

Want To Be Like Jesus In My Heart

Chicago c. December 1925-
January 1926, Pm 12386
C position pitched at B

Lord, I don't want to be like
Judas in my heart, in my
heart.

Lord, I don't want to be like
Judas in my heart.
In my heart, in my
In my heart, in my heart.
Lord, I don't want to be like
Judas in my heart.

I want to cross the river of
Jordan in my heart, in my
heart.

Want to cross the river of
Jordan in my heart.
In my heart, in my heart.
In my heart, in my heart.
I want to cross the river of
Jordan in my heart.

Lord, I don't want to be no liar
in my heart, in my heart.
Lord, I don't want to be no liar
in my heart.
In my heart, in my heart.
In my heart, in my heart.
Lord, I don't want to be no liar
in my heart.

Yes, I want to be like Jesus in
my heart, in my heart.
Yes, I want to be like Jesus in
my heart.
In my heart, in my
In my heart, in my heart.
Yes I want to be like Jesus in
my heart.

Lord, I want to love my
neighbor in my heart, in my
heart.

Lord, I want to love my
neighbor in my heart.
In my heart, in my
In my heart, in my heart.
Lord, I want to love my
neighbor in my heart.

All I Want Is That Pure Religion

Chicago c. December 1925-
January 1926, Pm 12386
E position pitched at Eb

All I want is the pure religion,

hallelu.

All I want is the pure religion,
hallelu.

All I want is the pure religion,
pure religion take you home to
heaven.

Then you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

Well, the place in Jordan, you
can't go 'round, hallelu, hallelu.
Place in Jordan, you can't go
'round, hallelu.

Place in Jordan, you can't go
round, you ain't got religion,
you gon' drown.

Then you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

When you're crossin' over
Jordan, don't have no fear,
hallelu.

When you're crossin' over
Jordan, don't have no fear,
hallelu, hallelu.

Crossin' over Jordan, don't
have no fear, Jesus gonna be
my engineer.

Then you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

Well, Death is ridin' all through
the land, hallelu.

Death is ridin' all through the
land, hallelu.

Death is ridin' all through the
land, ain't gonna spare no
gamblin' man.

Then you're gonna need this
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

Well, the doctor's standin',
lookin' sad, hallelu.

Doctor's standin', lookin' sad,
hallelu.

Doctor's standin', lookin' sad,
hardest case I ever had.

Then you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

Well, my mother and father
'round my bed a-cryin', hallelu.
Mother and father 'round my
bed a-crying, hallelu.

Mother and father 'round my
bed a-crying, lord have mercy
my child is dyin'.

Then you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

Well, the train is comin', done
turned the curve, hallelu.

Train is comin', done turned
the curve, hallelu, hallelu.

Train is comin', done turned
the curve, fixin' to leave this
sinful world.

Then you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, hallelu.

Ride on Death, don't ride so
slow, hallelu, hallelu.

Ride on Death, don't ride so
slow, hallelu.

Ride on Death, don't ride so
slow, my heart's willing, ready
to go.

Sayin', you're gonna need that
pure religion, hallelu, oh
hallelu.

Got the Blues (2471-2)

Chicago c. March 1926, Pm
12354
G position

Well the blues come to Texas
lopin' like a mule.

Well the blues come to Texas
lopin' like a mule.

You take a high brown woman,
man she's hard to fool.

You can't ever tell what a
woman's got on her mind.

Man, you can't tell what a
woman's got on her mind.

You might think she's crazy
about you, she's leavin' you all
the time.

She ain't so good lookin' and
her teeth don't shine like
pearls.

She ain't so good lookin' and
her teeth don't shine like
pearls.

But that nice disposition
carries a woman all through
the world.

I'm goin' to the river, gonna
carry my rocker chair.

Well I'm goin' to the river,
carry my rocker chair.

Gonna ask that gal from
Crowell, how's the worried
blues rest here.

I think I heard my good gal

callin' my name.
Hey hey, good gal call my name.
She doesn't call so loud but she calls so nice and plain.

I was raised in Texas, was schooled in Tennessee.
I was raised in Texas, schooled in Tennessee.
And sugar you can't make no fatmouth outa me.

Sayin', woman acts funny, quits you for another man.
Sayin', a woman acts funny, quittin' you for another man.
She ain't gonna look at you straight but she's always raisin' sand.

Long Lonesome Blues
Chicago c. March 1926, Pm
12354
A position pitched at Ab

I walked from Dallas, I walked to Wichita Falls.
I say, I walked from Dallas, I walked to Wichita Falls.
Hadn't have lost my sugar, well, I would not have walked at all.

Some women see you comin', man, they go get the rocker chair.
Women see you comin', go get the rocker chair.
"I wanna fool this man and make out he's welcome here."

So cold in China, the birds can hardly sing.
So cold in China, birds can hardly sing.
You didn't make me mad till you soak my diamond ring.

Hey, mama and papa, and papa's papa 'deed double do love you, doggone it.
Somebody's talking to you, mama and papa 'deed double do love you.
What you cryin' 'bout, baby, papa don't care what you do.

Well, I know my baby, she gonna jump and shout.

I say, I know my baby, she gonna jump and shout.
When she gets a letter Lemon have rolled them few days out.

Woman, if you don't love me, just be frank and tell me so.
I say, if you don't love me, be frank and tell me so.
So I can leave your town and hang crepe on your door.

Said, baby, what's the matter, Papa Lemon can't get no mail.
Said, baby, what's the matter, Papa Lemon can't get no mail.
Mama, dreamt last night, pulled a black cat across your trail.

I said, fair brown, tell me where'd you stay last night.
Said, fair brown, "Where'd you stay last night?"
Your hair's all down, you know you ain't talkin' right.

Booster Blues
Chicago c. March 1926, Pm
12347
E position pitched at Eb

My left foot itchin', it's something goin' on wrong.
Honey, my left foot itchin', somethin's goin' on wrong.
My right foot itchin' mean I just can't be here long.

I thought I'd write, but it's the best to telephone.
I say I thought I would write, it's best to telephone.
For that fast mail train can carry your sugar so far from home.

Girl, I can't live right, I ain't gon' try no more.
Well, I can't live right, ain't gon' try no more.
This woman's left town and she ain't comin' back no more.

I went to the depot and I set my suitcase down.
Well I went to the depot and set my suitcase down.
I thought about my baby and

the tears come rollin' down.

I said, "Ticket Agent, how long is your train been gone?"
Oh, I said, "Ticket Agent, how long's your train been gone?"
Say, "Yonder go the train that your fair brown left here on."

I couldn't buy no ticket but I walked on through the door.
I couldn't buy me no ticket but I walked on through the door.
Well my baby's left town, she ain't comin' here no more.

I got up this mornin', my sho' enough on my mind.
I say, I got up this mornin' with my sho' enough on my mind.
Had to raise a conversation with the landlady to keep from cryin'.

Excuse me, woman, I won't say this no more.
I say excuse me, woman, I won't say this no more.
I'm fixin to leave town and hang crepe on your door.

Dry Southern Blues
Chicago c. March 1926, Pm
12347
C position pitched at Bb

My mind leads me to take a trip down south.
Well, my mind leads me to take a trip down south.
Take a trip down south and stop at the fatmouth's house.

One train left the depot with the red and blue light behind.
Train left the depot with the red and blue light behind.
Well, the blue light's the blues, the red light's a worried mind.

I hate to tell you, sugar, it 'tain't nobody there.
Well, I hate to tell you, it 'tain't nobody there.
If a man stay here, he'll stay most anywhere.

I got up this mornin', ramblin' for my shoes.

I got up this mornin', ramblin'
for my shoes.
The little woman served me a
saucer full of worried blues.

Uncle Sam was no woman, but
didn't he draft your man.
Uncle Sam was no woman, but
didn't he draft your man.
Tell me them good lookin'
womens on the border raisin'
sand.

Well, women on the border's
drinkin' over the water trough.
I say, women on the border's
drinkin' over the water trough.
I wished Uncle Sam would
hurry up and pay these soldiers
off.

I can't drink coffee and the
woman won't make no tea.
Man, I can't drink coffee and
the woman won't make no tea
I believe to my soul sweet
mama gonna hoodoo me

Asked the girl did she love me,
said, "Lemon, I don't nohow".
Asked that girl did she love
me, said, "Lemon, I don't
nohow".
Cause of me commentatin',
"Yes, I love you sky high".

She had feet like a monkey,
head like a teddy bear,
Feet like a monkey, head like a
teddy bear,
And a mouth full of Levi
Garrett, skeetin' it everywhere.

I got a girl in Cuba, I've got a
girl in Spain.
I got a girl in Cuba, I've got a
girl in Spain.
I've got a brown yonder in
Dallas, I'm afraid to call her
name.

Black Horse Blues
Chicago c. April 1926, Pm 12367
C position and pitch

Tell me what time do the
trains come through your
town.
I wanna know what time do the
trains come through your

town.
I wanna laugh and talk with a
long-haired teasin' brown.

One goes south at eight and
it's one goes north at nine.
One goes south at eight and
one goes north at nine.
I got a hour to talk with that
long-haired brown of mine.

Go and get my black horse and
saddle up my grey mare.
Go get my black horse and
saddle up my grey mare.
I'm goin' off to my good gal,
she's in the world somewhere.

I can't count the times that I
stole aside and cried.
I can't count the times that I
stole aside and cried.
Sugar, the blues ain't on me,
but things ain't goin' on right.

Corinna Blues
Chicago c. April 1926, Pm 12367
C position and pitch

See see rider, see what you
done done.
Made me love you, now your
friend is come.
You made me love you, now
your friend is come.
Well you made me love you,
now your friend is come.

The great tall engine, a little
small engineer,
Carried the woman 'way, Lord,
and left me standin' here.
Carried the woman 'way, Lord,
and left me standin' here.
Carried the woman 'way, Lord,
left me standin' here.

Well if I hadda listened unto
my second mind,
I don't believe I'd have been
here wringin' my hand and
cryin'.
I don't believe I'd have been
here wringin' my hands and
cryin'.
I don't believe I'd have been
here wringin' my hands and
cryin'.

Ain't no more potatoes, the

frost have killed the vine.
The blues ain't nothin' but a
good woman on your mind.
The blues ain't nothin' but a
good woman on your mind.
Well, the blues ain't nothin' but
a good woman on your mind.

I done told you woman, I been
tellin' your partner too,
You're three times seven, you
know what you wanna do.
You're three times seven, you
know what you wanna do.
Well, you're three times seven,
you know what you wanna do.

If you see Corinna, tell her to
hurry home.
I ain't had no true love since
Corinne been gone.
I ain't had no true love since
Corinne been gone.
I ain't had no true love since
Corinne's been gone

Got the Blues
Chicago c. May 1926, Pm 12354
G position pitched at F#

Well, the blues come to Texas
lopin' like a mule.
Well, the blues come to Texas
lopin' like a mule.
You take a high brown woman,
man, she's hard to fool.

You can't ever tell what a
woman's got on her mind.
Man, you can't tell what a
woman's got on her mind.
You might think she's crazy
about you, she's leavin' you all
the time.

I got up this mornin' with the
blues all around my bed.
Hey, hey, blues all around my
bed.
I was fixin' to eat my breakfast
and the blues all in my bread.

You can always tell when a
woman's gonna put you down.
You can always tell when a
woman's gonna put you down.
Somehow her sweet-talk man
is always fiddlin' 'round.

Well, I love my good gal better

than a farmer likes his jersey
cow.
I say, I love my good gal better
than a farmer likes his jersey
cow.
Been tryin' to quit you woman
two years, but man I don't
know how.

I'm goin' to the river, walk
down 'bout the sea.
I mean I'm goin' to the river,
I'm gonna walk down 'bout the
sea.
I've caught them tadpoles and
minnows arguing over me.

I done told you mama, ain't
goin' tell you no more.
I done told you woman, I ain't
goin' tell you no more.
The next time I talk with you,
I'll hang crepe on your door.

Long Lonesome Blues
Chicago c. May 1926, Pm 12354
A position and pitch

I walked from Dallas, I walked
to Wichita Falls.
I say, I walked from Dallas, I
walked to Wichita Falls.
Hadn't have lost my sugar, just
wasn't gonna walk at all.

Women see you comin', man,
go get the rocker chair.
Women see you comin', go get
the rocker chair.
"I wanna fool this man and
make out he's welcome here."

So cold in China, these birds
can hardly sing.
So cold in China, birds can
hardly sing.
You didn't make me mad till
you soak my diamond ring.

Hey, mama and papa, and
papa's papa 'deed double do
love you, doggone it.
Somebody's gonna tell you,
mama and papa 'deed double
do love you.
What you cryin' 'bout, sugar,
papa don't care what you do.

I know my baby, she gonna
jump and shout.

I say, I know my baby, she
gonna jump and shout.
When she gets a letter Lemon
have rolled them few days out.

Tell me what's the matter,
baby, I can't get no mail.
Could you tell me what's the
matter, Papa Lemon can't get
no mail.
Mama, dreamt last night,
pulled a black cat across your
trail.

I got up this mornin', the blues
all around my bed.
I got up this mornin', the blues
all around my bed.
Fixin' to eat my breakfast and
the blues all in my bread.

Jack O'Diamond Blues
Chicago c. May 1926, Pm 12373
Spanish (G)

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.
Jack O' Diamonds once in
time,
He did rob a friend of mine.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Bet the Jack against the
Queen,
It's gonna turn your money
green.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.

Bet the Jack agin the Four,
You're gonna win right in the
dough.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Jack O' Diamonds made me
cry,
I expect to gamble until I die.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,

Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.

Jack O'Diamond Blues
Chicago c. May 1926, Pm 12373
Spanish (G)

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.
Jack O' Diamonds once in
time,
He did rob a friend of mine.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.
Bet the Jack against the
Queen,
It's gonna turn your money
green.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

You can bet the Jack agin the
Four,
You're gonna win right in the
dough.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.
Jack O' Diamonds made me
cry,
I expect to gamble until I die.
Jack O' Diamonds is a hard
card to play.

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.

Jack O' Di, Jack O' Diamond,
Jack O' Diamond's a hard card
to play.

Chock House Blues
Chicago c. May 1926, Pm 12373
C position and pitch

So many wagons, it have cut
that good road down.
I said. so many wagons have
cut that good road down.
And the girl I love, her mama

don't want me around.

Baby, I can't drink whiskey,
but I'm a fool 'bout my
homemade wine.

Baby, I can't drink whiskey,
but I'm a fool 'bout my
homemade wine.

Ain't no sense in leavin' Dallas,
they makes it there all the
time.

These here women wants these
men to act like some ox from
dawn.

I say these women wants these
men to act like some ox from
dawn.

Grab a pick and shovel and roll
from sun to sun.

I got a girl for Monday and
Tuesday and Wednesday and
Thursday and Friday too.

I got a girl for Monday and
Tuesday, Wednesday and
Thursday and Friday too.

I'm gonna sweeten up on a
Saturday, what the womens
through the week goin' to do.

Don't look for me on Sunday, I
wanna take pigmeat to Sunday
school.

Don't look for me on Sunday, I
wanna take pigmeat to Sunday
school.

She's a fine-looking fair brown,
but she ain't never learned
Lemon's rule.

Beggin' Back

Chicago c. August 1926, Pm
12394

C position pitched at Eb

Oh, my baby, take me back.
Why won't take me back?

Listen here, mama, I'll be good.
Make your fire and cut your
wood.

When I had you, you wouldn't
do.
I got another and I don't want
you.

Oh, go on old joker, every time
it gets cold,

You commence to beggin' me
to take you back.
You know I don't care anything
for you.

Why do you worry me so?
You treats me like, like you
uhh fixin' to leave me now.
Baby, now I wants to tell you,
you ain't been actin' right for
the last thirty days.
Now, and when I come home
after noon my meals is not
ready.

And you know how I'm a man
who can't stand such as that.
I want to eat when eating time
comes.

And shu- sugar, now listen
here, you sure is worrying my
mind.

I want you to stop that because
you gon', you gonna find
everything outdoors.

Every evening, half past eight,
I'm laying around rich man's
gate.

Workin' and studying, thinkin'
out the plan.
How to get that biscuit out
that rich man's hand.

Rich man's hand, rich man's
hand.
How to get that biscuit out the
rich man's hand.

Listen women, tell me what in
the world is the matter with
you.

You is actin' awful funny, gal,
you actin' plumb naughty.
Now listen, I'm gonna tell you
one thing, I ain't gonna tell you
no more.

You've gotta use a new system,
baby, the way you've been
actin' the last thirty days.
Now, if you don't, tonight when
you come home you'll find a
moon wagon

At your gate and your clothes
at the front gate,
And the man sittin' up there,
Lord, he wont quit.
And, honey that's all.

You needn't think, babe, 'cause

you're black,
I ain't gonna beg you to take
me back.

Then I went a-walkin' down the
line,
To see would this woman
change her mind.

She turned round two or three
times.
"Take you back in the winter
time."

Old Rounder's Blues

Chicago c. August 1926, Pm
12394

C position pitched at C#

(Baby, listen a-here: I was
wicked all last night and the
night before. I believe I'll go
out tonight and get wicked
some more. Woo-hoo!)

I ain't gonna marry, ain't no
need of settlin' down.
Ain't goin' to marry, ain't gon'
settle down.
I'm gonna stay like I am, gonna
ride from town to town.

There's a house over yonder
painted all over in green.
There's a house over yonder
painted all over in green.
Some of the finest young
women there a man most ever
seen.

I'm goin' into town, talk with
that chief police,
I'm goin' into town, talk with
that chief police,
Tell him my good gal done quit
me and I can't let her see no
peace.

My home's in Oklahoma, I ain't
got no business here.
My home's in Oklahoma, I ain't
got no business here.
I'm just stoppin' 'round to have
drink with a brand new gal.

I went home last night, fell
down on my bed.
I went home last night and I

fell down on my bed.
I got to dreamin' so, I was
fallin' all out my bed.

Stocking Feet Blues

Chicago c. November 1926, Pm
12407

A position, pitched at Ab

Somebody just keep on callin'
me.
Somebody just keeps on callin'
me.
She's got hair like a mermaid
on the sea.

She got up this mornin', come
a-tippin' 'cross the floor, said,
mama, in her lovin' stockin'
feet.

"Honey, it's fare thee, sweet
papa, fare thee well.
I done all in the world I could
tryin' to get along with you."

Make me down one pallet on
your floor.
Make me down a pallet on your
floor.
Make it calm and easy, make it
down by your door.

I can't stay awake, I done cried
the whole night long.
I can't stay awake, I've cried
the whole night long.
The good woman I love, she
done packed her trunk and
gone.

Don't mistreat me because I'm
young and wild.
Don't mistreat me because I'm
young and wild.
Sugar, you ought to remember
that you once was a child.

I don't feel welcome and I don't
care where I go.
I don't feel welcome, I don't
care where I go.
This woman I love, she drove
me from her door.

Said, "Fair brown, where did
you stay last night?"
Said, "Fair brown, where did
you stay last night?"
Your hair's all down and you
know you ain't talkin' right."

I'm a stranger here, just come
in on this train.
Mm-mm-mm-mm, come in on
this train.
Won't some good man tell me
some woman's name.

That Black Snake Moan

Chicago c. November 1926, Pm
12407

C position pitched at Bb

Ohhhh, ain't got no mama now.
Ohhhh, ain't got no mama now.
She told me late last night,
"You don't need no mama no-
how."

Mmm, black snake crawlin' in
my room.
Mmm, black snake crawlin' in
my room.
Some pretty mama better
come and get this black snake
soon.

Ohhh, that musta been a bed-
bug, baby, a chinch can't bite
that hard.
Ohhh, that musta been a bed-
bug, honey, a chinch can't bite
that hard.
Asked my sugar for fifty cents,
she said, "Lemon, I ain't a child
in the yard".

Mama, that's alright, mama,
that's alright for you.
Mama, that's alright, mama,
that's alright for you.
Mama, that's alright most any
old way you do.

Mmm, what's the matter now?
Mmm, honey, what's the
matter now?
Sugar, what's the matter?
"Don't like no black snake, no-
how".

Mmm, wonder where's my
black snake gone.
Mmm, wonder where is the

black snake gone.
Black snake, mama, done run
my darlin' home.

Wartime Blues

Chicago c. November 1926, Pm
12425

E position pitched Eb

"What you gonna do when they
send your man to the war?
What you gonna do, send your
man to the war?
What you gonna do when they
send your man to the war?"
"I'm gonna drink muddy water,
gonna sleep in a hollow log."

Ain't got nobody, I'm all here
by myself.
Got nobody, all here by myself.
Got nobody, all here by myself.
Well, these women don't care
but the men don't need me
here.

Well, I'm goin' to the river,
gonna walk it up and down.
Goin' to the river, walk it up
and down.
Goin' to the river, walk it up
and down.
If I don't find Parthena, I'm
gonna jump overboard and
drown.

If I could shine my light like a
headlight on some train,
If I could shine like a headlight
on some train,
If I could shine like a headlight
on some train,
I would shine my light in
Colorado Springs.

Well, they tell me that
southbound train had a wreck
last night.
Lord, that southbound train
had a wreck last night.
Lord, that southbound train
had a wreck last night.
Sugar, the section foreman
ain't treating your railroad
right.

Well, the girl I love and the one
I crave to see.
Woman I love, one I crave to
see.

