

## Johnny Burnette

### "Starkville City Jail"

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Well, I left my motel room, down at the Starkville Motel,  
The town had gone to sleep and I was feelin' fairly well.  
I strolled along the sidewalk 'neath the sweet magnolia  
trees;

I was whistlin', pickin' flowers, swayin' in the southern  
breeze.  
I found myself surrounded; one policeman said:  
"That's him.  
Come along, wild flower child. Don't you know that it's  
two a.m."

They're bound to get you.  
'Cause they got a curfew.  
And you go to the Starkville City jail.

Well, they threw me in the car and started driving into  
town;  
I said: "What the hell did I do?" He said: "Shut up and  
sit down."

Well, they emptied out my pockets, took my pills and  
guitar picks.  
I said: "Wait, my name is..." "Awe shut up." Well, I sure  
was in a fix.

The sergeant put me in a cell, then he went home for  
the night;  
I said: "Come back here, you so and so; I ain't bein'  
treated right."

Well, they're bound to get you, cause they got a  
curfew,  
And you go to the Starkville City Jail.

I started pacin' back and forth, and now and then I'd  
yell,  
And kick my forty dollar shoes against the steel floor of  
my cell.  
I'd walk awhile and kick awhile, and all night nobody  
came.

Then I sadly remembered that they didn't even take my name.

At 8 a.m. they let me out. I said: "Gimme them things of mine!"

They gave me a sneer and a guitar pick, and a yellow dandelion.

They're bound to get you, 'cause they got a curfew,  
And you go to the Starkville City Jail.

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