

Bill Martin he was long an' slender,
Better known by bein' a bartender.
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Bill Martin he was a man whut had a very small hand
He worked ev'y night at de coffee stand.
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He worked ev'y night at de coffee stand.
He walked out for to borrow a gun'
Something Bill Martin had never done.
Ella Speed was downtown havin' her lovin' fun,
Long came Bill Martin wid his Colt 41.
De fust ball it entered in po' Ella's side,
De nex' ball entered in her breas',
De third ball it entered in her head;
Dat's de ball dat put po' Ella to bed.
All de young gals eome a-runnin'an'cryin',
All de young gals come a-runnin'an'a-cryin',
"It ain' but de one thing worry de po' gal's min'-
She lef' her two lil boys behin'."
De deed dat Bill Martin done'
Jedge sentence: "You gonna be hung."
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They taken Bill Martin to de freight depot,
An' de train come rollin' by,
He wave his han' at de woman dat he love
An' he hung down his head an' he cry.
All you young girls better take heed'
Don' you do like po' Ella Speed;
Some day you will go for to have a lil fun
An'a man will do you like Bill Martin done.