

Going Down This Road Feeling Bad

Doc Watson

D
Oh, it s going down the road feeling bad
G D
Bad luck s all I ve ever had
G D
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain t a-gonna be treated this a-way

D
Got me way down in jail on my knees
G D
This old jailer he sure is hrd to please
G D
Feed me on corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain t gonna be treated this a-way

D
Sweet mama, won t you buy me no shoes
G D
Lord, she s left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues
G D
My sweet mama won t buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain t a-gonna be treated this a-way

D
And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet
G D
The jailer won t gi me enough to eat
G D
Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain t a-gonna be treated this a-way

D
I m going where the climate suits my clothes
G D
Lord, I m going where these chilly winds never blow (hmmhmm)
G D
Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain t a-gonna be treated this a-way

G D
Yes, I m going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord

Lord, I m going down this road feeling bad

G

D

Bad luck is all I ve ever had (it sure is)

A

D

And I ain t a-gonna be treated this a-way