

I ain't gonna work on the railroad
I ain't gonna work on the farm
Gonna lay around this shack till the mail train comes back
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

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Gonna lay around this shack till the mail train comes back
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Where were you last Saturday night
While I was laying down in jail
You were out walking the street with another man
Wouldn't even try to go my bail

Mama was a beauty operator Sister could weave and spin Daddy's got an interest in an old cotton mill Watch that money roll in

I know your parents don't like me They run me away from your door If I had my life to live over again I wouldn't go back there no more