Judge Harsh Blues

Furry Lewis

Good morning judge, what may be my fine?
Good morning judge, what may be my fine?
Fifty dollars, eleven twenty-nine
They 'rest me for murder, I ain't harmed a man
'Rest me for murder, I ain't harmed a man
Women hollerin' murderer, Lord I ain't raised my hand
I ain't got nobody to get me out on bond
I ain't got nobody to get me out on bond
I would not mind but I ain't done nothing wrong
Please Judge Harsh, make it light 's you pos'bly can
Please Judge Harsh, make it light 's you pos'bly can
I ain't did no work judge since I don't know when
My woman come runnin' with a hundred dollars in her hand
Woman come runnin' with a hundred dollars in her hand
Cryin' Judge, judge, please spare my man
Woman, hundred won't do, better run and get you three
Woman, hundred won't do, better run and get you three
That'll keep your man from penitentiary
Baby cause I'm arrested, please don't grieve and moan
Cause I'm arrested baby, don't grieve and moan
Penitentiary seem just like my home
People all talking 'bout what they will do
Judge all talking 'bout what they will do
If they had justice he'd be in penitentiary too
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