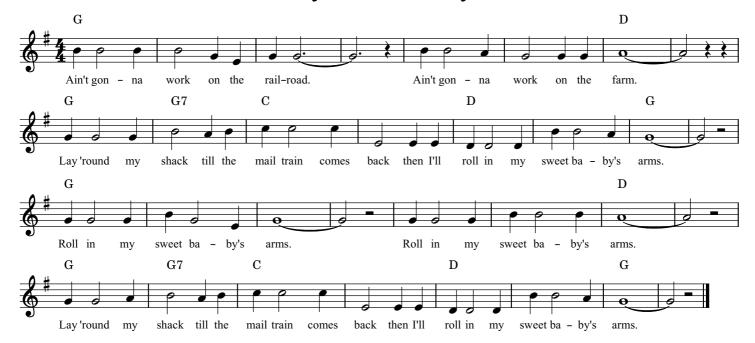
Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

trad.



Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms rollin' in my sweet baby's arms Lay around the shack till the mail train comes back I'm rollin' in my sweet baby's arms [fiddle]

I ain't gonna work on the railroad I ain't gonna work on the farm I'll lay around the shack till the mail train comes back I'm rollin' in my sweet baby's arms Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms... [banjo]

Now where was you last Friday night while I was lyin' in jail Walkin' the streets with another man you wouldn't even go my bail Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms... [fiddle]

I know your parent don't like me they drove me away from your door And my life's too bluer never to wearing more Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms... [banjo]

Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms...