

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Electric Chair Blues

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Judge your honor, hear my plea, before you open up your court,
I don't want no sympathy--I just cut my good man's throat,
Found him with a travellin' Jane--I warned her before,
I had my knife, and, well, it's plain, The rest you ought to know

cho: Judge, judge, good kind judge,
You can send me to the 'lectric chair,
Judge, judge, hear my plea,
You can fry me 'cause I don't care.
I cut him with my Barlow,
Stabbed him in the side,
Stood there watchin' over him,
While he wobbled 'round and died,
Judge, judge good kind judge,
Please send me to the 'lectric chair.

Judge, judge, good kind judge--send me to the 'lectric chair,
Judge, judge, hear my plea, let me fly away from here,
Don't want no bonded man to go my bail,
Don't wanna spend no 99 years in jail,
Judge, judge, good kind judge, Send me to the 'lectric chair.

over:

From singing of Bessie Smith

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