

I Wash My Hands In Muddy Water

Marty Robbins

I was born in Macon, Georgia
They kept my dad in the Macon jail
Dad said son if you keep your hands clean
You won't hear them bloodhounds on your trail

But I fell in with bad companions
We robbed a man in Tennessee
The sheriff caught me way up in Nashville
They locked me up and threw away the key

I asked the jailor when's my time up
He said son we won't forget
And if you try to keep your hands clean
We may make a good man of you yet

I couldn't wait to do my sentence
I broke out of the Nashville jail
I just crossed the line of Georgia
And I can hear them bloodhounds on my trail

I washed my hands in muddy water
I washed my hands but they didn't come clean
I tried to do like Daddy told me
But I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

Yes I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream