

# Cocaine Blues

Johnny Cash

**C**

Early one mornin' I was makin' my rounds

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Took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down  
Went right home and I went to bed

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Stuck that lovin' forty-four right under my head

Got up next mornin' and I grabbed that gun  
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

Layin' in a hop joint a-smokin' a pill  
In walked the sheriff from Jericho Hill  
He said Willie Lee, your name is not Jack Brown  
You're the dirty hophead shot your woman down

Yes, oh yes, my name is Willie Lee  
If you've got a warrant, just read it to me  
Shot her cold because she made me sore  
I thought I was her daddy, but she had five more

When I was arrested I was dressed in black  
Put me on the train and then they brought me back  
Had no friends for to go my bail  
They slapped my dried-up carcass in that Lincoln-Heights jail

Early next mornin' about a half past nine  
I spied the sheriff comin' down the line  
He hacked and he coughed as e cleared his throat  
Come on, you dirty hype into that district court

Into the courtroom my trial began  
There I was paneled by twelve honest men  
Just before the jury had started out  
I saw that little judge commence to look about

In about five minutes in walked a man  
Holding the verdict in his right hand  
The verdict read in the first degree  
I hollered `Lordy, lordy, have mercy on me!`

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

Come all you hopheads and listen unto me  
Just lay off of whiskey and let that cocaine be