

Little Sadie

Bob Dylan

I went out last night to take a little round
I met my Little Sadie and I brought her down
I ran right home and I went to bed
With a forty-four smokeless under my head
I went out last night to take a little round
I met my Little Sadie and I brought her down
I ran right home and I went to bed
With a forty-four smokeless under my head
I began to think what a deed I'd done
I grabbed my hat and the way I've run
I made a good run but I ran too slow
They overtook me down in Jericho
Standin' on a corner, ringin' my bell
Up stepped Sheriff from Thomasville
He said, "Young man is you name Brown?
Remember the night that you blowed Little Sadie down?"
"Oh yes, Sir, my name is Lee
I murdered Little Sadie in the first degree
First degree and second degree
You got any papers, will you serve 'em to me?"
Took me down town and they dressed me in black
They put me on a train and they brought me back
I had no one to go my bail
Crammed me back into the county jail
Judge and jury took their stand
Judge had the papers in his hand
Forty-one days, forty-one nights
Forty-one years to wear the ball and stripes

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