

Wuden't Me

Chuck Berry

Old boy he ran a little stop sign in the south And he got in de
eper trouble with his mouth They wouldn't let him phone or make
a bail Just let him sit there in that Delford County jail

It wudn't me, it wudn't me I'm so glad it wudn't me No phone, n
o bail, no plea Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He had to break out of that Delford County jail They put a Gran
d Dragon posse on his trail And seven Alabama bloodhounds in a
line Buckin' and barkin' for a bite of his behind

It wudn't me, it wudn't me I'm so glad it wudn't me Hung posses
ain't my cup o'tea Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He was streakin' through the Delta double three But them hungry
hounds was gainin' on his lee His feet was playin' "Louisiana B
ound" Lord, you help me pick 'em up, I'll put 'em down (Amen)

It wudn't me, it wudn't me I'm so glad it wudn't me Prayin' ain
't no sure guarantee Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He was streakin' through the Delta, stridin' wide But that lead
in' hound was meters from his hide Lord, bless my feet, don't l
et 'em go corrupt I'll lay 'em down as fast as you can pick 'em
up

It wudn't me, it wudn't me I'm so glad it wudn't me Just meters
from a canine jubilee Oh, I'm so glad it wudn't me

He reached a highway through the ticket on the side And a truck
er came along and let him ride But as he settled down to thank
him for no harm He saw a swasti-KKK band on his arm

That's when he knew he had to get on help his self 'Stead if si
ttin' pinnin' it on somebody else He hung a left into that thic
ket 'cross the fence And ain't nobody ever sawed or seen him si
nce

It wudn't me, it wudn't me I'm so glad it wudn't me It ain't qu
ite my kinda cup o'tea Jeez, I'm glad it wudn't me

It wudn't me, it was not me I'm so glad it wudn't me It just ai
n't my kinda cup o'tea Jeez, am I glad it wudn't me