

# Cocaine Blues

## Hawkshaw Hawkins

Early one morning while making my rounds  
I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my baby down  
I shot her down and then I went to bed  
I stuck that lovin' Forty-four beneath my head  
Late the next morning I grabbed my gun  
I took a shot of cocaine and away I run  
I made a good run, but I run too slow  
They overtook me down is Juarez, Mexico  
I was in the hot joint takin 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."  
Yes, so my name is Willy Lee  
If you got a warrant you better read it to me  
I shot her down cause she made me sore  
I thought I was her daddy, but she had five more  
When I was arrested I was dressed in black  
They stuck me on a freight train and they hauled me back  
I had no friend to throw my bail

So they stuck my dried up carcass in the county jail  
The next morning bout half past nine  
I saw a sheriff walking down the line  
The sheriff said as he cleared his throat  
"Comon you dirty hack into the district court."  
The next morning my trial began  
Where I was judged by twelve honest men  
And as the jury started walking out  
I saw that little judge commence to look about  
In bout five minutes in walked a man  
Holding the verdict in his right hand  
The verdict said in the first degree  
I cried, Oh lord, please have mercy on me  
The judge smiled as he picked up his pen  
"Ninety nine years in the San Quentin Penn!"  
Ninety nine years underneath that ground  
I wont forget the day I shot that bad bitch down  
Comon you hotheads listen up to me  
Stay off that whiskey and let that cocaine be...

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