

# Wanda Jackson, Who Shot Sam

Well, I met Sammy Sampson down in New Orleans  
He had a lot of money and a long limousine  
Took us honky tonkin on a Saturday night  
We met Silly Millie, everything was alright  
Her eyes started rolling, we should've went a-bowlin  
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Now Sam and Silly Millie at a half past four  
Were rockin and rollin on a hardwood floor  
Then Dirty Gurdie barged in on the fun  
Silly Millie got jealous and she pulled out a gun  
Tables started crashing - 44 was a flashing  
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Well the police, the fire chief, highway patrol  
Was knockin down the front door with a big, long pole  
Sammy was a-lyin on the cold, cold floor  
Shot through the middle with a 44  
Millie was a-cryin, Sam was surely dying  
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Now they took Silly Millie to jail downtown  
They were gonna book her for shootin old Sam  
The judge gave her 20, Millie said that's a lot  
You shouldn't give me nothin, he's already half shot  
Drinkin white lightning started all the fightin  
Wam, bam, who shot Sam, my, my

Repeat last 2 verses