

# Starkville City Jail

## Johnny Cash

They put this microphone down here near my guitar

Heh, let it all hang out

I thought my guitar was out of tune at first

You sorry son of a..

It is out of tune

Is that right?

Terry, is that right?

Will you tune this son bitch for me?

Got all kinds of songs, here's one called "A boy named sue"

You want to hear that one?

You want to hear "a boy named sue"?

I do too. I'm anxious to hear it

I don't know how in the hell it's gonna sound. I'm anxious to hear it

Does that camera block your view right there, is that alright?

You want me to leave it there?

Just gonna put it there then

Where in the hell is my guitar? Oh, here it is

(Where's Luther Johnny?)

We're sorry to say, the Luther passed away seven months ago

After being with us for 13 years. Luther Perkins

And uh, the fella that is playing the guitar with us now is doing a wonderful job

'Course nobody can really replace Luther.

How about one big cheer for Luther Perkins Yeah, I had a song called San Quentin, I was going to do

Where's my....hey, in my kit back in there where I've got all my dope

I mean, where I got all my things There's a, there's a, there's a little red notebook back there

Would somebody, would one of the guards bring it to me

Somebody bring it to me, bring me the red notebook, and I will uh..Hey, that, that briefcase back there of mine,  
you know,

That's got all the songs I stole in it Telling it like it is, ain't I? Alright Wrote a song yesterday. I try.

It takes a lot of imagination to write a sometimes to write a song

And to really, to really put something into it

Where somebody else can understand it and feel it .

Well we've been in several prisons

San Quentin, and Folsom prison, and the Starkville Mississippi jail

An El Paso jail. And uh.

You wouldn't believe it, one night I got in jail in Starkville Mississippi

For picking flowers.

I was walking down the street. I may sing heaven for you a little bit later

I was walking down the street....what?

Excuse me I couldn't hear you I was talking  
I was walking down the street, and uh  
You know, going to get me some cigarettes or something  
'Bout two in the morning, after a show. I think it was  
Anyway, I reached down and picked a dandelion here and a daisy there as I went along  
And this car pulls up.

Said, get it the hell in here boy, what are you doing?

Said, I'm just picking flowers

Well, thirty six dollars for picking flowers and a night in jail (goddamn)  
You can't hardly win can ya, goddamn

No telling what they'd do if you pull an apple or something

Well I'd like to do this song on behalf of all you guys in San Quentin

To kinda get back at whoever you want to out there

In my case, I'd like to get back at the fella down in Starkville Mississippi

That still has my thirty six dollars Well, I left my motel room, down at the Starkville Motel,  
The town had gone to sleep and I was feelin' fairly well.

I strolled along the sidewalk 'neath the sweet magnolia trees; I was whistlin', pickin' flowers, swayin' in the  
southern breeze.

I found myself surrounded; one policeman said: "That's him.

Come along, wild flower child. Don't you know that it's two a.m. "They're bound to get you.  
'Cause they got a curfew.

And you go to the Starkville City jail. Well, they threw me in the car and started driving into town;  
I said: "What the hell did I do?"

And he said: "Shut up and sit down." Well, they emptied out my pockets, took my pills and guitar picks.

I said: "Wait, my name is..." "Ah, shut up."

Well, I sure was in a fix. The sergeant put me in a cell, then he went home for the night;  
I said: "Come back here, you so and so;  
I ain't bein' treated right." Well, they're bound to get you.  
'Cause they got a curfew.

And you go to the Starkville City jail. I started pacin' back and forth, and now and then I'd yell,  
And kick my forty dollar shoes against the steel floor of my cell.

I'd walk awhile and kick awhile, and all night nobody came. Then I sadly remembered that they didn't even take  
my name.

At 8 a.m. they let me out, I said: "Gimme them things of mine!"

They gave me a sneer and a guitar pick, and a yellow dandelion. They're bound to get you.  
'Cause they got a curfew.

And you go to the Starkville City jail.

And you go to the Starkville City jail.

Songwriters

JOHNNY R. CASHPublished by

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