Woman I love and the one I
crave to see.
Well, she's livin' in Memphis
and the fool won't write to me.

I said, little woman, what have
I said and done?
Easy mama, what I've said and
done?
Easy mama, what have I said
and done?
You're treatin' me like my
trouble have just begun.

Broke and Hungry

Chicago November 1926, Pm
12443
G position pitched at F#

I am broke and hungry, ragged
and dirty too.
I say, I'm broke and hungry,
ragged and dirty too.
Mama, if I clean up, can I go
home with you?

I am motherless, fatherless,
sister and brotherless too.
I say, I'm motherless,
fatherless, sister and
brotherless too.
Reason I've tried so hard to
make this trip with you.

You'll miss me woman, count
the days I'm gone.
You'll miss me woman, count
the days I'm gone.
I'm goin' away to build me a
railroad of my own.

I feel like jumpin' through a
keyhole in your door.
I say, I feel like jumpin'
through the keyhole in your
door.
If you jump this time, baby,
you won't jump no more.

I believe my good gal have
found my black cat bone.
I say, I believe my baby have
found my black cat bone.
I can leave Sunday mornin',
Monday mornin' I'm slippin'
'round home.

I wanna show you women what
careless love have done.
I wanna show you women what

careless love have done.
Caused a man like me, steal
away from home.

Girl, if you don't want me, why
don't you let me know?
I say, if you don't want me,
mama let me know.
So I can leave at once and hunt
me somewhere else to go.

Shuckin' Sugar Blues

Chicago, c. Oct. 1926
A position, pitched at F# (3 steps
low)

I've got your picture and I'm
goin' to put it in a frame,
I've got your picture, gonna
put it in a frame,
Shuckin' sugar.
And then if you leave town, we
can find you just the same.

Now if you don't love me,
please don't dog me around,
If you don't love me, please
don't dog me around,
Shuckin' sugar.
Like you dog me around, I'll
know you've put me down.

I know my baby thinks the
world in all of me,
I know my baby thinks the
world in all of me,
Shuckin' sugar.
Every time she smiles, she
shine her light on me.

Oh, I said, fair brown,
something's goin' on wrong,
Oh, I said, fair brown, it's
something's goin' on wrong,
Shuckin' sugar.
Since the woman I love, she's
done been here and gone.

Oh, listen, fair brown, don't
you want to go,
Oh, listen, fair brown, don't
you wanna go,
Shuckin' sugar.
Going to take you across the
water where that brownskin
man can't go.

Lord, I'm worried here, worried
everywhere,
I am worried here, worried

everywhere,
Shuckin' sugar.
Now I've just started home and
I'll not be worried there.

Lord, I'm tired of marryin' and
I'm tired of this settlin' down,
I say, I'm tired of this marryin',
tired of this settlin' down,
Shuckin' sugar.
I only want to stay like I am
and slip from town to town.

Booger Rooger Blues

Chicago c. December 1926, Pm
12425
C position pitched at B

I drive to the station, woman, I
bid you adieu.
I drive to the station, then I
bid you adieu.
Tell me, you always got a
fatmouth followin' you.

My baby's quit me, man, she
done throwed me down.
I said my baby's quit me, she
done throwed me down.
I wouldn't hate it so bad but
that talk is all over town.

She's a long tall woman, she
got relatives in Arkansas.
Long tall woman, she got
relatives in Arkansas.
She ain't so good lookin', but,
lord, them dimples is all in her
jaw.

I cried all night, and all that
night before.
I say, I cried all night, and all
that night before.
Well, it's the best to get single
and you won't have to cry no
more.

I got ten little puppies, I got
twelve little shaggy hounds.
I got ten little puppies, and
twelve little shaggy hounds.
Well, it's gon' take them
twenty-two dogs to run my
good gal down.

I got a girl in Oak Cliff and
Highland Park, Oak Lawn,

Lakewoods, ma'am, too.
I got a girl in Oak Cliff,
Highland Park, Oak Lawn,
Lakewoods, ma'am, too.
I'm gon' live in Magnolia
Station and watch them Mill
City women goin' through.

Some joker learned my baby
how to shift gear on a Cadillac
Eight.
Some joker learned my baby
how to shift gear on a Cadillac
Eight.
Sugar, every since that
happened, I can't keep my
business straight.

NOTES

6.1 Oak Cliff, Highland Park,
Oak Lawn and Lakewood are
Dallas areas. He sings
LAKEWOODS

Rabbit Foot Blues

Chicago c. December 1926, Pm
12454

A position pitched at Ab

Blues jumped a rabbit, run him
one solid mile.

Blues jumped a rabbit, run him
one solid mile.

This rabbit set down, cryin'
like a natural child.

Well, it seem like you're
hungry, honey, come and
lunch with me.
Seem like you're hungry,
honey, come and lunch with
me.

I wanna stop these nice-lookin'
women from worryin' me.

I have Uneeda biscuits here
and a half a pint o' gin.
Some Uneeda biscuits here and
a half a pint o' gin.
The gin is mighty fine but
them biscuits look a little too
thin.

Baby, tell me somethin' 'bout
there are meatless and
wheatless days.

I wanna know about those
meatless and wheatless days.

This not bein' my home, I don't
think that I could stay.

That dried corn flour, indeed, I
declare it was strong.
Well, that dried corn flour,
indeed, I declare it was strong.
People feedin' me cornbread, I
just can't stick around long.

Got an airplane, baby, now
we're gonna get us a
submarine.
An airplane, now we're gonna
get us a submarine.
Gonna get that Kaiser and we'll
be seldom seen.

Mmmm-mmm, hitch me to
your buggy, mama, drive me
like a mule.

Hitch me to your buggy and
drive me like a mule.

Reason I'm goin' home with
you, sugar, I ain't much hard
to be fooled.

Bad Luck Blues

Chicago c. December 1926, Pm
12443

C position pitched at C#

I wanna go home and I ain't got
sufficient clothes,
doggone my bad luck soul.
Wanna go home and I ain't got
sufficient clothes.

I mean sufficient, talkin' about
clothes,
Well, I wanna go home, but I
ain't got sufficient clothes.

I bet my money, and I lost it,
Lord, it's so,
doggone my bad luck soul.
Mmm, lost it, ain't it so.
I mean lost it, speakin' about
so, now,
I'll never bet on the deuce-trey-
queen no more.

"Mama, I can't gamble."

"Lemon, why don't you quit
tryin'?"

Doggone my bad luck soul.
"Mmm, why don't you quit
tryin'?"

Why don't you quit, I mean
tryin'?"

That joker stole off with that
long-haired brown of mine.

Sugar, you catch the Katy, I'll
catch that Santa Fe,
doggone my bad luck soul.
Sugar, you can catch the Katy
and I'll catch that Santa Fe.
I mean Santy, speakin' about
Fe,
When you get in Denver, pretty
mama, look around for me.

The woman I love's 'bout five
feet from the ground,
doggone my bad luck soul.
Hey, five feet from the ground.
Five feet from the, I mean
ground,
She's a tailor-made woman, she
ain't no hand-me-down.

I ain't seen my sugar in three
long weeks today,
doggone my bad luck soul.
I ain't seen my sugar, three
long weeks today.
Three long weeks to - I mean
day, girl,
It's been so long, seems like
my heart's gon' break.

I'm gonna run 'cross town,
catch that southbound Santa
Fe,
doggone my bad luck soul.
Mmm, Lord, that Santa Fe.
I mean the Santy, speakin'
about Fe,
Be on my way to what they call
lovin' Tennessee.

Black Snake Moan

Atlanta March 14 1927, OK 8455
C position pitched at Bb

Hey, ain't got no mama now.
Hey, ain't got no mama now.
She told me late last night, you
don't need no mama no-how.

Mmm, black snake crawlin' in
my room,

Mmm, black snake crawlin' in
my room,
And some pretty mama had
better come and get this black
snake soon.

Ohh, that must been a bed-bug,
you know a chinch can't bite
that hard.
Ohh, that musta been a bed-
bug, you know a chinch can't
bite that hard.
Asked my baby for fifty cents,
she said, "Lemon, I ain't a child
in the yard."

Mama, that's alright, mama,
that's alright for you.
Mama, that's alright, mama,
that's alright for you.
Said, "Baby, that's alright,
most any OLD way you do."

Mmm, what's the matter now?
Mmm, honey, what's the
matter now?
Tell me what's the matter,
baby. "I don't like no black
snake no-how."

Well, wonder where's the black
snake gone.
Well, wonder where's the black
snake gone.
Lord, that black snake, mama,
done run my darlin' home.

Match Box Blues
Atlanta 14 March 1927, OK 8455
A position pitched at Ab

I'm goin' to the river, gonna
walk down 'bout the sea.
I'm goin' to the river, walk
down 'bout the sea.
I've caught those tadpoles and
minnows arguin' over me.

Settin' here wonderin', would a
match box hold my clothes.
I'm settin' here wonderin',
would a match box hold my
clothes.
I ain't got so many matches
but I got so far to go.

Lord, mama, who may your
manager be?

Hey, hey, mama, who may your
manager be?
Reason I ask so many
questions, can't you make
arrangements for me?

I got a girl cross town, she
crochet all the time.
I got a girl cross town, crochet
all the time.
"Baby if you don't quit
crocheting, you gonna lose
your mind."

I wouldn't mind marryin', but I
can't stand settlin' down.
I don't mind marryin', but
loathe settlin' down.
I'm gonna act like a preacher,
so I can ride from town to
town.

I'm leavin' town, cryin' won't
make me stay.
I'm leavin' town-ee, cryin'
won't make me stay.
Baby, the more you cry, the
further you drive me 'way.

Easy Rider Blues
Chicago c. April 1927, Pm 12474
G position and pitch

Now, tell me where my easy
rider's gone.
Won't you tell me where my
easy rider's gone.
My reason why, these women
always in the wrong.

Well, easy rider died on the
road.
And it's easy rider died on the
road.
I'm a poor boy here and ain't
got nowhere to go.

"Soon it's gonna be the time
that a woman don't need no
man.
Well, it's soon there'll be a time
when a woman don't need no
man."
Said, "Baby, shut your mouth
and don't be raisin' sand."

The train I ride don't burn no
coal at all.

Train I ride don't burn no coal
at all.
The coal I was burnin' won't
burn except the Cannonball.

I went to the depot
I mean, I went to the depot
and sat my suitcase down.
The blues overtake me and
tears come rollin' down.

The woman I love, she must be
out of town.
Woman I love, man, she's out
of town.
She left me this mornin' with
her face in a terrible frown.

I got a gal cross town, she
crochets all the time.
I got a gal cross town, crochets
all the time.
"Sugar, if you don't quit
crocheting, you're gonna lose
your mind."

Said, fair brown, what's the
matter now?
Said, fair brown, what's the
matter now?
You're tryin' your best to quit
me, woman, and you don't
know how.

