## **Little Sadie**

## Moriarty

Went out last night, I took a little round I met my Little Sadie and I blowed her down Went back home and got into bed A forty-four smokeless under my head

Woke up in the morning 'bout a half past nine The hacks and the buggies always standing in line Gents and the gamblers standing all round Taking little Sadie to her burying ground

Then I begin to think what a deed I'd done I grabbed my hat and away I run
Take a little run but a little too slow
They overtook me in Jericho

Standing on the corner, reading the bill When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville He says, young man, ain't your name Brown Remember that night you shot Sadie down

I said, yes, sir, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
And first degree and second degree
If you got any papers, won't you read 'em to me

Went out last night, I took a little round
I met my Little Sadie and I blowed her down
Went back home and got into bed
A forty-four smokeless under my head
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They took me downtown and dressed me in black Put me on the train and started me back They crammed me back in that Thomasville jail And I had no money for to go my bail

That judge and the jury, they took their stand The judge had the papers in his right hand Forty one days and forty one nights

Forty	one	years	to	wear	the	ball	and	the	strip