

# Junco Partner

## Minimatic

Down the road came a Junco Partner  
Boy, he was loaded as can be  
He was knocked out, knocked out loaded  
He was a'wobblin' all over the street Singing six months ain't no sentence  
Yeah and one year ain't no time  
I was born in Angola  
Serving fourteen to ninety nine Well I wish I had me one million dollars  
Oh, one million to call my own, call my own  
I would raise me, and say, "Grow for me baby"  
Raise me a tobacco farm Take a walk, take a walk  
Junco Partner  
[Incomprehensible] Well, when I had me a great deal of money  
Yeah, I had mighty good things all over town  
Now I ain't got no more money  
All of my good friends they're putting me down So now I gotta pawn my ratchet and pistol  
Yeah I'm gonna pawn my watch and chain, chain, chain  
I would have pawned my sweet Gabriella  
But the smart girl she wouldn't sign her name Down the road, down the road, down the road  
Down the road came a Junco Partner  
Boy, he was loaded as can be  
He was knocked out, knocked out loaded, loaded, loaded, loaded  
He was 'wobblin' all over the street  
Take a walk, I can't walk Down the road came a Junco Partner  
Hey mister he called out to me  
And it was three things he said  
[Incomprehensible] Junco Partner  
[Incomprehensible] Well I'm down, yes I'm getting thirsty  
Pour me out a good beer, when I'm dry  
Just, just give me whiskey, when I'm thirsty  
Well give me headstone when I die Down the road

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