Beaver Dam Road

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I've worked like a dog and what have I got?
No corn in the crib, no beans in the pot
    It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road
    It's hard times, poor boy.

Since I didn't have no hog for to kill,
I set me up a purty little still.
    Oh, it's hard times etc.

Yonder come Ray Wilson in a Chevroiet car,
A-looking for the man with the old fruit jar.

He watched my house all the live-long night,
He catched me just about daylight.

He said, "Old boy, you're in to it now,
If you ever get out it will cost you a cow"

He took me by the arm, and he led me to the car,
I bid farewell to the old fruit jar.

He took me to Boone and put me in jail,
Had nobody for to go my bail.

I told that judge that my corn wasn't hoed,
Still he gave me ninety days on the Beaver Dam Road.

Well, my wife sent a letter, said she's faring mighty good
Got a man a-hoeing 'taters and a-chopping all the wood

It's a low down man riding 'round in a car,
Picking on a man with the old fruit lar.

All my friends, l'm a-warning wherever you are,
Don't keep your liquor in an old fruit jar.

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