

## Black Jack County Chains

Del McCoury

I was standin' by the road in Black Jack County  
Not knowing that the sheriff paid a bounty  
For men like me who didn't have a penny to their name  
He locked my legs in thirty five pounds  
Of Black Jack County chains  
All we had to eat was bread and water  
Every day we had to build his road a mile and a quarter  
A black snake whip would sting our backs  
If some poor fool complained  
But we couldn't fight back wearin' thirty five pounds  
Of Black Jack County chains  
We all gathered 'round him, slowly creepin'  
Heaven help me to forget that night in the cold, cold rain  
When we beat him to death wearin' thirty five pounds  
Of Black Jack County chains  
The wounds have all healed and I'm thankful  
And there's nothin' left but scars around my ankle  
The best of all no man will ever be a slave again  
To a black snake whip and thirty five pounds  
Of Black Jack County chains  
Best of all no man will ever be a slave again