

Little Sadie

Doc Watson

Went out one night for to make a little round
I met little Sadie and I shot her down
Went back home and I got in my bed
Forty four pistol under my head
Wake up next morning 'bout a half past nine
The hacks and the buggies all standing in line
Gents and the gamblers standing all round
Taking little Sadie to her burying ground
Then I begin to think what a deed I'd done
I grabbed my hat and away I run
Made a good run but a little too slow
They overtook me in Jericho
I was standing on the corner, reading the bill
When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville
He said, young man, ain't your name Brown?
Remember the night you shot Sadie down?
I said, yes, sir, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
And first degree and the second degree
If you got any papers, won't you read 'em to me?
They took me downtown and dressed me in black
Put me on the train and started me back
They crammed me back in that Thomasville jail
And I had no money for to go my bail
That judge and the jury, they took their stand
The judge had the papers in his right hand
Forty one days and forty one nights
Forty one years to wear the ball and the stripes

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