

## Freddie Hart "Chain Gang"

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Chain gang, chain gang

I was just a kid a roamin' around  
Travelin' through a little ol' town  
When a chief walked up and said, "Come with me  
You're broke and son, that's vagrancy"

Just a carefree lad who loved to roam  
And how I wish that I had stayed at home  
For the way that I pleaded I would rather hang  
It's no life of living on a chain gang

I dig that ditch, I chop that corn  
Curse the day that I was born  
I believe it's better for a man to hang  
Than work like a dog on a chain gang  
Chain gang, chain gang

Well, the guard stands there with a great big gun  
I bet he'd love to see me run  
And I guess, I probably will some day  
I'd rather be dead than to live this way

He looks well fed and he's six foot tall  
And he's the meanest of us all  
For he cracks that whip and he swings that cane  
I reckon the sun must've touched his brain

I dig that ditch, I chop that corn  
And curse the day that I was born  
I believe it's better for a man to hang  
Than work like a dog on a chain gang  
Chain gang, chain gang

I got a gal back home who's true and kind  
And she's been a waitin' a long long time  
I rolled and told her forget my name  
For I'll never lose this chain gang chain

The Heaven to deliver me from this hole  
Where a man can lose his mind and soul  
The place gets weak and the back gets broke

Ain't no cause to laugh and joke

I dig that ditch, chop that corn  
Curse the day that I was born  
I believe it's better for a man to hang  
Than work like a dog on a chain gang

Work like a dog on a chain gang  
Work like a dog on a chain gang  
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