

# Who Shot Sam (Single Version)

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, my Well, 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 my Well, 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-my Well, 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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