

Bessie Jackson

"Whisky Selling Woman"

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Ah, I'm gettin' sloppy drunk today!

I feel superstitions, somethin's goin' on wrong
I feel superstitions, somethin's goin' on wrong
I've got my house full of beer, and my backyard full of
corn¹

I've got four cases, tomorrow at that county jail
I've got four cases, tomorrow at that county jail
And two is for my whisky, and two is for my forfeit bail

The judge he said, put a padlock on my door
The judge he said, put a padlock on my door
And I can't sell whisky, and I can't give parties no more

I will sell my whisky, to the chief of police in town
I will sell my whisky, to the chief of police in town
And if he don't like my whisky, he's welcome to ride me
down

If I had a thousand dollars, judge I'd take my way
If I had a thousand dollars, judge I'd take my way, hey
hey
And I would make this whole town, sloppy drunk one
day

I would build me a still², on every street in this town
I would build me a still, on every street in this town
And I wouldn't allow police, eighteen miles around

Note 1: corn: to distill corn whisky also known as
moonshine;

Note 2: still, short for distillery.

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