

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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