

Never woulda hitch-hiked to Birmingham

If it hadn't been for love

Never woulda caught the to Louisian'

Never woulda run through the blindin' rain

Without one to my name

Never woulda seen the that I'm in

Woulda been gone like a wayward wind

Nobody knows it than me

I wouldn't be wishing I was

Four cold walls against my will

At least I he's lying still

Four cold walls without parole

Lord mercy on my soul

Never woulda gone to that of town

Never woulda took a mind to track him down

Never woulda loaded up a forty-four

And put behind a jailhouse door



LIVEWORKSHEETS