

# Solomon Jones

## Aceyalone

A bunch of wild boys was hanging around  
At the local neighborhood saloon  
And some cat kept dropping quarters down in the jukebox  
Playing all the favorite tunesAnd back by the bar playing cards looking hard  
Was big bad Solomon Jones  
And watching over his luck  
Was the love of his life  
Is the lady that was known as SimoneWhen out of the night which was dark and cold  
Into the smoke-filled dimly-lit room  
Stumbled in a thug  
Who was smelling like bud  
And his eyes looked high as the moonHe looked like a man with his foot in the grave  
And his lifetime about to be out  
Yet he slapped down some hundred-dollar bills on the bar  
And he yelled out "drinks on the house" Now nobody could place where this dude was from  
But we knew that he was far from home  
But we drank to his health  
And the last to drink was big bad Solomon Jones Now there are some G's  
Who just run the streets  
And they live life in and out of jail  
And such was he, that kind of OG  
That looked like he'd been through hell With his hair in cornrows  
A mean mug grill  
Like a dog who's day is done  
He lit up the green stuff in his cigar  
And took hits one by one Now I got to thinking who this cat could be  
And what the hell is- going on  
Well I turned around and who was staring at him  
The lady that was known as Simone And the white t-shirt all stained with dirt  
He was trying not to be rude  
But he was trying to find another  
Good song on the jukebox  
So he could just set the mood Have you ever been out in the city streets  
With the gang-made players so clear  
Where the police and gangsters control the block  
And gunshots is all that you hear When the only sounds are the drums of war  
And you left out in the cold  
A half-dead man in a half-dead world  
And a yellow-brick road to go Then all of a sudden the music changed

And everyone just held their post But it felt like a life had been robbed from you  
And everything that you held close  
That someone has stolen the women you love  
And that her love was a devil's lie That your heart was gone and the best thing that you could do is crawl away  
and die It's the painful cry of a man's despair deep down in his bones I guess misery enjoys company, said big  
bad Solomon JonesAnd the stranger turned  
And his eyes had burned  
In a most peculiar way  
And the white t-shirt that was stained in dirt  
He sat in to watch me swayThen his mouth had frowned up in this kind of grin  
And he spoke in a voice so clear  
"Boys you don't know who I am  
And I know that you just don't care""Now I'ma say these words  
"cause these words are true  
And when I'm done here I'll be gone  
But one of you boys is a shiesty dog  
And his name is Solomon Jones"Then I ducked my head  
And the lights went out  
And two guns blazed in the dark  
Then I women swooned  
And the lights came on  
And the two men laced with the starch.With a bullet in his head  
And pumped full of lead  
Was big bad Solomon JonesWhat a thug from the street  
Who was hoeing his heat  
And who knows to that lady named Simone

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