

## Doc Watson

# "Going Down The Road Feeling Bad"

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Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad  
Bad luck's all I've ever had  
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord  
And I aint' a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got me way down in jail on my knees  
This old jailer he sure is hrd to please  
Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

(break)

Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes  
Lord, she's left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues  
My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet  
The jailer won't gi'me enough to eat  
Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord,  
Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

(break)

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes  
Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never blow  
(hmmhmm)  
Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord  
Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad  
Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

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