

## Cash on the Barrelhead

Dolly Parton

I got in a little trouble at the county seat  
Lord, they put me in the jailhouse  
For loafing on the street  
Well, the judge said guilty  
He made his point  
He said forty-five dollars  
Or thirty days in the joint

That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hun  
You can take your choice  
You're twenty-one  
No money down  
No credit plan  
No time to chase you  
Cause I'm a busy man

I found a telephone number on a laundry slip  
I had a good, hardy jailor  
With a six gun hip  
He let me call long distance  
She said, "Number, please"  
And just as soon as I told her  
She shouted back at me

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead, hun  
Not part, not half  
But the entire sum  
No money down  
No credit line  
Cause a little boy tells me  
You're the travelin' kind

Thirty days in the jailhouse  
Four days on the road  
I was feelin' mighty hungry  
My feet, a heavy load  
I saw a Greyhound comin'  
Stuck out my thumb  
As soon as I was seated  
The driver caught my arm

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead, hun  
This old, grey dog gets paid to run  
When the engine starts  
And the wheels will roll  
Give me cash on the barrelhead  
I take ya down the road  
Ohh, cash on the barrelhead  
I take you down the road