

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