Cryderville Jail, is no jail at all. Lice in that jail are chewin' the wall.

CHORUS:

It's hard times in the Cryderville Jail. It's hard times, poor boy.

There's a big bullring in the middle of the floor, and a damned old jailer to open the door.

CHORUS:

Your pockets he'll pick, your clothes he will sell, your hands he will handcuff, Goddamn him to Hell!

CHORUS:

And here's to the cook, I wish he were dead, it's old boiled beef and old corn bread.

CHORUS:

The coffee is rough and the yards full of hogs, and we are guarded by two bulldogs.

CHORUS:

Our bed it is made of old rotten rugs, and when we lay down we are covered with bugs:

CHORUS:

The bugs they swear if we don't make bail, we are bound to get busy in Cryderville Jail.

CHORUS:

I wrote to my mother to send me a knife, for the lice and the chinches have threatened my life.

CHORUS:

Here's to the lawyer, he'll come to your cell, and swear he will clear you in spite of all Hell.

CHORUS:

Get all of your money before he will rest, then say, "Plead guilty, for I think it the best."

CHORUS:

Old Judges Simpkins will read us the law, the damndest fool judge that you ever saw.

CHORUS:
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: