

Kelly Joe Phelps

"Dock Boggs Country Blues"

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come all you good time people
while I've got money to spend
tomorrow might be monday
and I never have a dollar nor a friend

when I had plenty of money, good people
all my friends would gather around
just soon as my pocket book was empty
not a friend on earth could be found

the last time I saw my little woman, good people
had a wine glass in her hand
she's drinking away all her troubles
with a lowdown sorry man

my papa taught me a plenty, good people
my mama taught me more
if I don't quit my lowdown rowdy ways
I'm gonna have more trouble at my door

I wrote my woman a letter, good people
and I told her I was in jail
she wrote me back an answer
said now honey I'm soon come and go your bail

all around this old jail house is haunted, good people
forty dollars won't pay my fine
corn liquor surrounds my body
and pretty women aching my mind

if I would've listened to my mama, good people
I wouldn't have been here today
drinking and shooting and gambling
at home I could not stay

dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
dig a hole in the ground
when I'm dead and buried, my pale face turned toward
the sun
you can come and see the way you have done

give me corn bread when I'm hungry, good people

corn whisky when I'm dry
pretty women surrounding my body
and bring me heaven when I die

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