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Little Sadie

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(AKA Bad Lee Brown, East St. Louis Blues, Late One Night,
Penitentiary Blues)

Went out one night to make my rounds,
Met little Sadie and I blowed her down.
I run right home and I went to bed,
A forty-four smokeless under my head.

I began to think what a deed I'd done,
Grabbed my hat and away'd I run;
Made a good run, just a little too slow,
They overtook me in Jericho.

Standin' on the corner, ringin' a bell
Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville;
Says, "Young man, is your name Lee Brown?
Remember the night you blowed Sadie down?"

"Yes, Oh yes, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree,
First degree and the second degree,
Got any papers, you can read 'em to me."

Took me downtown and dressed me in black,
Put me on the train and they sent me back.
Had no one to go my bail,
Crammed me back into the county jail.

Judge and the jury they took their stand,
Judge had his papers in his right hand,
Forty-one days, forty one nights,
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes.

DT #659

Laws I8