

# Cash On The Barrelhead

Gram Parsons

Got in a little trouble at the county seat  
Lawd, they put me in the jail house for loafing on the street  
When the judge heard the verdict I was a guilty man  
He said forty-five dollars or thirty days in the can  
Said, that'll be cash on the barrelhead, son  
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

Found a telephone number on a laundry slip  
I had a good hearted jailer with a six gun hip  
He let me call long distance, she said number please  
And no sooner than I told her, she shouted out at me

That'll be cash on the barrelhead son  
Not part not half but the entire sum  
No money down, no credit plan  
Cause a little bird told me, you're a travellin' man

Thirty days in the jailhouse, four days on the road  
I was feeling mighty hungry my feet a heavy load  
Saw a greyhound coming stuck up my thumb  
Just as I was being seated, the driving caught my arm

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead son  
This old gray dog gets paid to run  
When the engine starts, lawd, the wheels won't roll  
Give me cash on the barrelhead I'll take you down the road