

Way Down Town

www.mike-martin.net

Way downtown fooling around
They took me to jail
It's oh-oh me and oh-oh my
Ain't no one to go my bail

It was late last night when Willie came home
I heard him a-rapping on the door
Slipping and a sliding with his new shoes on
Hey Willie don't you rap no more

I wish I was over at my sweet baby's house
Sitting in a big armed chair
One arm around this old guitar
And the other around my dear

Now one old shirt is about all that I got
And a dollar is all that I crave
I took nothing with me into this old world
I'll take nothing to my grave

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