

Blackjack County Chains

Christy Moore

I was sittin' beside the road in Black Jack County.
Not knowing that the Sheriff paid a bounty,
For men like me that hadn't got a penny to their name.
So he locked my leg to 35 pounds of Black Jack County
Chains.
And all we had to eat was bread and water,
Each day we built the road a mile and a quarter,
A Black Snake Whip would cut the back of any man who
complained,
But we couldn't fight back wearing 35 pounds of Black
Jack County Chains.
One night while the Sheriff he was sleeping,
We all gathered round him slowly creeping,
Heaven help me to forget that night in the cold cold
rain,
When we beat him to death with 35 pounds of Black Jack
County Chains.
Now the whip marks have all healed and I am thankful,
There's nothing left but a scar around my ankle.
But most of all I'm glad no man will be a slave again,
To a Black Snake Whip and 35 pounds of Black Jack County
Chains.