

Cash On The Barrelhead

Gram Parsons

Got in a little trouble at the county seat
Lawd, they put me in the jail house for loafing on the street
When the judge heard the verdict I was a guilty man
He said forty-five dollars or thirty days in the can
Said, that'll be cash on the barrelhead, son
You can take your choice you're twenty-one
No money down, no credit plan
No time to chase you cause I'm a busy man

Found a telephone number on a laundry slip
I had a good hearted jailer with a six gun hip
He let me call long distance, she said number please
And no sooner than I told her, she shouted out at me

That'll be cash on the barrelhead son
Not part not half but the entire sum
No money down, no credit plan
Cause a little bird told me, you're a travellin' man

Thirty days in the jailhouse, four days on the road
I was feeling mighty hungry my feet a heavy load
Saw a greyhound coming stuck up my thumb
Just as I was being seated, the driving caught my arm

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead son
This old gray dog gets paid to run
When the engine starts, lawd, the wheels won't roll
Give me cash on the barrelhead I'll take you down the road