Match Box Blues
Chicago c. April 1927, Pm 12474
A position and pitch

I'm settin' here wonderin'
would a match box hold my
clothes,
I'm settin' here wonderin'
would a match box hold my
clothes,
I ain't got so many matches,
but I got so far to go.

The girl cross town gonna be
my teddy bear,
Girl across town gonna be my
teddy bear,
"Put a string on me and I'll
follow you everywhere."

And a peg leg woman, man, she
can't hardly get her dough,

I say, a peg leg woman, she
can't hardly get her dough,
I left her on a late bus last
night hollerin', "I'm sellin' jelly
roll."

And I don't see why, these
women treat me so mean,
I don't see why, these gals
treat me so mean,
Sometime I think I'm some
man these women ain't never
seen.

Lord I got up this mornin', with
my sho' 'nuff on my mind,
Got up this mornin', same
thing on my mind,
The woman I love, she keep a
good man worried all the time.

Now tell me mama, who may
your manager be?
Now tell me, who may your
manager be?
Reason I ask so many
questions, can't you make
arrangements for me?

Match Box Blues

Chicago c. April 1927, Pm 12474
A position pitched at F

I'm settin' here wond'rin' will a
match box hold my clothes.
I'm settin' here wond'rin' will a
match box hold my clothes.
I ain't got so many matches,
but I got so far to go.

I say, fair brown, who may your
manager be?
Oh, mama, who may your
manager be?
Reason I ask so many
questions, can't you make
arrangements for me?

I got a girl cross town, she
crochet all the time.
I got a girl cross town, crochets
all the time.
"Mama, if you don't quit
crocheting, you gon' lose your
mind."

I can't count the times I stoled
away and cried.
Can't count the times I stoled
away and cried.
Sugar, the blues ain't on me,
but things ain't goin' on right.

If you want your lover, you
better pin her to your side.
I say, if you want your baby,
pin her to your side.
If she flag my train, Papa
Lemon's gon' let her ride.

I ain't seen my good gal in
three long weeks today.
I ain't seen my good gal in
three long weeks today.
Said, it's been so long, seem
like my heart's gon' break.

Now, excuse me, mama, from
knockin' on your door.
Well, excuse me, mama, from
knockin' on your door.
If my mind don't change, I'll
never knock here no more.

Rising High Water Blues

Chicago May 1927, Pm 12487
Key of C, no guitar, accomp.
George Perkins, piano

Backwater risin', southern
people can't make no time.
I said, backwater rising,
southern people can't make no
time.
And I can't get no hearing from
that Memphis girl of mine.

Water all in Arkansas, people
screamin' in Tennessee.
Ahhhhh, people screamin' in
Tennessee.
If I don't leave Memphis,
backwater spill all over poor
me.

People say it is rainin', it have
been for nights and days.
People say it is raining, have
been for nights and days.
Thousand people stands on the
hill lookin' down where they
used to stay.

Children sadly pleading,
"Mama, we ain't got no home."
Ohhhhh, "Mama we ain't got no
home."
Papa says to his children,
"Backwater have left us all
alone."

Backwater risin', comin' in my
windows and doors.
A backwater risin', comin' in
my windows and doors.
I leave with a prayer in my
heart, "Backwater won't rise no
more."

Weary Dogs Blues

Chicago c. May 1927, Pm
12493[1]
C position pitched C#

(Yes, folks, these is my weary
dogs.)

Oh, Lordy, how the sun do
shine,
Oh, Lordy, how the sun do
shine,
And I can't get from
Charleston, with that
brownskin girl of mine.

They're barkin' in the mornin',
they're barkin' late at night.
They're barkin' in the morning,
they're barkin' late at night.
My weary dogs bark so loud,
it'll take a good man's appetite.

They wake me every mornin',
Lordy, with the risin' sun.
They wakes me in the mornin',
oh, Lordy, with the risin' sun.
My weary dogs don't leave me,
until my day's work is done.

Me and my weary dogs started,
we started out of Jackson
Park,
When me and my weary dogs
started, we started out of
Jackson Park,
And it's music to any good
man's ears, for to hear my
weary dogs bark.

I can tell when it's rainin',

**honey, I know when the sun
gon' shine,
I can tell when it's raining,
sugar, I know when the sun
gon' shine,
Because my weary dogs keep
me posted all the time.**

**Weary dogs in my young days,
weary dogs is all I crave.
Weary dogs in my young days,
weary dogs is all I crave.
Sometime I thinks weary dogs
is goin' to carry me to my
grave.**

**(Look out there, man, don't let
that dog bite me.)**

NOTES

This is a copy of the notes from
Banjo Chris.

1. This is the flip side of Hot
Dogs which throws yet more light
on Lemon's obsession with his
feet.
2. Some discussion is current as
to whether this is 'weary',
pronounced 'wurry' in rural
Texas, or 'worried'

Right Of Way Blues

Chicago c. May 1927, Pm 12510
E position pitched at F

**I hate to hear my good gal call
my name.
I say, I hate to hear my good
gal call my name.
She don't call so loud but she
call so nice and plain.**

**Well, the train I ride, eighteen
coaches long.
Mama, the train I ride,
eighteen coaches long.
And the girl that I love, she's
just now leavin' home.**

**Got a high-brown girl, loves to
ride away somewhere.
I got a high-brown girl, loves to
ride away somewhere.
Man, what's worryin' me, she
thinks she's a millionaire.**

Don't never drive a stranger

**'way from your door.
Baby, don't never drive a
stranger from your door.
It could be your best friend,
mama, you don't know.**

**"Don't tell no stories, please
don't tell no lie.
Don't tell no stories, please
don't tell no lie.
Did my gal stop here?" "No
your little mama kept on by."**

**Ahhh, if you don't love me,
pretty mama, don't run no
stall.
Said, girl, if you don't love me,
mama, don't run no stall.
There's a whole lots of women
just rarin' for your downfall.**

NOTES

I take this as a mistitle for 'Ride
Away Blues', but many dispute
this.

3.1/2 LOVES has a clear L, V
and S, with a distinct TO
following. The D in RIDE is
clear.

Teddy Bear Blues Blues "First Take"

Chicago c. May 1927, Pm 12487

**I'm going to make friends with
the fish in the deep blue sea,
I am going to make friends
with the fish in the deep blue
sea,
These Chicago women, won't
be fussin' over me.**

**Come here mama, I'm gonna
take you far across the pond,
Ohhh, come here mama, I'm
gonna take you far across the
pond,
I'm gon' make my stop in Italy
where these monkey men don't
belong.**

**These women in Chicago, like
they fashions and pomp,
I say the women in Chicago,
they like they fashions and
pomp,
But the women from Nashville**

**swear they just won't be here
long.**

**Whup that thing, Mr. Piano
Whupper, whup it to the brink.
Oh my, I feel just like a teddy
bear.**

**I say fair brown, let me be your
teddy bear,
Ohhhh, let me be your teddy
bear,
Tie a string on my neck and I'll
follow you everywhere.**

Teddy Bear Blues Blues "Second Take"

Chicago c. May 1927, Pm 12487

**I'm going to make friends with
the fish in the deep blue sea,
I'm going to make friends with
the fish in the deep blue sea,
And stop these Chicago
women, from arguin' over me.**

**Come here pretty mama, gonna
take you far across the pond,
Come here pretty mama, gonna
take you far across the pond,
I'm gonna make my stop in
Italy where these monkey men
don't belong.**

**These women in Chicago, they
like they fashions and pomp,
I say women in Chicago, they
like they fashions and pomp,
But these women from
Nashville swear they just won't
be here long.**

**Whup that piano, Mr. Piano
Whupper, whup it to the brink.
Oh my. I feel just like a teddy
bear.**

**I say fair brown, let me be your
teddy bear,
Ohhhh, can I be your teddy
bear,
Tie a string on my neck and I'll
follow you everywhere.**

Black Snake Dream Blues

Chicago c. June 1927, Pm 12510
G, no guitar, accomp. George
Perkins, piano

**Black snake is 'ceitful, crawlin'
all in my bed.
I say, black snake deceitful,
crawlin' all in my bed.
I had a dream last night, black
snake had killed my baby dead.**

**Hey, hey, mama, black snake's
lyin' all in my hall,
Hey, mama, black snake is all
in my hall,
And if you quit me, mama, you
can't see that black snake at
all.**

**Listen here, mama, black
snake is wearin' my clothes,
Ohhh, listen here, mama, black
snake is wearin' my clothes,
And I told you about it, and
you put my trunk outdoors.**

**Take me back, mama, I won't
be bad no more,
I said take me back, mama, I
can't be bad no more,
And you can get my loving if
you let that black snake go.**

**Black snake crawler, he said he
don't mean no harm,
Black snake crawler, he say he
don't mean no harm,
But I'm gettin' tired of that
black snake lyin' in my baby's
arms.**

Hot Dogs

Chicago c. June 1927, Pm 12493
C position pitched at C#

**(Feets all right, just now from
the doctor.
Give me my box, and let me try
'em again.)**

**(Told you my feets gonna
dance.
These are the hot dogs,
I mean red hot,)**

**(Now listen to me. My feets
never failed on me but once.
That was last Saturday night,
down at that booger rooger
On June the Fourth.
That law come in.
I was... I was fairly choked.
He broke up that party.
Everybody got away but me.
My old feets failed on me then,
But you oughta see 'em now)**

**(Hmm, a rabbit wouldn't have a
chance.
Not a ghost of a show.)**

**(Hey, hey... watch what I'm
usin' everybody.)
Lemon's hot dogs movin' all
the time**

**(Ha ha! Don't wear no crutches
now.
Threw 'em 'way last night)**

**Me and my feets is never late,
Me and my feet just won't wait.**

**(These not no weary dogs, they
are the hottest kind of dogs.
I mean they're steamin'
puppies.)**

**Now on my feet's The Gypsy
Hound,
You oughta see me do the
Black Bottom now.**

**(Oh, darn my feets, my feets
have went bad on me now.)**

**(All right folks, turn over the
record.
Let me tell you all about these
weary dogs of mine.)**

3.2/3 June the fourth, 1927, was
a Saturday.

He Arose from the Dead

Chicago c. June 1927, Pm 12585
C position pitched C#

**He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**One angel came from heaven
and rolled away the stone.
One angel came from heaven
and rolled away the stone.
One angel came from heaven
and rolled away the stone.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**Go tell to my disciples, meet
me in Galilee.
Go tell to my disciples, meet
me in Galilee.
Go tell to my disciples, meet
me in Galilee.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**Go and tell to my disciples, go
and feed my tender lamb.
Go tell to my disciples, go feed
my tender lamb.
Go tell to my disciples, go and
feed my tender lamb.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.**

**And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**One angel came from heaven
and rolled away the stone.
One angel came from heaven
and rolled away the stone.
One angel came from heaven
and rolled away the stone.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

**He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose Him
from the dead.
He rose, he rose, he rose from
the dead.
And the Lord shall bear my
spirit home.**

NOTE

2.1/2/3 and 8.1/2/3 He
pronounces STONE as STOON.
The S, T and N can be heard,
ruling out TOMB.

