

Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad

Doc Watson

C **C7**
Oh, goin' down the road feeling bad

F **C**
Bad luck's all I've ever had

F **C** **Am**
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord

Fadd9 **G7** **C**
And I ain't' a-gonna be treated this a-way

C **C7**
Got me way down in jail on my knees

F **C**
This old jailer he sure is hard to please

F **C** **Am**
Feeds me on cornbread and peas, Lord, Lord

Fadd9 **G7** **C**
And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

C **C7**
I'm going where the climate suits my clothes

F **C**
Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never blow (hm hm)

F **C** **Am**
Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord

Fadd9 **G7** **C**
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

C **C7**
And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet

F **C**
The jailer won't gimme enough to eat

F **C** **Am**
Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord

Fadd9 **G7** **C**
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

INSTRUMENTAL?

C **C7**
Sweet mama, won't buy me no shoes

F **C**
Lord, she's left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues

F **C** **Am**
My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord

Fadd9 **G7** **C**
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

C **C7**
Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad

F **C**
Bad luck's all I've ever had

F **C** **Am**
Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord

Fadd9 **G7** **C**
And I ain't' a-gonna be treated this a-way (TAG to end)