## Tears For Beers, Rolling Im My Sweet Baby's Arr

Ain't gonna work on the railroad Ain't gonna work on the farm, Gonna lay 'round the track till the mail train comes back Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

cho: Roll in my swwet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Lay round this shack till the mail train gets back Roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Now where were you last Friday night While I was layin' in the jail? Were you walkin' the streets with another man? You wouldn't even go my bail.

I know your parents don't like me They turn me away from your door, If I had my life to live over Oh well, I'd never go back anymore.