

Blue Highway "In The Gravel Yard"

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In the gravel yard, with a number for my name
Making little rocks out of big rocks all day
Oh, the work is mighty hard in the gravel yard I'll never
Be a free man, so they say

Warden hear my plea, listen now to me
I killed a man that I caught with my wife
You'd probably done the same, so I am not to blame

Sentenced to the rest of my life

In the driven rain with a ball and chain
My hammer rings a low mournful sound
It sings a little song for the ones who done me wrong
who
Lie beneath the cold, cold ground

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