

## Welfare Line

## Highwaymen

Well, now boys, I've been to Bethlehem  
Rode there on a big steam train  
Lost two fingers in the steel mills  
And I ain't goin' back again

I fought for my country  
Lord knows, I did my best  
Crawlin' 'cross some foreign field  
They pinned a ribbon to my chest

So, pass around the bottle, boys, let's talk about old times  
Like rollin' in this bowl of sin, here on the welfare line

Served on the Georgia Road Gang  
Couldn't pay the debts I owe  
'Cause I'm not made of silver  
And I ain't never seen no gold

I still remember Rachael  
Soft as a velvet gown  
They laid her in the pauper's grave  
On the other side of town

So, pass around the bottle, boys, let's talk about old times  
Like rollin' in this bowl of sin, here on the welfare line

I know some folks are born of money  
You know I wish them well  
If the devil would ever want my soul  
I swear I'd never sell

So, pass around the bottle, boys, let's talk about old times  
Like rollin' in this bowl of sin, here on the welfare line  
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