

Whiskey Blues

Slim Dusty

Early one morning as I was making my rounds,
I got drunk on whisky and I shot my woman down,
shot her down and then went back to bed,
and I hid that lovin' 44. beneath my bed.

Got up next mornin', had a good snort of rum.
washed it down with a whisky and away I run,
I run so fast but I run too slow,
they overtook me way down south in Bendigo.

Standing in a bar-room a-drinkin' my fill,
when in walked two mounties from broken hill.
they said, 'Willie Lee', your name is not 'Slim Brown,
'
why you're the dirty dog that shot your woman down.

Yessir oh yessir, my name is Willie Lee,
and if you've got a warrant, you can read it to me,
I shot her dead because she made me sore,
she said I was her daddy but she had five more.

(they threw me into prison ?)and dressed me in black.
put me on the train to carry me back.
I had no-one left to go my bail,
they threw my dried-up carcass in the county jail.

Early next morning, 'bout a quarter to nine,
I spied the sheriff comin' down the line,
he coughed and coughed until he cleared his throat,
com'on you dirty dog, into that court you go.

In about five minutes in walked a man,
holding the verdict in his right hand.
the verdict read in the first degree,
oh, lordy lordy lordy, have-a mercy on me.

Ninety-nine years underneath the ground,
I'll ne'er forget the day I shot my woman down.
so come on you fellas, and listen to me,
lay off-a that whisky, and let those women be