

The Kingston Trio

"Bad Man Blunder"

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Badman's Blunder
The Kingston Trio

Peak chart position # 37 in 1960
Written by Cisco Houston and Lee Hays

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE: Slightly different format used here. Most lyrics are sung by the lead only, except in chorus, where the lead does the responses in (parentheses)

Well, early one evenin', I was roamin' around
I was feelin' kinda mean, I shot the deputy down
Strolled along home and I went to bed
Well, I laid my pistol up under my head

He strolled along home (I took my time)
And he went to bed (thought I'd sleep some)
And he laid his pistol (Big 22)
Up under his head (I keep it handy)

Well, early in the morning about the break of day
I figured it was time to make a getaway
Steppin' right along but I was steppin' too slow
Got surrounded by a sheriff down in Mexico

He was steppin' right along (I were hot-footin' it)
But he was steppin' too slow (it was a sultry day)
Got surrounded by a sheriff (boxed in)
In Mexico (I didn't even have a chance to see the country)

When I was arrested I didn't have a dime
The sheriff says "Son, you're ridin' free this time"
" 'Where you're goin' you won't need a cent"
" 'cause the great state of Texas gonna pay your rent"

'cause where you're goin' (I think he means jail)
you won't need a cent (well, he knows I'm broke)
'cause the great state of Texas (Yippee!)

gonna pay your rent (I'm mighty grateful, fellas)

Well, I didn't have a key and I didn't have a file
Naturally I stayed around until my trial
Judge was an old man, ninety-three
And I didn't like the way the jury looked at me

Well, the judge was an old man (TOO old!)
Ninety-three (Entirely too old)
(I didn't like the way the jury looked at me)
SPOKEN: (I think they were suspicious)

BACKUPS: The judge and the jury, they did agree
They all said "Murder in the first degree"
The judge set sayin'

SPOKEN in an older voice: "I don't know whether to
hang 'im or not but this here
killing of deputy sheriffs has just naturally got to stop."
(You got a point there,
judge!)

It was a most unsatisfactory trial
They gave me ninety-nine years on a hard rock pile
Ninety and nine on the hard rock ground
All I ever did was shoot the deputy down

Ninety and nine (It COULD'VE been life)
On the hard rock pile (they mighta hung me)
And all he ever did
Was shoot a deputy do-o-o-o-own

(This whole thing has sure been a lesson to me!)

(Bang! You're dead!)

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