

Johnny Cash - Starkville City Jail

Tom: A

Well, I left my motel room, down at the Starkville Motel,
the town had gone to sleep and I was feelin' fairly well.

I strolled along the sidewalk 'neath the sweet magnolia trees,

I was whistlin', pickin' flowers, swayin' in the southern breeze.

I found myself surrounded, one policeman said, "That's him!"

Come along, wild flower child, don't you know that it's two a.m.?"

They're bound to get you, 'cause they got a curfew,
and you go to the Starkville City jail.

Well, they threw me in the car and started driving into town.

I said, "What the hell did I do?" And he said, "Shut up and sit down!"

Well, they emptied out my pockets, took my pills and guitar picks.

I said, "Wait, my name is..." "Aw, shut up!" Well I sure was in a fix.

The sergeant put me in a cell, then he went home for the night.

I said, "Come back here, you so and so, I ain't bein' treated right."

Well, they're bound to get you, 'cause they got a curfew,
and you go to the Starkville City Jail.

Acordes