Struck Sorrow Blues

Chicago c. Sept 1927, Pm 12541
A position, pitched G#

**I'm goin' away, honey, it's don't
you want to go?
I'm gon' away, babe, don't you
want to go?
I'm gonna stop at a place I
haven't ever been before.**

**I ain't got no wife, I ain't got
no child at school.
I ain't got no wife, and I ain't
got no child at school.
Reason I'm hangin' around
here, man, I'm stickin' here dry
long so.**

**If you've got a sweet woman,
you better love her while you
can,
If you've got a sweet woman,
you better love her while you
can,
For your heart'll strike sorrow
when I come back to town
again.**

**I lied down last night, rolled
from side to side.**

**I lied down last night, rolled
from side to side.
Sugar, the blues ain't on me
but things ain't goin' on right.**

**I drink so much whiskey,
stagger all in my sleep.
I drink so much whiskey, I
stagger all in my sleep.
Well, that brown 'cross town, I
declare she is worryin' me.**

**I believe I'll sing this song,
ain't gonna sing no more.
Believe I'll sing this song, and I
ain't gonna sing no more.
Fixin' to leave town and hang
crepe on your door.**

Rambler Blues

Chicago c. Sept 1927, Pm 12541
G position and pitch

**Well, it's train time now, and
the track's all outa line.
Well, it's train time now, and
track's all outa line.
And I come here soon, I wanna
catch that Number Nine.**

**I'm worried and bothered, don't
know what to do.
I've been worried, I've been
bothered, don't know what to
do.
Reason I'm worried and
bothered, it's all on the
account of you.**

**When I left my home, I left my
baby cryin'.
When I left my home, I left my
baby cryin'.
She keeps me worried and
bothered in the mind.**

**Now, don't your house look
lonesome when your baby pack
up and leave.
Don't your house look
lonesome when your baby pack
up and leave.
You may drink your moonshine
but, baby, your heart ain't free.**

**If you take my rider, I can't get
mad with you.
If you take my rider, I can't get**

**mad with you.
Just like you've taken mine, I'll
take someone else's too.**

**I got a girl in Texas, I've got a
brown in Tennessee.
I've got a brown in Texas, one
in Tennessee.
Lord, but that brown in
Chicago have put that jinx bug
on me**

Chinch Bug Blues

Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12551

C position and pitch

**I never did feel uneasy, I know
how you left your tricks.
I never did feel uneasy, I know
how you left your tricks.
You leave town today and it's
ten days, you've got your
business well fixed.**

**I wonder if the chinchies bite in
Beaumont, oh, like they do in
Beale Street town.
I wonder if chinchies bite in
Beaumont, like they do in
Beale Street town.
The first night I stayed in
Memphis, chinch bugs turned
my bed around.**

**I had to get 'ceitful with the
bedbugs, to keep the chinchies
from takin' my life.
I had to get 'ceitful with the
bedbugs, to keep the chinchies
from takin' my life.
Because the chinchies got my
number, wrote three letters to
my wife.**

**My wife caught me easin', way
across that rich gal's room.
I said my wife caught me
easin', way across that rich
gal's room.
The next time I go to slip out, I
ain't gonna leave on the light
anymore.**

**My wife has quit me, and my
rich pigmeat gal is too.**

I say my wife has quit me, and
my rich pigmeat gal is too.
Oh, Lord, I'm lyin' in this cold
bed alone, scared with the
chinch bug blues.

Deceitful Brownskin Blues

Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12551
G position pitched G#

There's a brown 'cross town
and she's taller than a
sycamore tree.
I got a brown 'cross town, taller
than a sycamore tree.
That's the gal who walks
through the rain and snow, for
to ease that thing on me.

Brownskin girl is 'ceitful, till
she gets you all worn down.
Brownskin girl is 'ceitful, till
she gets you all worn down.
She get all your pocket change,
she's gonna drive you from her
town.

Went home last night, found a
note in my brownskin's door.
I went home last night, found a
note in my brownskin's door.
"Daddy, Steady Roller has got
your room, man, you can't live
here no more."

I been worried and walkin',
walked till my feet got soakin'
wet,
I commence to walkin', walked
till my feet got soakin' wet,
Tryin' to find good home,
mama, man, I ain't found none
yet.

Well the sun's gonna shine in
my back door some day.
Well the sun's gonna shine in
my back door some day.
I'll have one more drink, gonna
drive these blues away.

Lord, it's heavy-hipped mama,
and the meat shakes on the
bone.
I say, heavy-hip shakin' mama

and the meat shakes on the
bone.
Every time it shakes, it's some
fat mouth leave his home.

Sunshine Special

Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12593
C position pitched C#

Bought me a railroad now, so
that Sunshine Specials can
run.

Bought me a railroad now, so
that Sunshine Specials can
run.

I got a gang of womens, man,
they ride from sun to sun.

Same old fireman, gonna keep
the same old engineer.
Got the same old fireman, the
same old engineer.
Well, that Sunshine Special's
gonna run me on 'way from
here.

Gonna leave on the Sunshine
Special, goin' in on the Santa
Fe.

Leave on the Sunshine Special,
goin' in on the Santa Fe.

Don't say nothin' about that
Katy, because it's taken my
brown from me.

Gonna ride that Kansas-Texas,
ride on to San Antone.

Ride that Kansas-Texas, ride it
on to San Antone.

Somebody's been tryin' to fire
your engine, man, ever since
you been gone.

Cotton Belt is a slow train, also
that I&GN.

I say, the Cotton Belt's a slow
train, also that I&GN.

If I leave Texas any more, I'm
gonna leave on that L&N.

Gone Dead on You Blues

Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12578
A position pitched A#

Mmmmmm, mailman's letter
brought misery to my head.
Mmmmm, brought misery to
my head.
I got a letter this morning, my
pigmeat mama was dead.

I jumped this fast mail rattler,
almost went a-flyin'.
I jumped this fast mail rattler,
and I almost went a-flyin'.
Hurry, engineerman, for my
pigmeat mama is dyin'.

Go to the telephone, and I pull
the receiver down.
Go to the telephone, pull the
receiver down.
"Hello, Central, won't you
please ring Doctor Brown?"

Mmmmmmm, "Central, what's
the matter now?
Mmmmmmm, "Central, what's
the matter now?"
I rang so hard, can't get no
doctor no how.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, what shall
a good man do?
Oh, doctor, doctor, what shall
a good man do?"
Says, "Your girl ain't dyin' but
she's done gone dead on you."

Where Shall I Be?

Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12585
E position pitched F

Where shall I be when the first
trumpet sounds?
Where shall I be when it
sounds so loud?
It sounds so loud, oh, and it
wakes up the dead,
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

Look over yonder what I see.
Where shall I be?
It's a band of angels askin',
Where shall I be?

Where shall I be when the first

trumpet sounds?
Where shall I be when it
sounds so loud?
It sounds so loud, oh, it wakes
up the dead.
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

I'll be trying on my garment
when the first trumpet sounds.
Trying on my garment when it
sounds so loud.
It sounds so loud, oh, it wakes
up the dead.
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

So little I thought he was gon'
die.
Where shall I be?
This cute little baby laugh and
cry.
Where shall I be?

Where shall I be when the first
trumpet sounds?
Where shall I be when it
sounds so loud?
Sounds so loud, oh, it wakes up
the dead.
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

I'll be trying on my robe when
the first trumpet sounds.
Trying on my robe when it
sounds so loud.
It sounds so loud, oh, it wakes
up the dead.
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

Where shall I be when the first
trumpet sounds?
Where shall I be when it
sounds so loud?
It sounds so loud, oh, it wakes
up the dead.
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

God told Noah by a rainbow
sign.
Where shall I be?
It's no cool water but fire next
time.
Where shall I be?

Where shall I be when the first
trumpet sounds?

Where shall I be when it
sounds so loud?
It sounds so loud, oh, it wakes
up the dead.
Where shall I be when it
sounds?

**See That My Grave's Kept
Clean**
Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12585
E position pitched F

Well, it's one kind favor I ask
of you.
Well, it's one kind favor I ask
of you.
Well, it's one kind favor I'll ask
of you.
See that my grave is kept
clean.

It's a long lane that never end.
It's a long lane that never end.
It's a long lane that never end.
Sayin' it's a bad wind that
never change.

Well, it's two white horses in a
line,
Well, it's two white horses in a
line,
Well, it's two white horses in a
line,
Gonna take me to my buryin'
ground.

When your heart stops beatin'
and your hands get cold,
When your heart stops beatin'
and your hands get cold,
When your heart stops beatin'
and your hands get cold,
It ain't long 'fore they take you
to a cypress grove.

Have you ever heard a coffin
sound?
Have you ever heard a coffin
sound?
Have you ever heard a coffin
sound?
Then you know the poor boy is
in the ground.

You may dig my grave with a
silver spade.
You may dig my grave with a
silver spade.
You may dig my grave with a

silver spade.
You may let me down with a
golden chain.

Have you ever heard a church
bell tone?
Have you ever heard a church
bell tone?
Have you ever heard a church
bell tone?
Then you know that the poor
boy's dead and gone.

One Dime Blues
Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12578
E position pitched at F

I'm broke and ain't got a dime.
I'm broke and I ain't got a
dime.
I'm broke, ain't got a dime.
Everybody gets his hard luck
sometime.

I was standin' on East Cairo
Street one day,
I was standing on East Cairo
Street one day,
Standing on East Cairo Street
one day,
One dime was all I had.

Mama, don't treat your
daughter mean.
Mama, don't treat your
daughter mean.
Mama, don't treat your
daughter mean.
That's the meanest woman a
man most ever seen.

You want your friend to be bad
like Jesse James?
You want your friend to be bad
like Jesse James?
You want your friend to be bad
like Jesse James?
Get two six shooters, highway
some passenger train.

One dime was all I had,
One dime was all I had,
One dime was all I had,
Tryin' to be a sportin' lad.

I bought that Morning News,

Lord,
I bought that Morning News,
I bought that Morning News,
Then I bought a cigar too.

Lonesome House Blues

Chicago c. October 1927, Pm
12593

C position pitched at C#

I had a dream last night all
about my gal
I had a dream last night all
about my gal
You can tell by that, sweet
papa ain't feelin' so well

I'm goin' away mama, just to
wear you off my mind
I'm goin' away pretty mama,
just to wear you off my mind
So if I leave you in Chicago,
murder's gonna be my crime

This house is lonesome, my
baby left me all alone
I say, this house is lonesome,
my sugar left me all alone
If your heart ain't rock, sugar
it must be marble stone

(Play that thing. Sure is good.
Play it like you live.)

I got the blues so bad, it hurts
my feet to walk
I got the blues so bad, it hurts
my feet to walk
It have settled on my brain and
it hurts my tongue to talk

Blind Lemon's Penitentiary Blues

Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12666

C position pitched at B

Take Fort Worth for your
dressing and take Dallas all for
your style.
Take Fort Worth for your
dressing, Dallas all for your
style.

If you wanna go to the state
penitentiary, go to Groesbeck
for your trial.

I hung around Groesbeck, and I
worked in showers of rain.
I say, I hung around
Groesbeck, I worked in hard
showers of rain.
I never felt the least bit
uneasy, till I caught that
penitentiary bound train.

I used to be a drunkard, I was
rowdy everywhere I go.
I used to be a drunkard and
rowdy everywhere I go.
If I ever get out of this trouble
I'm in, I won't be rowdy no
more.

Boys, don't be bad, please
don't crowd your mind.
I said, boys, don't be bad and
please don't crowd your mind.
If you happen to get in trouble
in Groesbeck, they're gonna
send you penitentiary flyin'.

I want you to stop and study,
and don't take nobody's life.
I want you to stop and study,
don't take nobody's life.
They've got walls at the state
penitentiary you can't jump,
man they high as the sky.

'Lectric Chair Blues

Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12608

E position and pitch

"I wanna shake hands with my
partner and ask him how come
he's here.
I wanna shake hands with my
partner and ask him how come
he's here."
"I had a wreck with my family,
they're gonna send me to the
electro chair."

I wonder why they electrocute
a man at the one o'clock hour
at night.
I wonder why they electrocute
a man at the one o'clock hour
of night.
Because the current is much
stronger, when the folks has

turned out all their lights.

I sat in the electrocutin' room,
my arms folded up and cryin'.
I sat in the electrocutin' room
with my arms folded up and
cryin'.
And my baby asked the
question, "Was they gonna
electrocute that man of
mine?"

"Run and get me a taxi to take
me away from here.
Run and get me a taxi to take
me away from here.
I didn't have but one friend in
this world, fixin' to be
murdered in a 'lectric chair."

"I've seen wrecks on the ocean,
I've seen wrecks on the deep
blue sea.
I've seen wrecks on the ocean
and wrecks on the deep blue
sea.
But none like that wreck in my
heart when they brought my
electrocuted daddy to me".

See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12608

E position and pitch

Well, it's one kind favor I ask
of you.
Well, it's one kind favor I ask
of you.
Lord, it's one kind favor I'll ask
of you.
See that my grave is kept
clean.

It's a long lane, ain't got no
end,
It's a long lane that's got no
end,
It's a long lane ain't got no end,
And it's a bad wind that never
change.

Lord, it's two white horses in a
line,
Well, it's two white horses in a
line,
Well, it's two white horses in a
line,
Gonna take me to my buryin'

ground.

My heart stopped beatin' and
my hands got cold.
My heart stopped beatin' and
my hands got cold.
Well, my heart stopped beatin',
Lord, my hands got cold.
It wasn't long 'fore they took
me to the cypress grove.

Have you ever heard a coffin
sound?
Have you ever heard a coffin
sound?
Have you ever heard a coffin
sound?
Then you know that the poor
boy is in the ground.

Oh, dig my grave with a silver
spade.
Well, dig my grave with a silver
spade.
Well, dig my grave with a silver
spade.
You may lead me down with a
golden chain.

Have you ever heard a church
bell's tone?
Have you ever heard a church
bell's tone?
Have you ever heard a church
bell tone?
Then you know that the poor
boy's dead and gone.

Lemon's Worried Blues
Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12622
A position and pitch

I'm gonna tell you why I've got
Lemon's lowdown worried
blues.
Tell you why I got Lemon's
lowdown worried blues.
I left my meal-ticket rider
barefooted, my partner slipped
in, bought her a new pair of
shoes.

Lord, I'm worried here, worried
everywhere I go.
Worried here, mama, worried
everywhere I go.
I worried my rider so late last
night, she had a movin' wagon
backed up to my door.

Wokened up this mornin', kept
awoke till the break of day.
Woke up this mornin', kept
awoke till the break of day.
I hates for a woman to nag me,
I just made my getaway.

I woke up this mornin', woke
up 'bout half past ten.
I woke up this mornin', Lord,
about half past ten.
Ease my head in the window,
she's singin' Lemon's worried
blues again.

Worried so bad, can't tell my
stockin's from my shoes.
Worried so bad, can't tell my
stockin's from my shoes.
I laid down last night with
Lemon's lowdown worried
blues.

Lord, what makes that banty
rooster, he keeps crowin' for
the dawn of day.
What makes that rooster, Lord,
he crows at the dawn of day.
Kid-man better watch his
footsteps for the
headknocker's on his way.

Mean Jumper Blues
Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12631
C position and pitch

I feel like jumping through the
keyhole in your door.
I say, I feel like jumping
through the keyhole in your
door.
If you jump this time, baby,
you won't jump no more.

I feel like falling from treetops
to the ground.
I say, I feel like falling from
treetops to the ground.
My rider's got a mean joker and
he don't allow me around.

I go there early in the morning,
and I goes there late at night.
I go there early in the morning,

and I goes there late at night.
Don't care how late I goes
there, he have never turned
out his light.

I believe he's lookin' for me,
he's up all hours at night.
I believe he's lookin' for me,
he's up all hours at night.
She used to be my rider and he
ain't treatin' her right.

I met this joker one morning,
he was out on the outer edge of
town.
I met this joker one morning,
he was out on the outer edge of
town.
I had to talk and plead for to
keep him from blowin' me
down.

Balky Mule Blues
Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12631
A position and pitch

(Huh. My gal musta had the
'lasses. Man, she's actin' just
like a balky mule. Hey, mama,
I'm gonna ship you. That fella
hand me a tag over there,
please.)

I got up this morning, I sure
was feelin' fine.
I got up this morning and I
sure was feeling fine.
I heard a rap at the door, must
be that bear-cat woman of
mine.

She was fussin' and she was
fightin' and actin' like a
doggone fool,
She was fussin', she was
fightin' and actin' like a
doggone fool,
And hemmin' and a-hawin' and
actin' just like a balky mule.

Bear-cat ain't no wild cat and
he don't stay home at night,
Bear-cat ain't no wild cat and
he don't stay home at night,
But when it comes to

squabblin', he sure can scratch
and bite.

I got up this mornin' I was
easin' 'cross the floor.
I got up this mornin', was
easin' 'cross the floor.
Now, my bear-cat's leavin' me,
ain't gon' catch my mice no
more.

I was standin' on the corner
when they brought me the
bear-cat news.
I was standin' on the corner
when they brought me them
bear-cat news.
Now, here come my bear-cat
mama to run me 'way with
them bear-cat blues.

Change My Luck Blues
Chicago February 1928, Pm
12369
C position and pitch

Hey, hey, mama, that risin' sun
done gone.
I say, hey, hey, mama, that
risin' sun done gone.
I just can't see what in the
world is you waitin' on.

I've got another mama, she
ain't long and o'er tall.
I say I got another mama, she
ain't long and o'er tall.
But to tell you the truth man,
she is soft as a butter ball.

She got Elgin movement from
her head down to her toe.
She got Elgin movement from
her head down to her toe.
And she can break in on a
dollar, man most anywhere she
go.

She was my best mama, but
she wouldn't treat me right.
I said she was my best mama,
but she wouldn't treat me
right.
She wouldn't do nothin' but
barrelhouse all night long.

I wanna get me a mama, I
mean with lotsa bucks.
I wanna get me a mama, I
mean with lotsa bucks.

I'm going to be gone, mama, so
I can change my luck.

(Be gone, mama, be gone.)

Prison Cell Blues
Chicago c. February 1928, Pm
12622
E position and pitch

Gettin' tired of sleepin' in this
lowdown lonesome cell.
Lord, I wouldn't have been here
if it hadn't have been for Nell.

Lay awake at night and just
can't eat a bite.
Used to be my rider but she
just won't treat me right.

Got a red-eyed captain and a
squabblin' boss.
Got a mad-dog sergeant and,
honey, and he won't knock off.

I'm gettin' tired of sleepin' in
this lowdown lonesome cell.
Lord, I wouldn't have been here
if it hadn't have been for Nell.

I asked the government to
knock some days off my time.
By the way I'm treated I'm
'bout to lose my mind.

I wrote to the governor to
please turn me a-loose.
Since I didn't get no answer I
know it t'ain't no use.

I'm gettin' tired of sleepin' in
this lowdown lonesome cell.
Lord, I wouldn't have been here
if it hadn't have been for Nell.

I hate to turn over and find my
rider gone.
Walked across my floor, lordy,
how I moaned.

Well, I wouldn't have been here
if it hadn't have been for Nell.
I'm gettin' tired of sleepin' in
this lowdown lonesome cell.

Lemon's Cannon Ball Moan
Chicago c. March 1928, Pm
12639
A position pitched A#

It was late last night, light's
burnin' by my bed.
It was late last night, and
light's burnin' by my bed.
Eased my head to the window,
this is what my baby said.

"Let's just lay here easy till the
cock go to crowin' 'fore day."
Says, "Just lay here easy till
that cock go to crowin' 'fore
day."
Eased my clothes out the
window gonna make my
getaway.

I got a dirty mistreater she's
mean as she can be.
Got a dirty mistreater, mean as
she can be,
I didn't figure she was so mean
till she dropped that cannon
on me.

When my rider drew the
cannon, oooh, my flesh begin
to crawl.
When my rider drew the
cannon my flesh begin to
crawl.
Any man feel kind o' different
when he's faced with a
cannonball.

I stepped two feet forward,
started to break and run.
I stepped two feet forward,
tryin' to break and run.
Ah, but a man don't outrun a
cannon, it's same as a Gatlin'
gun.

Long Lastin' Lovin'
Chicago c. March 1928, Pm
12666
A position and pitch

I wonder why my partner is
sittin' around lookin' sad.
Wonder why's my partner
sittin' around lookin' sad.

I mean, that woman, if she quit me, it's gonna be too black bad.

She's a spare made woman and she's cunnin' as a squirrel.
She's a spare made woman, cunnin' as a squirrel.
When she starts to lovin', man, it's out the world.

Ah, she's a dark brownskin, we always call her 'Chocolate Drop'.
She has dark brown skin and we call her 'Chocolate Drop'.
Got this old-fashioned lovin', man, it just won't stop.

When I first met the woman I figured I hadn't made no hit.
When I first met the woman, figured I hadn't made no hit.
She got this old-fashioned lovin', man, it just won't quit.

I met her at a sociable, she acts just like a crook.
I met her at a sociable, acts just like a crook.
Lord, when she starts to lovin', man it 'tain't in the book.

