

## **Willie Nelson**

# **"Blackjack County Chain"**

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I was sittin' beside the road in Blackjack County  
Not knowing that the sheriff paid a bounty  
For men like me who didn't have a penny to their  
names  
So he locked my leg to thirty-five pounds  
Of Blackjack County chain

And all we had to eat was bread and water  
And each day we had to build that road a mile and a  
quarter  
And a black sneak whip would cut our backs  
When some poor fool complained  
But we couldn't fight back wearin' 35 pounds  
Of Blackjack County chain

And then one night while the sheriff was a sleepin'  
We all gathered round him slowly creepin'  
And heaven help me to forget that night in the cold  
cold rain  
When we beat him to death with a thirty-five pounds  
Of Blackjack County chain

Now the whip marks have all healed and I am thankful  
That there's nothing but a scar around my ankle  
But most of all I'm glad no man will be the slave again  
To a black sneak whip and thirty-five pounds  
Of Blackjack County chain  
Blackjack County chain  
Blackjack County chain

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