

# Send Me to the 'Lectric 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

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