

## Going Down The Road Feeling Bad

Doc Watson

Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad  
Bad luck's all I've ever had  
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got me way down in jail on my knees  
This old jailer he sure is hard to please  
Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes  
Lord, she's left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues  
My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet  
The jailer won't gimme enough to eat  
Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes  
Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never blow (hm hm)  
Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord  
Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad  
Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way