

Take This Hammer

The Notting Hillbillies

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1990

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain,

Tell him I'm gone, tell him I'm gone.

If he ask you was I runnin'

Tell him I'm flyin'.

If he ask you was I laughin',

Tell him I was cryin'.

I don't want no cold iron shackles,

Around my leg.

I don't want no cornbread and molasses,

They hurt my pride.

I'm go'n' make these few days I started,

Then I'm goin' home.