Blackjack County Chain

Willie Nelson

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 thirtyfive pounds of Blackjack County chain

All we had to eat was bread and water Each day we had to build that road a mile and a quarter Black sneak whip would cut our backs when some poor fool compla ined But we couldn't fight back wearin' 35 pounds of Blackjack Count y 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 death with thirtyfive pounds of Blackjack County chain

Now the whip marks have all healed and I am thankful That there's nothing but a scar round my ankle Most of all I'm glad no man will be a slave again To a black sneak whip and thirtyfive pounds of Blackjack County chain To a black sneak whip and thirtyfive pounds of Blackjack County chain