

Blackjack County Chain

Willie Nelson

I was sittin' beside the road in Blackjack County
Not knowing that the sheriff paid a bounty
For men like me who didn't have a penny to their names
So he locked my leg to thirty-
five pounds of Blackjack County chain

All we had to eat was bread and water
Each day we had to build that road a mile and a quarter
Black sneak whip would cut our backs when some poor fool compla
ined
But we couldn't fight back wearin' 35 pounds of Blackjack Count
y chain

And then one night while the sheriff was a sleepin'
We all gathered round him slowly creepin'
And heaven help me to forget that night in the cold cold rain
When we beat him death with thirty-
five pounds of Blackjack County chain

Now the whip marks have all healed and I am thankful
That there's nothing but a scar round my ankle
Most of all I'm glad no man will be a slave again
To a black sneak whip and thirty-
five pounds of Blackjack County chain
To a black sneak whip and thirty-
five pounds of Blackjack County chain