

Going Down The Road Feeling Bad

Doc Watson

Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad
Bad luck's all I've ever had
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got me way down in jail on my knees
This old jailer he sure is hard to please
Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes
Lord, she's left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues
My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet
The jailer won't gimme enough to eat
Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes
Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never blow (hm hm)
Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad
Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way