

Well I was born in Macon Georgia they kept my dad in the Macon jail
Now my daddy said son if you keep your hands clean
You won't hear those bloodhounds on your trail
But I fell in with bad companions we robbed a bank in Tennessee
The sheriff caught me way up in Nashville they locked me up and threw away the key
Well I washed my hands in muddy water
I washed my hands but they didn't come clean
I tried to do what daddy told me
But I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

I asked the jailor now when's my time up he said son we won't forget
And if you try hard to keep your hands clean
Well we may make a good man of you yet
I couldn't wait to do my sentence I broke out of that Nashville jail
Now I just crossed the line of Georgia and I can hear those bloodhounds on my trail
I washed my hands...