

# Caldwell County Jail

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♩ = 100

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Ma - ma, don't you leave me in that CALD-WELL COUNT - Y JAIL.

There must be some friends of ours who'll help you go my bail. Cold and lone - ly,

dark and dank, the mourn - ful pris - 'ners wail. Ma - ma, don't you

leave me in that CALD-WELL COUNT - Y JAIL.

1. I know how hard it's been on you since Dad - dy up and died. He

2. I took down dad - dy's old shot - gun, the one with o - pen bore. I

3. I wait - ed for some word from you while rot - ting in that place. I

left be - hind this house and farm with no one at your side, 'cept sev - en lit - tle

drove the truck to Whiz - zer - ville to rob the gen - 'ral store. I nev - er thought the

nev - er found a law - yer who could tru - ly plead my case. The pro - se - cu - tor

daugh - ters and a son who's bare - ly growed - a boy who's bare - ly

man - a - ger would think to pull a gun, and 'fore I knew just

seat - ed then a pan - el of my peers, then called you to the

man e - nough to bear a man - ly load. I tried to make the

what to do, the e - vil deed was done. They stopped me with a

wit - ness stand, ex - pect - ing mo - ther's tears. You said no son who

crops on time and keep the cat - tle fed. I fixed the trac - tor and the truck and

road - block right out - side of Lyt - ton Springs. They tack - led me and shack - led me and

used a gun could be a son of yours, and for such sin I'd ne'er a - gain be

roofed the chick - en shed. But crops won't grow when it don't rain and

sure - ly clipped my wings. The judge said, "Son, you used that gun. You'll

wel - come in your doors. The ju - ry found me Guil - ty and they

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cows won't ev - en chew. I just can't seem to make e - nough to  
 sure - ly go to hell. But first you'll have some time to think while  
 sen - tenced me to die, but I'd al - read - y met my fate in

keep the mort - gage due. 1,2. Ma - ma, don't you leave me in that  
 wast - in' in your cell." 3. Ma - ma, why'd you leave me there to  
 your con - demn - ing eye.

CALD - WELL COUNT - Y JAIL. There must be some friends of ours who'll  
 start my life in hell? Nev - er came to com - fort me nor

help you go my bail. Cold and lone - ly, dark and dank, the mourn - ful pris - 'ners  
 bid me fond fare - well. Wait - ing for that fi - nal walk and then that fi - nal

wail. \_\_\_\_\_ Ma - ma, don't you leave me in that CALD - WELL COUNT - Y  
 bell, \_\_\_\_\_ Ma - ma, why'd you leave me in that Cald - well Count - y \_\_\_\_\_

1, 2. 3.  
 1,2. JAIL. 3. cell. Cold and lone - ly, dark and dank, you nev - er heard my wail. \_\_\_\_\_

Ma - ma, why'd you leave me in that CALD - WELL COUNT - Y JAIL.