

# 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