

Blackjack County Chains

Del McCoury version

Em A Em
I was standin' by the road in Black Jack County.
Em D B
Not knowing that the Sheriff paid a bounty,
Em D A B
For men like me who didn't have a penny to their name.
Em A Em B Em
He locked my legs in 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chain.

All we had to eat was bread and water,
Everyday we had to build his road a mile and a quarter,
A black snake whip would sting our backs if some poor fool complained,
But we couldn't fight back wearing 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chain.

Solos

Then one night the Sheriff lay a sleepin',
We all gathered round him slowly creepin',
Heaven help me to forget that night in the cold cold rain
When we beat him to death wearing 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chain

Solos

The wounds have all healed and I am thankful,
And there's nothing left but scars around my ankle.
But best of all no man will ever be a slave again,
To a black snake whip and 35 pounds of Black Jack County Chain.

Outro

But best of all no man will ever be a slave again,

Em A Em B Em (*no vocals - just melody out*)