# Country Blues

## Doc Watson

come all you good time people
while I've got money to spend
tomorrow might be Monday
and I'd neither have a dollar nor a friend
well I've got plenty of money in my pocket
my good time friends are around
but as soon as my pocketbook is empty
not a friend on this earth can be found
i wrote my little woman a letter good people
and i told her i was in jail
she sent me back an answer
sayin honey I'm a coming go your bail
but I'm still walking round
this old jail house this evening
forty dollars won't pay my fine
corn whiskey has surrounded my body poor boy
and my woman is troubling my mind
Lord my daddy told me a pretty good people
and my momma she told me more
said son if you don't quit your rowdy ways
you'll have trouble at your door
if it wasn't for heartaches and trouble good people
Lord i would not be here today
i will ramble this whole world over
at home i cannot stay
give me corn bread
on the table when I'm hungry
something tall and cool when I'm dry
and a true loving woman to stand by me
sweet heaven when i die
go dig a hole in the meadow good people
make it deep in that cold cold ground
then gather around all you kind friends
and see this poor rounder go down
and when I'm dead and they buried me
with my pale face turned to the sun
will you stand around and moan little woman
and think of the way you have done

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