```
F#7
D F#7 H
Н
On this old rock pile, with a ball and chain,
They call me by a number not a name, Lord, Lord.
                 E7
Gotta do my time, I gotta do my time,
With an aching heart, and a worried mind.
Н
When that old judge, looked down and smiled,
Said I'll put you up that river for a while, Lord, Lord.
                 E7
Gotta do my time, I gotta do my time,
With an aching heart, and a worried mind.
н н7 н н7
E E7 E E7
н н7 н н7
F#7 D E7 D F#7 H
You can hear my hammer, you can hear my song,
Gonna swing it like John Henry all day long Lord, Lord.
                 E7
Gotta do my time, I gotta do my time,
              F#7
With an aching heart, and a worried mind.
н н7 н н7
E E7 E E7
н н7 н н7
F#7 D E7 D F#7 H
Well, now it won't be long, just a few more days,
I'll settle down and quit my rowdy ways, Lord, Lord.
With that gal of mine, with that gal of mine,
                 F#7
She's waited for me, while I've done my time.
D
```

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz