

# Johnny Cash, Starkville City Jail

Well, I left my motel room, down at the Starkville Motel,  
The town had gone to sleep and I was feelin' fairly well.  
I strolled along the sidewalk 'neath the sweet magnolia trees;

I was whistlin', pickin' flowers, swayin' in the southern breeze.  
I found myself surrounded; one policeman said: "That's him.  
Come along, wild flower child. Don't you know that it's two a.m.?"

They're bound to get you.  
'Cause they got a curfew.  
And you go to the Starkville City jail.

Well, they threw me in the car and started driving into town;  
I said: "What the hell did I do?" He said: "Shut up and sit down."

Well, they emptied out my pockets, took my pills and guitar picks.  
I said: "Wait, my name is..." "Awe shut up." Well, I sure was in a fix.

The sergeant put me in a cell, then he went home for the night;  
I said: "Come back here, you so and so; I ain't bein' treated right."

Well, they're bound to get you, cause they got a curfew,  
And you go to the Starkville City Jail.

I started pacin' back and forth, and now and then I'd yell,  
And kick my forty dollar shoes against the steel floor of my cell.  
I'd walk awhile and kick awhile, and all night nobody came.

Then I sadly remembered that they didn't even take my name.  
At 8 a.m. they let me out. I said: "Gimme them things of mine!"  
They gave me a sneer and a guitar pick, and a yellow dandelion.

They're bound to get you, 'cause they got a curfew,  
And you go to the Starkville City Jail.