

Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad

A

Goin' down the road feelin' bad

D

A

Goin' down the road feelin' bad

D

A

(E F#m)

Goin' down the road feelin' bad (oh lord)

A

E

A

I don't want to be treated this a-way

Goin' where the climate suits my clothes
Goin' where the climate suits my clothes
Goin' where the climate suits my clothes oh lord
I don't want to be treated this away

Chorus *(between each verse)*

Goin' where the water tastes like wine
Goin' where the water tastes like wine
Goin' where the water tastes like wine
I don't want to be treated this away

Goin' where the chilly winds don't blow
Goin' where the chilly winds don't blow
Goin' where those chilly winds don't blow
I don't want to be treated this away

I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow, blow, blow
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

My children need three square meals a day
Now, my children need three square meals a day
My children need three square meals a day, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet, Lord, Lord
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet
Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet
Yes, your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet, Lord, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way