



And there sits the jury, a devil of a crew, they'll look a poor prisoner through and through.

CHORUS:

And here's to the sheriff, I like to forgot, the damndest old rascal we have in the lot.

CHORUS:

Your privileges he will take, your clothes he will sell, get drunk on the money, Goddamn him to Hell!

CHORUS:

And now I have come to the end of my song, I'll leave it to the boys as I go along.

CHORUS:

As to gamblin' an' stealin', I never shall fail, and I don't give a damn for lying in jail.

CHORUS: