

Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

G
I ain't gonna work on the railroad

D7

Ain't gonna work on the farm

G G7 C C7
Lay around the shack Till the mail train comes back
D7 G

And roll in my sweet baby's arms

Roll in my sweet baby's arms

Roll in my sweet baby's arms

Lay round the shack Till the mail train comes back

And roll in my sweet baby's arms

Now where were you last
Friday night While I was lying in jail
Walking the streets with another man
Wouldn't even go my bail

CHORUS

I know your parents don't like me
They turn me away from your door
Had my life to live over
Wouldn't go there any more