

## Jackie Greene "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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