(Too bad mama. I mean too black bad.)

Piney Woods Money Mama
Chicago c. March 1928, Pm 12650
E position and pitch

Lord, heavy-hipped mama, she done moved to the piney wood.
My heavy-hipped mama, she done moved to the piney wood.
She's a high-steppin' mama and she don't mean no man no good.

She got ways like the devil and hair like a Indian squaw.
She got ways like the devil and hair like a Indian squaw.
She been tryin' two years to get me to be her son-in-law.

Big mama owns everything in her neighborhood,
Her big mama owns everything

in her neighborhood,
But when she made the money, that's when she lived in this piney wood.

Blues in my kitchen, blues in my dinin' room,
I say blues in my kitchen, blues in my dinin' room,
And some nice young fair brown, had better come here soon.

Well the cook's in the kitchen, pickin' and fussin' over turnip greens.
I say cook's in the kitchen, fussin' and pickin' over turnip greens.
White folks in the parlor playin' cards, and they're suppin' at cake and cream.

My baby, I love my baby like the cow loves to chaw her cud,
I say I love my baby like the cow loves to chaw her cud,
But that fool drifted off and left me, she done moved to the piney wood.

Low Down Mojo Blues
Chicago c. June 1928, Pm 12650
E position pitched at F

I love my baby better than a farmer likes his Jersey cow.
Well, I love my baby better than a farmer likes his Jersey cow.
Been tryin' to quit my sugar since two years, but man I don't know how.

When I was young on my big-foot way to school,
When I was young on my big-foot way to school,
I met a nice-lookin' brownskin, made me lose my mammy's rule.

My little rider's got a mojo, and she won't let me see.
My little rider's got a mojo, and she won't let me see.

Every time I start to lovin', she ease that thing on me.

She's tryin' to fool her daddy, she's tryin' to keep that mojo hid.
She's tryin' to fool her daddy, keep that mojo hid.
But papa's got something for to find that mojo with.

She got four speeds forward and she don't never stall.
She got four speeds forward and she don't never stall.
The way she bumps on the hill, it wouldn't make a panther squall.

Competition Bed Blues
Chicago c. July 1928, Pm 12728
C position pitched at B

Competition worryin' me, I don't even know what competition mean.
Competition worryin' me, do you realize what competition mean?
It pops up at every man's door and it worries him in his midnight dream.

I had a lovin' brown, I didn't never mean to do her wrong.
I had a lovin' brown, I didn't never mean to do her wrong.
My partner's so full of competition, he's got my gal and gone.

I passed my partner's house, I stopped in to comb my head.
I passed my partner's house, I stopped in to comb my head.
Who should I find, but my brown makin' up my partner's bed.

Almost wrecked my mind, competition's goin' between me and my friend.
Almost wrecked my mind, competition's goin' between me

and my friend.
It hurts me so, I thought we'd
be pals 'til the end.

It makes a man feel bad for his
partner to turn him down.
It makes a man feel bad for his
partner to throw him down.
Now it's so much competition,
I believe I'll leave this town

Lock Step Blues
Chicago c. July 1928, Pm 12679
C position

I used to shake my foots in a
midnight prance.
I swear, I used to shake my
feet in a midnight prance.
Now they got me doin' a
different kind of dance.

I couldn't keep away from bad
liquor, wild women, cards and
dice.
I couldn't keep away from bad
liquor, wild women, cards and
dice.
Now I'm doin' the lock step and
I ain't doin' so nice.

Don't matter to me if it's
sunshine, I mean, snow or rain.
Don't matter to me if it's
sunshine, I mean, snow or rain.
Because I can't go go gay-
cattin' carryin' a ball and
chain.

Mean old jailer, he has taken
my dancin' shoes.
Mean old jailer has taken my
dancin' shoes.
I can't strut my jazzin' stuff
when I got them lockstep
blues.

There's big rats in my cell and
they keep me awoke all night.
Big rats in my cell keep me
awoke all night.
My woman turned me down, I
don't think that's right.

Every mornin', I'm walkin'
down that big long hall.
Every mornin', I'm walkin'

down that big long hall.
I'm cravin' for my mama, and I
ain't makin' no time at all.

Hangman's Blues
Chicago c. July 1928, Pm 12679
G position and pitch

Hangman's rope, it sure is
tough and strong.
I say, hangman's rope, it's sure
tough and strong.
They're gonna hang me
because I did something wrong.

I wanna tell you the gallows,
honey's a fearful sight.
I wanna say the gallows, sure is
fearsome sight.
Hang me down in the mornin',
cut me down at night.

Mean old hangman, he's waitin'
to tighten up that noose.
I said, a mean old hangman,
he's waitin' to tighten up that
noose.
Lord, I'm so scared, I'm
tremblin' in my shoes.

Jury men heard my case and
said my hand was red.
Jury's heard my case and they
said my hand was red.
And the judge sentenced for
me to hang until I'm dead.

Crowd around the courthouse,
for the time is drawin' fast.
Crowd around the courthouse,
for the time is drawin' fast.
Sayin', a good-for-nothin' killer
is gonna breathe his last.

I'm almost dyin', I was gaspin'
for my breath,
Mama, I'm almost dyin', gaspin'
for my breath,
And that triflin' woman is
drinkin' to celebrate my death.

Sad News Blues
Chicago July 1928, Pm 12728
C position and pitch

I'm sittin here moanin', I have
the letter here in my hand.
Mmmmm-mmmm-mmm, I've
got a letter here in my hand.
My faro wrote to tell me, my
baby's got a brand new man.

I'm miles away from home, I
ain't got no railroad fare.
I'm miles away from home, I
ain't got no railroad fare.
I'm gonna beat that B&O into
Baltimore, for I heard my baby
was there.

I was drinkin' all night, got up
this mornin' sloppy drunk.
Drinkin' all night long, got up
this mornin' sloppy drunk.
I would pack my things, but
somebody done stole my trunk.

I met a brown last night, I tried
to get her to ease my pain.
I met a brown last night, I tried
to get her to ease my pain.
Said, "You ain't got no money,
so don't come back here
again."

It's sad news when your baby's
trampin' on you,
I say, it's sad news when your
baby's trampin' on you,
When you know you've been
doin' the very best you could
do.

How Long, How Long
Chicago c. July 1928, Pm 12685
C position, pitched at C#, duet
with unknown pianist

How long, how long, has that
evenin' train been gone?
For how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

Standin' at the station, watch
my baby leave town.
I feel disgusted, no peace can
be found.

For how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

I can hear the whistle blowing
but I just can't see no train.
Way down in my heart, baby,
there lie aches of pain.
Oh, how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

Sometime I feel disgusted and I
feel so blue.
I hardly know what in this
world, baby, a good man can
do.
For how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

If I could holler just like a
mountain jack,
I'd go up on the mountain, I'd
call my baby back.
For how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

Some day you're gonna be
sorry you ever done me wrong.
It'll be too late darlin', your
man'll be gone.
For how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

My mind goes to wondering, I
feel so sad,
Thinking about the trouble a
good man always had.
Oh, how long, ah, how long,
baby, how long.

Lockstep Blues

Chicago c. August 1928, Pm
12679

I used to shake my feet in a
midnight prance.
I used to shake my feet in a
midnight prance.
Now they got me doin' a
different kind of dance.

I couldn't keep away from wild
women, bad liquor, cards and
dice.

I couldn't keep away from bad
women, bad whiskey and cards
and dice.
Now I'm doin' the lockstep,
baby, things ain't going so
nice.

Don't matter to me whether it's
sunshine, snow or rain.
It don't matter to me whether
it's sunshine, snow or rain.
Because I can't go gay-cattin'
and carryin' a ball and chain.

Mean old jailer, taken away my
dancin' shoes.
I say, a mean old jailer, taken
away my dancin' shoes.
I can't strut my stuff when I've
got those lockstep blues.

Big rats in my cell keeps me
awoke all night.
I said, big rats in my cell keeps
me awoke all night
My woman done turned me
down, and I don't think that's
right.

Every mornin', I waltz down
that big long hall.
I say, every mornin', I waltz
down that big long hall.
I'm craving for my mama, can't
make no time at all.

(Lockstep blues, people. Oh-
ho.)

NOTE

This is the version on
Document DOCD-5019 dated
July wrongly.

Hangman's Blues

Chicago c. August 1928, Pm

12679

G position and pitch

(Thirteenth on Fridays is
always my bad luck days.
Hmmm, if I could find me a
hoodoo doctor I'd make my
getaway.)

Hangman's rope is, honey, so
tough and strong.
Now, the hangman's rope is
sure tough and strong.
They're goin' to hang me
because I done something
wrong.

I wanna tell you the galis,
Lord's a fearful sight.
I wanna tell you the galis,
Lord's a fearful sight.
Hang me in the mornin' and
cut me down at night.

Well, a mean old hangman, he
is waitin' to tighten up that
noose.
I said, mean old hangman,
waitin' to tighten up that
noose.
Lord, I'm so scared, I am
tremblin' in my shoes.

Jury heard my case and they
said my hand was red.
Jurymen heard my case and
said my hand was red.
And judge he sentenced me, be
hangin' 'til I'm dead.

The crowd 'round the
courthouse, and the time is
drawin' fast.
And the crowd 'round the
courthouse, and the time is
drawin' fast.
Soon a good-for-nothin' killer is
goin' to breathe his last.

Lord, I'm almost dyin', gaspin'
for my breath,
Lord, I'm almost dyin', gaspin'
for my breath,
And that triflin' woman
drinkin' to celebrate my death.

Christmas Eve Blues

Chicago c. August 1928, Pm

12692

C position pitched C#

(Oh mama, this is goin' to be a hard winter. Look how it's snowin'. Baby won't you hear me moan?)

**Ah, just the day before Christmas, mama won't you hear me moan,
I say it was the day before Christmas, mama won't you hear you moan,
If you take me back baby, I'll get you anything you need.**

**I had a good chance, baby give me just one more,
I had a good chance, baby give me just one more,
I'm gonna show you some lovin', like you have never been before.**

**I know I did you wrong, I'm just as sorry as I can be,
Mmmm, sorry as I can be,
Just the day before Christmas, mama please come back to me.**

**Mama, don't turn me down, on this Christmas Eve,
Mama, don't turn me down, on this Christmas Eve,
I cried about you so hard, done wet up my whole coat sleeve.**

**It's the day before Christmas, let me bring your present tonight,
I said, it's the day before Christmas, let me bring me your present tonight,
I'm gonna be your Santy Claus, even if my whiskers ain't white.**

(Christmas Eve Blues, folks.)

Happy New Year Blues

Chicago c. August 1928, Pm

12692

C position pitched C#

(A Happy New Year, folks, to

each and everybody.)

