

# Taylor Big, Jail Bait Blues

Tell me little Darling, what I'm gonna do.  
I got myself in trouble, and it come from lovin' you.  
You deceived me, you fooled me so,  
You was just a young girl all dressed in woman's clothes.  
Met you in a tavern, seen you there before  
False ID and mature good looks what got you through that door.  
I was so lonely, and you comed on so strong,  
You followed me home to my place - we loved there all night long.  
Then come Sunday morning, policemen at my door,  
Your Daddy swore a warrant out, its me they lookin' for.  
They frisked and cuffed me, up against the wall  
Said I stood accused of breakin' statutory law.  
You had your time with many a man, while you were seventeen,  
It's not because of innocence lost that you reported me.  
Said you'd drop all charges, for a thousand dollar sum,  
But I could not afford to, even bail out and run.  
"I got you drunk on liquor" you gave me all the blame,  
In court you couldn't shed tears enough to wash away your shame.  
And the D. A. attorney, she told them at that trial,  
This court has a duty to protect an innocent child.  
Tell me little Darling, what I'm gonna do  
They're sending me up to the county farm to spend a year or two.  
You have destroyed a good man's life,  
So all you men in earshot, adhere to this advice:  
Don't let some little girl persuade,  
It ain't worth doing time for jail bait.