

Greene, Jackie

"About Cell Block #9"

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Well, I used to be an angel
I guess my wings got torn
I ain't seen nothing but bad luck and trouble
Ever since that I've been born
Ever since that I've been born

And I used to have a best friend
A girl for to be my bride
I had everything that a man could want
I believed, I was satisfied
I believed, I was satisfied

But as I come home one evening
The moon was hanging high
I felt something wrong, something must be going on
And a black cat passed me by, yeah
A black cat passed me by

I peeked on through my keyhole
Now tell me what did I see?
I saw my gal and my best friend
In a bed that belonged to me, oh
A bed that belonged to me

So I went and grabbed my shotgun
You know how the story goes
Gonna find me on a chain, digging ditches in the rain
I'll be wearing them county clothes, Lord
I'll be wearing them county clothes

Well, the jury found me guilty
I heard that gavel sound
And the only friend who would have thrown my bail
Was six feet underground
I fill six feet underground

Oh Lord, I'm feeling lowdown
And nothing to call mine
Gonna spend my days, wasting all away
In cell block #9, oh
A cell block #9, alright

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