## Black Jack County Chain Christy Moore

Am G Am

I was sittin beside the road in Black Jack County.

G I

not knowing that that the Sheriff paid a bounty,

Am G F Am

for men like me that didn t have a penny to their name.

G Am E Am

So he locked my leg to 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chains.

G Am

And all we had to eat was bread and water,

G I

and each day we built the road a mile and a quarter,

Am G F Am

a Black Snake Whip, would cut our back, when some poor Fool complained,

G Am E Am

but we couldn t fight back wearing 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chains.

G Am

One night while the Sheriff was a sleeping,

G E

we all gathered round him slowly creeping,

Am G F Ar

and Heaven help me to forget that night in the cold cold rain,

G Am E Am

when we beat him to death with 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chains.

now the whip marks are all healed and I m thankful,

there s nothing but the scar around my ankle.

but most of all I m glad no man will be a slave again,

to a Black Snake Whip, and 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chain.