

A Week In A Country Jail

Jimmy Dean

One time I spent a week inside this little country jail
And I don't guess I'll ever live it down
I was settin' at red light when these two men came and got me
And they said that I was speedin' through their town.

They said tomorrow morning you can see the judge then go
They let me call one person on the phone
I thought I'd be there over night so I'd just call my boss
To tell him I'd be off but not for long.

They motioned me inside the cell with seven other guys
One little barredup window in the rear
My cellmate said if they had let me bring some money in
We ought to send the jailer for some beer.

We had to pay him double cause he was the man in charge
And the jailer's job was not the best in town
Later on his wife brought hot bologna eggs and gravy
The first day I was there I turned it down.

Next morning they'd just let us sleep but I was up real early
Wondered if I get my release
Later on we got more hot bologna eggs and gravy
By now I wasn't quite so hard to please.

Two days later when I thought that I had been forgotten
The sheriff came in chewing on the straw
He said where is the guy who thinks that this is Indianapolis

I'd like to talk to him about the law.

I told him who I was and told him I was working steady
And I really should be gettin' on my way
The part about me being who I was did not impress him
And he said the judge will be here any day.

The jailer had a wife and let me tell you she was awful
But she brought that hot bologna every day
And after seven days she got to looking so much better
I asked her if she'd like to run away.

Next morning that old judge took every nickel that I have
And he said son let that teach you not to race
The jailer's wife was smiling from the window as I left
In thirty minutes I was out of state...