

Johnny Cash

"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 2
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?" And 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 door of
my cell
I'd walk awhile and kick awhile and all night nobody
came

Then I sadly remembered, 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

And you go to the Starkville City Jail

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