

Chain Gang (with The Carter Family)

Johnny Cash

I was just a kid roamin' around
Travelin' through, a little ol' town
A man walked up and said come with me
You're broke and son that's vagrancy
A carefree lad that love to roam
But Lord I wish I'd stayed at home
The way it looks I'll probably hang
'Cause there ain't no hope on a chain gang
I dig that ditch, I chop that corn
I curse the day that I was born
I believe it's better for a man to hang
Than to work like a dog on a chain gang
The guard stands there with a great big gun
I bet he'd love to see me run
And I guess, I probably will some day
I'd rather be dead than to live this way
He's well fed and he's six foot tall
And he's a meanest of them all
He cracks that whip and he swings that cane
That sun must've touched his brain
I dig that ditch, I chop that corn
I curse the day that I was born
I believe it's better for a man to hang
Than to work like a dog on a chain gang
I got a gal back home that's sweet and kind
But she's been waitin' a long, long time
I just told her to forget my name
I won't ever live down the shame
Lord, deliver me from this hole
Before I lose my mind and soul
The flesh gets weak and the back gets broke
There ain't no 'cause to laugh and joke
I dig that ditch, I chop that corn
I curse the day that I was born
I believe it's better for a man to hang
Than to work like a dog on a chain gang
Work like a dog on a chain gang
Work like a dog on a chain gang
Work like a dog on a chain gang

Songwriters

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