

Shackles And Chains

David Allan Coe

On a long lonesome journey I am going
So my sweet little darling don't cry
For in shackles and chains they will take me
To a prison to live till I die

And each night threw the bars
I will gaze at the stars
My dreams dear of you so in vain
A peice of stone I will use for my pillow
While I'm sleeping in shackles and chains

Put your arms threw these bars once more darling
Let me kiss your sweet lips I love best
For in sorrow they were my conculution
And in sadness my haven of rest