Knoxville Courthouse Blues

Hank Williams, Jr.

I'm sittin' in Knoxville Courthouse
Ain't got a thing to do
I don't wanna go to the movies
Couldn't if I wanted to, I'm on trial for lovin' youNow this all started in a honky tonk
Just the other side of town
A girl come in took a stool by me
Ordered gin and drank it downShe lit up a cigarette and turned around
Well, she said my name is Jeannie
And asked me what was mine
I answered Hank and I walked
To the jukebox droppin' a dimeI looked at her short dress low neck line
Well, we danced for five or ten minutes
And I held her close to meKissed her lips and squeezed her hips
And judged about twenty-three
Whispered in my ears, I said, "Yes siree"Now the scene is a little motel
Out on the state highway
And there's a room for two
Love is about to take placeAnd a state trooper breaks down the door
Shines a flash light in my face
I said, "What the hell is this"
And another man and woman come inAnd the girl I'm with starts cryin' and screamin'
And she runs over to them
Said, "Thank God you're here
He tried to hurt me mama"I said now you don't mean
The cop says, "Son the girl is seventeen"
So that's why I'm in Knoxville courthouse
And the judge passed sentence on meAnd it's ten long years for statutory rape
In the state penitentiary
Lord, I can't believe this is happened to meSo when next time you give a girl the eye
She gives you that certain smile
Just remember under that woman's breast
May beat the heart of a childDon't you let yourself be the one
To help a mixed up kids go wild
This story happened a lot that's true
But you better hope and pray it never happens to you

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