

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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