

Wanda Jackson, Who Shot Sam

Well, I met Sammy Sampson down in New Orleans
He had a lot of money and a long limousine
Took us honky tonkin on a Saturday night
We met Silly Millie, everything was alright
Her eyes started rolling, we should've went a-bowlin
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Now Sam and Silly Millie at a half past four
Were rockin and rollin on a hardwood floor
Then Dirty Gurdie barged in on the fun
Silly Millie got jealous and she pulled out a gun
Tables started crashing - 44 was a flashing
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Well the police, the fire chief, highway patrol
Was knockin down the front door with a big, long pole
Sammy was a-lyin on the cold, cold floor
Shot through the middle with a 44
Millie was a-cryin, Sam was surely dying
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Now they took Silly Millie to jail downtown
They were gonna book her for shootin old Sam
The judge gave her 20, Millie said that's a lot
You shouldn't give me nothin, he's already half shot
Drinkin white lightning started all the fightin
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Repeat last 2 verses