

Cash On The Barrelhead

Wanda Jackson

Got in a little trouble at the county seat
Lord they put me in the jailhouse for loafing on the street
When the judge heard the verdict I was a guilty man
He said forty five dollars or thirty days in the can
That'll be cash on the barrelhead son you can make your choice
you're twenty one
No money down no credit plan no time to chase you cause I'm a busy man

Found a telephone number on a laundry slip
I had a good hearted jailer with a six gun hip
He let me call long distance she said number please
And no sooner than I told her she shouted out at me
That'll be cash on the barrelhead son not parting cash but the entire sum
No money down no credit plan cause a little bird tells me you're a traveling man

Thirty days in the jailhouse four days on the road
I was feeling mighty hungry my feet a heavy load
Saw a greyhound coming stuck up my thumb
Just as I was being seated the driver caught my arm
That'll be cash on the barrelhead son this old gray dog is paid to run
When the engine stops and the wheels won't roll
Give me cash on the barrelhead I'll take you down the road