

George Thorogood, Cocaine Blues

Early one mornin' while makin' the rounds
I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my baby down
I shot her down then I went to bed
I stuck that lovin' forty-four beneath my head

Woke up next mornin' and I grabbed that gun
Well, I 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

In the hot joint takin' the pill
There walked the sheriff from Jericho Hill
Willy Lee your name is not Jack Brown
You're the dirty hack that shot your woman down

Yes, oh yes my name is Billy Lee
If you've got a warrant you better read it to me
I shot her down 'cause she made me sore
I thought I was her daddy but she had five more

When I was arrested, I was dressed in black
They threw me on a freight train and hauled me back
Had no friend who'd go my bail
They stuck my dried-up carcass in that Missouri jail

Early next mornin', 'round half past nine
I saw the sheriff comin' down the line
That sheriff yelled as he cleared his throat
Said, "Come on you dirty hackin' to the district court"

Into the courtroom my trial began
Where I was judged by twelve honest men
Yes, as the jury started walkin' out
I saw that little judge commence to look about

In about five minutes then walked in a man
Holding the verdict in his right hand
The verdict read in the first degree
Well, I shouted, "Lordy, Lordy, please have mercy on me"

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

Come on, you hot heads you listen unto me
Stay off that whiskey, and let that cocaine be