

Cocaine Blues

Hank Thompson

Early one mornin' while makin' the rounds
I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down
Went right home and I went to bed
I stuck that lovin' 44 beneath my head
Woke up next mornin' grabbed that gun
Took a shot of cocaine and away I run
I made a good run but I went too slow
They overtook me down in Juarez Mexico
Late in the hot joints smokin' the pill
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
[piano]
Yes oh yes my name is Willy Lee
If you've got the warrant just read it to me
Shot her cold cause she made me sore
I thought I was her daddy but she had five more
Put me on the train I was dressed in black
Came the sherriff and he brought me back
Had no one for to go my bail
They slapped my dried up carcass in that country jail
And next morning along about nine
I spied the sheriff coming down the line
Ah and he coughed as he cleared his throat
He said come on you dirty hack into that district court
[steel]
Into the courtroom 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 the man
Holding the verdict in his right hand
The verdict read in the first degree
I hollered Lowdy Lowdy have a mercy on me
Judge he smiled as he picked up his ben
Ninety-nine years in that old San Quentin pen
Ninety-nine years underneath that ground
I can't forget the day I shot my woman down
Come all you hots and listen unto me
Lay off that whiskey and let that cocaine be

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