

## Lonesome Road Blues

Bill Monroe

I'm going down this road feeling bad  
I'm going down this road feeling bad  
I'm going down this road feeling bad, lord, lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm down in the jailhouse on my knees  
Down in the jailhouse on my knees  
Down in the jailhouse on my knees, lord, lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

They feed me on corn bread and beans  
They feed me on corn bread and beans  
They feed me on corn bread and beans, lord, lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got two dollar shoes on my feet  
Got two dollar shoes on my feet  
Two dollar shoes they hurt my feet, lord, lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot  
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot  
It takes a ten dollar shoe to fit my foot, Great God  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm going where the weather fits my clothes  
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes  
I'm going where the weather fits my clothes, lord lord  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way