

Tim O'Brien "Little Sadie"

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Went out one night to make a little round,
I met little Sadie and I shot her down
Went back home and I got into bed
Forty four smokeless under my head

Woke up the next morning bout half past nine
The hacks and the buggies all standin in line
The gents and the gamblers standing around
Taking little Sadie to her buryin ground

I began to think what a deed I done,
Grabbed my hat and away I run
I made a good run but a little too slow
They overtook me in Jericho

I was standin on the corner readin my bill
When up stepped the sheriff of Thomasville
He said young man ain't your name Browne
Remember the night you shot Sadie down
I said yes sir my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
First degree and the second degree
If you have any papers won't you read em to me

They took me downtown, dressed me in black
Put me on the train and started me back
Locked me up in that Thomasville jail
I had no money for to go my bail

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

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