

# Goin' Down the Road traditional

*G*                    *G*                    *G*                    *G7*  
 Goin' down the road feeling bad  
*C*                    *Cm*                    *G*                    *G7*  
 Goin' down the road feeling bad  
*C*                    *Cm*                    *G*                    *Em*  
 Goin' down the road feeling bad  
           *G*                    *D(½)*                    *Eb7(½)*                    *D7(½)*                    *G*                    *G*  
 Lord I ain't gonna be treated this                    a                    way

Goin' where the water tastes like wine

Goin' where the climate feels fine

Goin' where the people treat me right

Goin' where the chilly winds don't blow

Goin' where the dust storms never blow

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,

I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow,

Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee,

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,

My children need three square meals a day,

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,

Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,

Thought I heard a whistle blowin' low,

## Doc Watson lyrics

I'm a-goin' down this old dusty road,  
 I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,  
 I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord,  
 An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

Oh, it's going down the road feeling bad  
 Bad luck's all I've ever had  
 Going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord  
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Got me way down in jail on my knees  
 This old jailer he sure is hrd to please  
 Feed me corn, bread and peas, Lord, Lord  
 And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way

(Sweet mama, won't you buy me no shoes  
 Lord, she's left me with these lonesome jailhouse blues  
 My sweet mama won't buy me no shoes, Lord, Lord  
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

And these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet  
 The jailer won't gi'me enough to eat  
 Lord, these two-dollar shoes they hurt my feet, Lord, Lord  
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

I'm going where the climate suits my clothes  
 Lord, I'm going where these chilly winds never blow  
 (hmmhmm)  
 Going where the climate suits my clothes, Lord, Lord  
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

Yes, I'm going down the road feeling bad, Lord, Lord  
 Lord, I'm going down this road feeling bad  
 Bad luck is all I've ever had (it sure is)  
 And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way