Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

written and recorded by Lester Flatt

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I ain't gonna work on the railroad
Ain't gonna work on the farm
Lay around the shack
Till the mail train comes back
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
instrumental
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
chorus
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