

Cocaine Blues

Johnny Cash

Early one mornin' I was makin' my rounds
Took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down
Went right home and I went to bed
Stuck that lovin' forty-four right under my head

Got up next mornin' and I grabbed that gun
Took a shot of cocaine and away I run
Made a good run but I run too slow
They overtook me down in Juarez Mexico

Layin' in a hop joint a-smokin' a pill
In walked the sheriff from Jericho Hill
He said Willie Lee, your name is not Jack Brown
You're the dirty hophead shot your woman down

Yes, oh yes, my name is Willie Lee
If you've got a warrant, just read it to me
Shot her cold because she made me sore
I thought I was her daddy, but she had five more

When I was arrested I was dressed in black
Put me on the train and then they brought me back
Had no friends for to go my bail
They slapped my dried-up carcass in that Lincoln-Heights jail

Early next mornin' about a half past nine
I spied the sheriff comin' down the line
He hacked and he coughed as e cleared his throat
Come on, you dirty hype into that district court

Into the courtroom my trial began
There I was paneled by twelve honest men
Just before the jury had started out
I saw that little judge commence to look about

In about five minutes in walked a man
Holding the verdict in his right hand
The verdict read in the first degree
I hollered `Lordy, lordy, have mercy on me!`

The judge he smiled as he picked up his pen
Ninety-nine years in the San Quentin pen
Ninety-nine years underneath that ground
I can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down

Come all you hopheads and listen unto me
Just lay off of whiskey and let that cocaine be