

Lonesome Road Blues

D
I'm going down this road feeling bad (Going down this long lonesome road)
G D
I'm going down this road feeling bad (Etc.)
G D
I'm going down this road feeling bad, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

D
I'm down in the jailhouse on my knees
G D
Down in the jailhouse on my knees
G D
Down in the jailhouse on my knees, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way (chorus)

D
They feed me on corn bread and beans
G D
They feed me on corn bread and beans
G D
They feed me on corn bread and beans, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way (chorus)

D
Got two dollar shoes on my feet
G D
Got two dollar shoes on my feet
G D
Two dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord
A D
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way (chorus)

It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot, Great God
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way (chorus)

I'm going where the weather fits my clothes
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes, Lord Lord
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way (chorus)