

## **Bruce Robison**

# **"Tennessee Jed"**

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Cold iron shackles, ball and chain  
You listen to the whistle of the evening train  
You know you bound to wind up dead  
If you don't head back to Tennessee Jed

Rich man step on my poor head  
When you get back you better butter my bread  
Well, you know it's like I said  
You better head back to Tennessee Jed

Tennessee, Tennessee  
There ain't no place I'd rather be  
Baby, won't you carry me  
Back to Tennessee

Drink all day, rock all night  
The law come to get you if you don't walk right  
Got a letter this morning, baby, all it read  
Get on back to Tennessee Jed

I dropped four flights and cracked my spine  
Buddy, come quick with the iodine  
Catch a few winks, baby, under the bed  
Head on back to Tennessee Jed  
Tennessee, Tennessee  
There ain't no place I'd rather be  
Baby, won't you carry me  
Back to Tennessee

Well, I run into Charlie Fog  
He blacked my eye and he kicked my dog  
My doggie turned to me as he said  
Let's head back to Tennessee Jed

And I woke up a feeling mean  
Went on down to play the slot machine  
The wheels turned round, and the letters read  
You better head back to Tennessee Jed

Tennessee, Tennessee  
There ain't no place I'd rather be  
Baby, won't you carry me

Back to Tennessee

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