

Judge Harsh Blues (Tk. 1)

Furry Lewis

Good morning judge, what may be my fine?
Good morning judge, what may be my fine?
 Fifty dollars, eleven twenty-nine
They 'rest me for murder, I ain't harmed a man
 'Rest me for murder, I ain't harmed a man
Women hollerin' murderer, Lord I ain't raised my hand
 I ain't got nobody to get me out on bond
 I ain't got nobody to get me out on bond
 I would not mind but I ain't done nothing wrong
Please Judge Harsh, make it light 's you pos'bly can
Please Judge Harsh, make it light 's you pos'bly can
 I ain't did no work judge since I don't know when
My woman come runnin' with a hundred dollars in her hand
Woman come runnin' with a hundred dollars in her hand
 Cryin' Judge, judge, please spare my man
Woman, hundred won't do, better run and get you three
Woman, hundred won't do, better run and get you three
 That'll keep your man from penitentiary
Baby cause I'm arrested, please don't grieve and moan
 Cause I'm arrested baby, don't grieve and moan
 Penitentiary seem just like my home
 People all talking 'bout what they will do
 Judge all talking 'bout what they will do
 If they had justice he'd be in penitentiary too

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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