

Penitentiary Blues

David Allan Coe

Got there on Monday
Behind this wall and all them doors
Got me doin' work woman
And I never worked before
'Bout to blow my fuse
Penitentiary blues

They gave me clothes on Tuesday
Like I ain't ever seen before
The kind of rags my momma used
To scrub our kitchen floor
And funny square-toed shoes
Penitentiary blues

All that marijuana
Selling cocaine
Now they're taking blood tests
From my heroin veins
Oh baby
Things I used to do now
I was born to lose
Penitentiary blues

I miss my main street women
I miss my monkey grady wine
I miss the cats down on the corner
We used to have a swingin' time, chile
Chalkin' up our cues
Penitentiary blues

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Selling cocaine
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I was born to lose
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