

Chain Gang

Freddie Hart

(Chain gang chain gang)

I was just a kid a roamin' around travelin' through a little ol'
' town

When a chief walked up and said come with me you're broke and s
on that's vagrancy

Just a carelessly led who loved to roam and how I wish that I ha
d stayed at home

For the way that I pleaded I would rather hang it's no life of
living on a chain gang

I dig that ditch I chop that corn I curse the day that I was bo
rn

I believe it's better for a man to hang than to work like a dog
on a chain gang

(Chain gang chain gang)

Well the guard stands there with a great big gun I bet he'd lov
e to see me run

And I guess I probably will some day I'd rather be dead than to
live this way

He looks well fed and six foot tall and he's the meanest of us
all

For he cracks that whip and he swings that cane I reckon the su
n must've touched his brain

I dig that ditch...

(Chain gang chain gang)

I gat a gal back home who's true and kind and she's been a wait
in' a long long time

I rolled and told her forget my name for I'll never lose this c
hain gang chain

The heaven to deliver me from this hole where a man can lose hi
s mind and soul

The place gets weak and the back gets broke ain't no cause to l
augh and joke

I dig that ditch...

Work like a dog on a chain gang work like a dog on a chain gang