Then I head on back to Tennessee Jed
Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee?
I run into old Charlie Fog
But he blackened my eye and he kicked my dog
My dog turned to me and he said
Let's head on back to Tennessee Jed
I woke up next morning, I was feelin' mean
I went down to play on the slot machine
The wheels they turned around and the letters read
You better hurry on back to Tennessee Jed
Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee?
Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee?
Baby won't you carry me back to Tennessee?

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