

# Cocaine Blues

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Early one mornin' while makin' the rounds, I took a shot of cocaine and I  
shot my woman down. I went right home and I went to bed.  
I stuck that lovin' .44 beneath my head

Got up next mornin' and I grabbed that gun, took a shot of cocaine and  
away I run. Made a good run but I run too slow  
They overtook me down in Juarez, Mexico.

Late in the hot joints takin' the pills, in walked the sheriff from  
Jericho Hill. He said Willy Lee your name is not Jack Brown.  
You're the dirty hack that shot your woman down.

Said yes, oh yes my name is Willy Lee, if you've got the warrant just  
a-read it to me. Shot her down because she made me slow.  
I thought I was her daddy but she had five more.

When I was arrested I was dressed in black, they put me on a train and they  
took me back. Had no friend for to go my bail.  
They slapped my dried up carcass in that county jail

Early next mornin' about a half past nine, I spied the sheriff coming  
down the line. Talked and he coughed as he cleared his throat, he said  
come on you dirty heck into that district court.

Into the courtroom my trial began where I was handled by  
twelve honest men. Just before the jury started out  
I saw the little judge commence to look about.

In about five minutes in walked a man, Holding the verdict in  
his right hand. The verdict read in the first degree.  
I hollered Lawdy Lawdy, have a mercy on me.

The judge he smiled as he picked up his pen 99 years in the  
Folsom pen. 99 years underneath that ground.  
I can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down.

Come on you've gotta listen  
unto me, lay off that whiskey and let that cocaine be.