

Send Me To The L'ectric Chair

Bessie Smith

Judge you want to hear my plea
Before you open up your court
But I don't want no sympathy
'Cause I done cut my good man's throat
I caught him with a trifling Jane
I warned him 'bout before
I had my knife and went insane
And the rest you ought to know
Judge, judge, please mister judge,
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, good mister judge,
Let me go away from here
I want to take a journey
To the devil down below
I done killed my man
I want to reap just what I sow
Oh judge, judge, lordy lordy judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, hear me judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
I love him so dear
I cut him with my barlow (?)
I kicked him in the side
I stood here laughing o'er him
While he wallowed around and died
Oh judge, judge, lordy judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, sweet mister judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, good kind judge
Burn me 'cause I don't care
I don't want no one good mayor
To go my bail
I don't want to spend no
Ninety-nine years in jail
So judge, judge, good kind judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair

Songwriters

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