

Who Shot Sam?

George Jones

Well, I met Sammy Samson down in New Orleans
He had a lot of money and a big limousine
He took us honky-tonkin' on a Saturday night
We met Silly Milly, everything was all right
Her eyes started rollin', we should a-went a-bowlin'
Wham-bam, who shot Sam, my, myWell, Sam and Silly Milly, about a quarter to four
Was rompin' and a-stompin' on the hardwood floor
Along came Flirty Mirty bargin' in on the fun
Silly Milly got jealous and she pulled out a gun
Tables started crashin', forty-four's a-flashin'
Wham-bam, who shot Sam, my myWell, the police, fire chief, highway patrol
Knockin' down the front door with a big long pole
Sammy was a-lyin' on the cold, cold floor
Shot through the middle with a forty-four
Milly was a-cryin', Sam was surely dyin'
Wham-bam, who shot Sam, my-myWell, they took Silly Milly to the jail downtown
Booked Silly Milly for a-shootin' old Sam
The judge he gave her twenty, Milly said "that's a lot"
You shouldn't give me nothing, he was already half shot
A-drinkin' white lightnin' started all the fightin'
Wham-bam, who shot Sam, my-my

Songwriters

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