



I'm going down the road feeling bad I'm going down the road feeling bad I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

They feed me on cornbread and beans ...

Ten dollar shoes fit me fine ...

I'm down in the jail on my knees ...

Your two dollar shoes hurt my feet ...

New York water tastes like turpentine ...

I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine ...