

Rod Morris

"Alabama jailhouse"

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Down in the Alabama jailhouse
As lonesome as I can be
With nothing but the blues all around me
To keep me company
Time on my hands and I'm a-waitin'
I'm walkin' up and down the floor
But if I ever get out of this Alabama jail
Well, I'm never comin' back no more
'Cause it started in the drinkin' and gamblin'
I knew at the time it was wrong
But I thought I could win a lot of money
Have a lot of wine, women and song
But I lost all my money
Went out on a drinkin' spree
Somebody shot down that gamblin' man
The woman laid the blame on me

A policeman, he come along and he got me
He locked me in this cold cold cell
With a million bars all around me
Nobody to throw my bail
Well, I'm a-waitin' for the judge and the jury
I don't know what the verdict's gonna be
But if I ever get out of this Alabama jail
They're gonna see the last of me

Well, I'm a-sittin' in this Alabama jailhouse
Well, I'm so lonesome that I could die
Because they clipped my wings
They put me in this cage
Well, I'm the kinda bird that don't fly
Well, I'm a-waitin' for the judge and the jury
I don't know what the verdict's gonna be
But if I ever get out of this Alabama jail
They're gonna see the last of me
They're gonna see the last of me

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