

Prison Bound

Words & Music:
Traditional Blues

A A7
It was early one mornin', Lord, the blues come fallin' down,
D7 A
It was early one mornin', the blues come fallin' down,
E7 D7 A D A E7
I'm all locked up in jail, Lord, and I'm prison bound.

It was all last night I sat in my cell and moaned,
It was all last night I sat in my cell and moaned,
Thinkin' about my baby, great God, and my happy home.

Now, baby, you will never see my smilin' face again,
Now, baby, you will never see my smiinin' face again,
But you can always remember that your daddy has been your friend.

At my trial, baby, you could not be found,
At my trial, baby, you could not be found,
It's too late, mistreatin' woman, you know I'm prison bound.