

Week In A Country Jail

Dave Dudley

One time I spent a week inside a little country jail
I don't guess I'll ever live it down
I was sittin' at red light when these two men come and got me
And said that I was speedin' through their town

They said, "Tomorrow morning you can see the judge then go"
They let me call one person on the phone
I thought I'd be there over night so I'd just call my boss
To tell him I'd be off but not for long

They motioned me inside the cell with seven other guys
One little barred up window in the rear
My cell mate said if they had let me bring some money in
We ought to send the jailer for some beer

We had to pay him double 'cause he was the man in charge
And the jailer's job was not the best in town
Later on his wife brought hot bologna eggs and gravy
The first day I was there I turned it down

Next morning they'd just let us sleep but I was up real early
Wonderin' when I get my release
Later on we got more hot bologna eggs and gravy
By now I wasn't quite so hard to please

Two days later when I thought that I had been forgotten
The sheriff came in chewing on the straw
He said, "Where is this guy who thinks that this is Indianapoli
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I'd like to talk to him about the law"

Well, I told him who I was and told him I was working steady
And I really should be a gettin' on my way
That part about me being who I was did not impress him
He said, "The judge will be here any day"

The jailer had his wife and let me tell you she was awful
But she brought that hot bologna every day
And after seven days she got to looking so much better
I asked her if she'd like to run away

Next morning that old judge took every nickel that I had
He said, "Son, let this teach you not to race"
The jailer's wife was smiling from the window as I left
In thirty minutes I was out of state