

# Chain Gang

Johnny Cash

I was just a kid roamin' around  
Travelin' through, a little ol' town  
A man walked up and said come with me  
You're broke and son that's vagrancy

A carefree lad that love to roam  
But Lord I wish I'd stayed at home  
The way it looks I'll probably hang  
'Cause there ain't no hope on a chain gang

I dig that ditch, I chop that corn  
I curse the day that I was born  
I believe it's better for a man to hang  
Than to work like a dog on a chain gang

The guard stands there with a great big gun  
I bet he'd love to see me run  
And I guess, I probably will some day  
I'd rather be dead than to live this way

He's well fed and he's six foot tall  
And he's a meanest of them all  
He cracks that whip and he swings that cane  
That sun must've touched his brain

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Than to work like a dog on a chain gang

I got a gal back home that's sweet and kind  
But she's been waitin' a long, long time  
I just told her to forget my name  
I won't ever live down the shame

Lord, deliver me from this hole  
Before I lose my mind and soul  
The flesh gets weak and the back gets broke  
There ain't no 'cause to laugh and joke

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I curse the day that I was born  
I believe it's better for a man to hang  
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Work like a dog on a chain gang  
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