

# Jackson/Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

G G

Well

G D7

I ain't gonna work on the railroad, ain't gonna work on the farm

G G7 C

Lay around the shack, till the mail train comes back

D7 G

And roll in my sweet baby's arms

G D7

Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms

G G7 C

Lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back

D7 G G

And roll in my sweet baby's arms

A A

Well

A

We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout

A7

We've been talking 'bout Jackson ever since the fire went out

D A

We're going to Jackson and that's a fact

D E7 A

Yeah we're going to Jackson, ain't never coming back

A

When I breeze into that city, people gonna stoop and bow

A7

All them folks are gonna, make me teach 'em what they don't know how

D A

I'm going to Jackson you turn a loose of my coat

D E7 A A

Cause I'm going to Jackson, goodbye that's all she wrote

G G

Well

G D7

Now where were you last Friday night, while I was lying in jail

G G7 C

Walking the streets with somebody else

D7 G

Wouldn't even go my bail

G D7  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
G G7 C  
Lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back  
D7 G G  
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

G D7  
I know your parents don't like me, they turn me away from your door  
G G7 C D7 G  
Had my life to live over, wouldn't go there any more.

G D7  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
G G7 C  
Lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back  
D7 G G  
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

A A  
Yeah

A  
We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout  
A7  
We've been talking 'bout Jackson ever since the fire went out  
D A  
We're going to Jackson and that's a fact  
D E7 A A  
Yeah we're going to Jackson, ain't never coming back

A E7  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
A A7 D  
Lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back  
E7 A  
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

A E7  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
A A7 D  
Lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back  
E7 A {A-E-E-F#-E} E7 A  
And roll in my sweet baby's arms {shave and a haircut}