

I Washed My Hands In Muddy Water

The Spencer Davis Group

I was born in Macon, Georgia, met my dad in a Macon jail
He said, "Son, if you keep your hands clean
You won't have them bloodhounds on your trail"
I fell in with bad companions, robbed a man in Tennessee
Sheriff caught me way up in Nashville
And they locked me up and they threw away the key

I washed my hands in muddy water
I washed my hands but they didn't come clean
Tried to do what my daddy told me
But I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

I asked the jailer when my time's up, he said, "Son, we won't forget
If you try to keep your hands clean
We may make a good man of you yet."
I couldn't wait to do my sentence, I broke out of the Nashville jail
I just crossed the line of Georgia
And I can hear those bloodhounds on my trail