

# Cash On The Barrelhead

Wanda Jackson

Got in a little trouble at the county seat  
Lord they put me in the jailhouse for loafing on the street  
When the judge heard the verdict I was a guilty man  
He said forty five dollars or thirty days in the can  
That'll be cash on the barrelhead son you can make your choice  
you're twenty one  
No money down no credit plan no time to chase you cause I'm a busy man

Found a telephone number on a laundry slip  
I had a good hearted jailer with a six gun hip  
He let me call long distance she said number please  
And no sooner than I told her she shouted out at me  
That'll be cash on the barrelhead son not parting cash but the entire sum  
No money down no credit plan cause a little bird tells me you're a traveling man

Thirty days in the jailhouse four days on the road  
I was feeling mighty hungry my feet a heavy load  
Saw a greyhound coming stuck up my thumb  
Just as I was being seated the driver caught my arm  
That'll be cash on the barrelhead son this old gray dog is paid to run  
When the engine stops and the wheels won't roll  
Give me cash on the barrelhead I'll take you down the road