Same Old Stagolee

Justin Townes Earle

Up Chestnut Hill, down on Murphy [?]
He set up on the low-ride, slinging nickels and dimes
He a bad man, old Stagolee
It was Stagolee shot Jimmy, oh, little Jimmy Brown
At the Roadway Motel, gunned that boy down
He a bad man, old Stagolee

You see, Jimmy loved a girl, a little girl named Valentine
They grew up on the hill, there in the low-rides
Next door to old Stagolee
But Jimmy grew up in the bottoms, boy, and everybody knows
That folks from the bottoms and the hill don't get along
No one much liked Stagolee

So the folks down in the bottoms said, "Boy, don't get yourself kille
d
Ain't there plenty girls down here? Why chase one up the hill?
You watch out for old Stagolee."
But Jimmy said, "Come on, don't give me none of that shit
You know little Jimmy Brown ain't afraid of no son of a bitch
Oh, not even Stagolee."

One night, Jimmy shootin' dice, down at the Roadways
Outside Room 22, down the breezeway
And up walked old Stagolee
But Jimmy shootin' fire, throwin' seven in the air
Eleven, eleven, oh seven, come again
So he never saw old Stagolee

I wasn't there, but I did hear the shots
And by the time I arrived, the place was crawling with cops
Though I did see old Stagolee
Out in back of the motel, all alone in his car
Went around the turnpike, sneaked past the graveyard
Aw, that goddamn Stagolee
So I stayed out of sight till he rolled away
I don't need nobody thinkin' that I saw a thing
Aw, especially not Stagolee

One shot fired, and one man dead
Was no fightin', not one word said
Yeah, he's a bad man, Stagolee
So this story done been told
Time and time again
Same old means, same old end
Same old Stagolee

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