

# Cash On The Barrelhead

Charlie Louvin

I got in a little trouble  
At the county seat  
Lord, they put me in the jail house  
For loafin' on the street  
Well, the judge said guilty  
He made his point  
He said, "Forty five dollars  
Or thirty days in the joint"

"That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hon  
You can take your choice  
You're twenty one  
No money down  
No credit plan  
No time to chase you  
'Cause I'm a busy man"

I found a telephone number  
On a laundry slip  
I had a good, hardy jailor  
With a six gun hip  
He let me call long distance  
She said, "Number, please"  
An' just as soon as I told her  
She shouted back at me

Said, "That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hon  
Not part, not half  
But the entire sum  
No money down  
No credit line  
'Cause a little boy tells me  
You're the travelin' kind"

Thirty days in the jail house  
Four days on the road  
I was feelin' mighty hungry  
My feet, a heavy load  
I saw a Greyhound comin'  
Stuck out my thumb  
As soon as I was seated  
The driver caught my arm

Said, "That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hon  
This old, gray dog gets paid to run  
When the engine starts  
An' the wheels will roll  
Give me cash on the barrelhead  
I take you down the road  
Cash on the barrelhead  
I take you down the road"