

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