

George Thorogood, I Washed My Hands In Mudd

I was born in Macon, Georgia
They kept my Daddy in the Macon jail
He said, Son, if you keep your hands clean, uh huh
You wont hear those bloodhounds on your trail

I fell in with bad companions
I robbed a man up in Tennessee
And I got caught way up in Nashville, uh huh now
And they locked me up and threw away the key

I washed my hands in muddy water
I washed my hands, but they didnt come clean
I tried to do like my daddy told me, now
I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

I asked the jailer, said Whens my time up?
He said Son, you know we wont forget
And if you try and just keep your hands clean, uh huh
Why we may just make a good man of you yet

But I didnt wait to get my time in
I broke down, broke out the Nashville jail
I just crossed Atlanta, Georgia, oh now
And I can hear those bloodhounds on my trail

I washed my hands in muddy water
I washed my hands, but they didnt come clean
I tried to do like my daddy told me, now
I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream