

# About Cell Block #9

Jackie Greene

Well, I used to be an angel  
I guess my wings got torn  
For I ain't seen nothing but bad luck and trouble  
Ever since that I've been born, ever since that I've been born I used to have a best friend  
And a girl for to be my bride  
I had everything that a man could want  
I believed I was satisfied, I believed I was satisfied But as I came home one evening  
The moon was hanging high  
I felt something wrong, something must be going on  
And a black cat passed me by, a black cat passed me by So I peeked on through my keyhole  
Now tell me what did I see?  
I saw my girl and my best friend  
In a bed that belonged to me, a bed that belonged to me So I went and grabbed my shotgun  
You know how the story goes  
Gonna find me on a chain, digging ditches in the rain  
And I'll be wearing them county clothes, wearing them county clothes Yes, the jury found me guilty  
I heard that gavel sound  
And the only friend who would have thrown my bail  
Was six feet underground, six feet underground Oh, Lord I'm feeling lowdown  
Got nothing to call mine  
Gonna spend my days, wasting all away  
In cell block #9, cell block #9

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