

## **Crooked Still** **"Little Sadie"**

Visit "[Little Sadie](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Went out one night to make a little round  
I met Little Sadie and I shot her down  
Went back home, jumped into bed  
44 pistol under my head

I woke up in the morning about half past nine  
The hacks and the buggies standing in line  
Gents and gamblers standing around  
Taking little sadie to her burying ground

I began to think of what a deed I'd done  
I grabbed my hat and away I did run  
Made a good run, just a little too slow  
They overtook me in Jericho

Standing on the corner a reading a bill  
And up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville  
He said miss is your name Brown

Remember the night you shot Sadie down

I said oh yes sir but my name is Lee  
And I murdered little Sadie in the first degree  
First degree and second degree  
Got any papers will you read 'em to me

So they took me downtown and dressed me in black  
Put me on a train and started me back  
All the way back to the Thomasville jail  
Had no money for to go my bail

The judge and the jury they took their stand  
The judge had the papers in his right hand  
Forty one days, forty one nights,  
Forty one years to wear the ball and stripes

Visit [Crooked Still](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.