

Waylon Jennings "Blackjack County Chain"

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(Red Lane)

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 complained
But we couldn't fight back wearin' 35 pounds of
Blackjack County 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.

--- Instrumental to fade ---

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