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# Send Me to the 'Lectric Chair

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“Send Me to the 'Lectric Chair” is sung by Hightower in the space before the first paragraph on page 491. This version was made after the song of the same name and tune but different words, as sung by David Bromberg.<sup>1</sup> Admittedly, Hightower may have had little chance to encounter the Blues. Perhaps he visited Bunch’s country church. In any case, here is his song:

Judge, your honor, hear my plea before you open up your court.

I don’t crave no sympathy for what I have to report.

Didn’t occur to me, I didn’t know, what Marriage was for.

When my blindness pushed her off the ledge, they couldn’t find a missing piece

So judge, judge, good kind judge, send me to the 'lectric chair.

Judge, judge, help me judge! I gotta get outta here.

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<sup>1</sup>My solo, unaccompanied performance of this song, a copy of the original lyrics, and the recording I transcribed them from are all available upon request.

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The townspeople taught me how to live in peace,  
But I had never thought that I had closed her life's lease,  
So judge, judge, help me judge, and send me to the 'lectric chair.

Judge, (oh listen to me) judge, good judge, come on and send me to the 'lectric  
chair.

Judge, your honor, mister, sir, I wish I could just disappear.

There ain't no bondsman that can pay Hell's bail.

I don't wanna wait no 99 years to leave this Mississippi jail,

So judge, judge, help me judge, aw send me to the 'lectric chair.

Judge, aw judge, I'm askin please! Just send me to the 'lectric chair!

Aw, judge, now judge, Meister Judge, burn me cause I don't care.

I smiled an nodded when she said she must get out,

An' even though I wasn't there I'm sure I can hear her fallin' shout,

So judge, judge, help me judge, and send me to the 'lectric chair.