Welfare Line

The Highwaymen

Well now, boys I've been to Bethlehem
Rode there on a big steam train
Lost two fenders in the steel wheels
And I ain't goin' back againI fought for my country
Lord knows I did my best
Crawlin' cross some foreign field
They pinned a ribbon to my chestSo pass around the bottle boys
Let's talk about old times
Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin
Here on the welfare lineServed on a Georgia road gang
Couldn't pay the debts I owed
'Cos I ain't made of silver
And I ain't ever seen no goldI still remember Rachel
Soft as a velvet gown
They laid her in a pauper's grave
On the other side of townSo pass around the bottle boys
Let's talk about old times
Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin
Here on the welfare lineNow some folks are born to money
You know I wish 'em well
If the devil should ever want my soul
I swear I'd never sellSo pass around the bottle boys
Let's talk about old times
Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin
Here on the welfare line

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