

## Justin Tubb

### "Blackjack County Chain"

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(Red Lane)

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 on 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 black sneak whip would cut our backs when some  
poor fool complained  
But we couldn't fight back wearing thirty-five 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 thirty-five pounds of  
Blackjack County chain.

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

To a black sneak whip and thirty-five pounds of  
Blackjack County chain...

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