

Bill Miller**"Lonesome Road Blues"**

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I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad, lord, lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way
I'm down in the jailhouse on my knees
Down in the jailhouse on my knees
Down in the jailhouse on my knees, lord, lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way
They feed me on corn bread and beans
They feed me on corn bread and beans
They feed me on corn bread and beans, lord, lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way
Got two dollar shoes on my feet
Got two dollar shoes on my feet
Two dollar shoes they hurt my feet, lord, lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot, Great God
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes, lord lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

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