

Highwaymen

"Welfare Line"

Visit "[Welfare Line](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well now, boys I've been to Bethlehem

Rode there on a big steam train

Lost two fenders in the steel wheels

And I ain't goin' back again

I fought for my country

Lord knows I did my best

Crawlin' cross some foreign field

They pinned a ribbon to my chest

So pass around the bottle boys

Let's talk about old times

Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin

Here on the welfare line

Served on a Georgia road gang

Couldn't pay the debts I owed

'Cos I ain't made of silver

And I ain't ever seen no gold

I still remember Rachel

Soft as a velvet gown

They laid her in a pauper's grave

On the other side of town

So pass around the bottle boys

Let's talk about old times

Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin

Here on the welfare line

Now some folks are born to money

You know I wish 'em well

If the devil should ever want my soul

I swear I'd never sell

So pass around the bottle boys

Let's talk about old times

Night's rollin' in, it's cold as sin

Here on the welfare line

Visit [Highwaymen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.