

## Little Sadie

Tim O'Brien

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