

The Price You Pay

Molly Hatchet

There's a small jail in Georgia you all know,
Where the sun's so hot and the daylight don't show.
Where the moccasin she rests on a soft bed of sand,
You can hear the hound dog howling out the land.

It ain't the way I wanted it.
But Lord that's the price you pay.

I said jailer bring me water for my throat is dry,
Four walls, steel bars, I've been watching passersby,
I've been sitting here so long I'm starting to cry,
The hangman's coming, I'm surely going to die.

It ain't the way I wanted it.
But Lord that's the price you pay.
Oh, honk on it, boy,
A little jail cell blues here.

I shot a man in Macon over a poker game,
I killed another in Atlanta just to build my fame,
Well, now I hear the hammers they're pounding out my name.

It ain't the way I wanted it.
But that's the price you pay.
It ain't the way I wanted it.
But Lord that's the price you pay.

Hey jailer, how about that water my throat's still dry,
Four walls, steel bars, I've been watching passersby,
I've been sitting here so damn long I'm starting to cry,
The hangman's coming I'm surely going to die.

It ain't the way I wanted it.
But Lord that's the price you pay,
It ain't the way I wanted it,
But Lord that's the price you pay.
Oh, you done out of rope son.