**I'm thinkin' about the year of 19 and 29,
I'm thinkin' 'bout the year of 19 and 29
New Year caught me with my money and man I was doin' very fine.**

**I was lyin' down with my baby, we had one small quart of gin,
I was lyin' down with my baby, we had a small quart of gin,
And the old doorbell kept a-ringin', I wouldn't leave nobody come in.**

**The whistle was blowin' for New Year, around twelve o'clock at night
The whistle was blowin' for New Year, around twelve o'clock at night
I lied there arguin' with my baby, until the good Lord broke daylight.**

**Early one New Year mornin', I was walkin' down by the mill,
I say early one New Year mornin', I was walkin' down by the mill,
Every man likes his liquor, when he gets it fresh from the still.**

**I hate to drink on New Year, for this whiskey they're makin' is too strong,
I say I hate to drink on New Year, this whiskey they're makin' is too strong,
Because I would take two or three drinks, I'll be drunk the whole day long.**

(Hurry up with that Santy Claus, bring him on around here.)

Maltese Cat Blues

Chicago c. August 1928, Pm

12712

C position pitched C#

(Say man, I went out gay cattin' last night, and my gal she threw a party for me. Oooh gee, it was tight like that!)

**Rats is mean in my kitchen, I done lost my Maltese cat.
Rats is mean in my kitchen, and I've lost by Maltese cat.
I'm gonna make things right with my good gal, man, and it's tight like that.**

**I'm gon' start walkin', walk the shoes clean off of my feet.
I'm gon' start walkin', walk the shoes clean off of my feet.
Been thinkin' 'bout my mama, and, man, that woman sure is sweet.**

**I ain't got no suitcase, I just have me one bottle of gin.
I ain't got no suitcase, I stole me one bottle of gin.
I got to stay drunk to keep warm, because my clothes is so thin.**

**Long, lonesome train come passin' me a-flyin'.
Long, lonesome train come passin' me a-flyin'.
I was thinkin' 'bout my mama, and I didn't pay that train no mind.**

**When you've got a home, tired of Maltese cats,
When you got a home, and are tired of Maltese cats,
Get a good dark brownskin, man, it's tight like that.**

D.B Blues

Chicago c. August 1928, Pm

12712

E position pitched Eb

(Oh, here come Lemon in that new Ford sedan. Oh, listen to

the motor roar.)

Who is that comin', hey, with
his motor so strong?
I say, who is that comin', hey,
with his motor so strong?
That's Lemon and his DB,
people thinks he's got his good
luck on.

Gonna get out of my four-
cylinder Dodge, I'm gonna get
me a Super Six.

Get out of my four-cylinder
Dodge, get me a Super Six.
I'm always 'round the ladies,
and I likes to have my business
fixed.

I'm crazy about a Packard, but
my baby only rates a Ford.
I'm crazy about a Packard, my
baby only rates a Ford.
A Packard is too expensive,
Ford will take you where you
want to go.

Come here, brownskin, listen
to my motor roar.
Come here, fair brown, and
listen to my motor roar.
Because my Super Six
sufficient to take you where
you want to go.

I never did like no horses, and
I never could stand no seal.
I never did like no horses, I
never could stand no seal.
Every since I'm old enough to
catch a brown, they made the
automobile

Eagle-Eyed Mama

Chicago c. January 1929, Pm
12739

A position, pitched G#

My woman got eyes like an
eagle and she watches me all
the time
My woman got eyes like an
eagle, watches me all the time
The way she follows me
around, Lordy it's going to be a
crime

Watches me all through the
day, watches me all through
the night

Watch me all through the day,
sister, watches me all through
the night
Keeps her eagle eyes on me till
the good lord brings daylight

Mmmmmmmmmmm, Papa
Lemon's feeling so blue
Mmmmmmmmmmm, Papa
Lemon's feeling so blue
Eagle-eyed mama's worrying
me, what am I gonna do

Dog in my back yard, oh Lordy
how he can howl
I said there's a dog in my back
yard, oh lordy how he can howl
I'm trying to quit that eagle-
eyed woman, man and I don't
know how

My eagle-eyed woman, (she's)
got ways I can't explain
My eagle-eyed woman, she's
got ways that I can't explain
If I ever leave her, I know she's
going insane

Dynamite Blues

Chicago c. January 1929, Pm
12739

C position pitched B

I feel like scrappin', startin' a
great big old row,
I say I feel like scrappin',
startin' a great big old row,
Because the woman I love, say
she don't want me no how.

She swore that she loved me,
but I know she doin' me wrong,
Ah, she swore that she loved
me, but I know she doin' me
wrong,
I'm gon' start something man,
and I tell you it won't be long.

The way I feel now, I could get
a keg of dynamite,
I say the way I'm feelin' now, I
could get a keg of dynamite,
Put it all in her window, and

blow her up late at night.

I could swallow some fire, take
a drink of gasoline,
I could swallow some fire, take
a drink of gasoline,
Blow it up all over that woman,
and let her go up in steam.

I'm gon' get in a cannon, and
let her blow me out to sea,
I'm gon' get in a cannon, and
let him blow me out to sea,
Goin' down with the whales, let
the mermaids makes love with
me.

Disgusted Blues

Chicago c. Jan 1929, Pm 12933
C position pitched at B

I feel so disgusted, and so low
down in mind,
I say I'm blue and disgusted,
feelin' so low down in mind,
I ain't got nobody, and my
honey's so unkind.

My woman earned one dollar, I
asked her to buy some gin,
My woman earned one dollar, I
asked her to buy some gin,
She put me out of doors, and
dared me to come back in.

I've left my house, I walkin' up
and down the street,
I say I've left my house, I was
walkin' up and down the street,
But I ran back quick, when the
cop come out on his beat.

I can't buy no liquor, I can't
drink my blues away,
I can't buy no liquor, I can't
drink my blues away,
I can't find my mama, to ease
my pain night or day.

I'm so disgusted, I could fall
right down and cry,
I say I'm so disgusted, I could
fall right down and cry,
I'm broke and homeless, lord
I'm so doggone dry.

Sad News Blues
January 1929
C position, pitched at B

I'm sittin' here mournin', got a
letter here in my hand
Mmmmm-mmmm-mmm, a
letter here in my hand
My faro wrote to tell me my
baby's got a brand new man

I'm miles away from home, I
ain't got no railroad fare
I'm miles away from home,
ain't got no railroad fare
I'm gonna beat that B&O into
Baltimore because I know my
baby is there

I was drinkin' all night long,
got up this morning sloppy
drunk
Drinkin' all night long, got up
this morning sloppy drunk
I would pack my clothes,
somebody done stole my trunk

I got a brown last night, I tried
to get her to ease my pain
I got a brown last night, I tried
to get her to ease my pain
"You ain't got no money, don't
come back here again"

It's sad news when your baby's
trampin' on you
I said, it's sad news when your
baby's trampin' on you
When you know you have done
the very best you can do

Oil Well Blues
Chicago March 1929, Pm 12771
E position and pitch

[spoken] Oh listen to that gas,
how it's blowin and quiverin'.
It's blowing just like a... an
earthquake.

Ain't nothing, mama, don't be
scared at all

It ain't nothing, mama, don't
be scared at all
It's a long-distance well and it's
blow(n)ing oil that's all

Ain't nothing to hurt you, it
ain't nothing that's bad
Ain't nothing to hurt you,
honey, ain't nothing bad
It's the first oil well that your
little farm ever had

I'm a long-distance driller, I'm
wildcattin' the country through
I'm a long-distance driller,
wildcattin' the country through
Well I'll stop wildcattin' if I
bring in this well for you

I'm a mean oil well driller, been
a driller since I been a man
I'm a mean oil well driller, been
a driller since I been a man
And I don't stop drilling till I
strike that Woodbine sand

I got a reputation and they call
me Drilling Slim
I got a mean reputation and
they call me Drilling Slim
But when I starts to drilling
you hear women holler "too
black bad."

Tin Cup Blues
Chicago c. March 1929, Pm
12756
C position and pitch

I was standin' there cryin' my
crochets wouldn't come all
night
I was standin' there cryin' my
crochet won't come all
night/nine
And it's tough to see a man go
to the wreck & almost fall and
die

I sit on the corner and I almost
bust my head
I sit on the corner and almost
bust my head
I didn't earn enough money to
buy me a loaf of bread

Competition Bed Blues
Chicago c. January 1929, Pm
12728
C position pitched at B

Competition worrying me, do
you realize what competition
mean?
Competition worrying me, & do
you realize what competition
mean?
Pops up in every man's door &
it worries him in his midnight
dreams

I had a lovin' brown I didn't
mean to do her wrong
Had a lovin' brown I didn't
mean to do her wrong
My partner's so full of
competition he got my good
gal & gone

Passed by my partner's house, I
stopped in to comb my head
I dropped in my partner's
house, stopped in to comb my
head
Who did I find but my darlin'
makin' up my partner's bed

It almost wrecked my mind,
competition's going between
me & my friend
I said almost wrecked my
mind, competition's going
between me & my friend
It hurt me so I thought we's
going to be pals until the end

It makes a man feel bad for his
partner to turn him down
Yes it makes a man feel bad for
his partner to turn him down
'Said it's so much competition
I believe I'll leave this town

Baby, times is so hard I almost
call it tough
I said the times is so hard I
almost call it tough
I can't earn money to buy no
bread and you know I can't buy
my snuff

My gal's a housemaid and she
earns a dollar a week
I said my gal's a housemaid
and she earns a dollar a week
And i'm so hungry on payday I
can't hardly speak

Now gather 'round me people,
let me tell you true facts
I said gather 'round me people
and let me tell you true facts
That tough luck has struck me
& the rats is sleepin' in my
hat???

Big Night Blues
Chicago c. March 1929, Pm
12801
A position and pitch

My feets is so sore, I can
hardly wear my shoes.
My feets is so sore, can hardly
wear my shoes.
Out last night with wild
women, left me with those big
night blues.

I grabbed my sugar and I
danced, mama, 'til the clock
struck twelve.
I grabbed my sugar and I
danced, sweet mama, 'til the
clock struck twelve.
After razzlin' so hard with my
good gal, I just ain't feelin' so
well.

I'm goin' back to that wild
party, get with the wild women
again.
I'm goin' back to that wild
party, get with wild women
again.
I ain't gonna leave home, 'til I
have me a quart of gin.

Wild women like their whiskey,
and their gin and their rock-
and-rye.

Wild women like their liquor,
and their gin and their rock-
and-rye.

My gal wouldn't let me go
home last night and wouldn't
tell me the reason why.

I turned my face to the door
and my gal made an awful
moan.

Mmmmmmmmm, my gal
made an awful moan.
"Lord, I'll leave my lovin',
daddy, because my clock is run
down at home."

Empty House Blues
Chicago c. March 1929, Pm
12946
C position pitched at B

That furniture man, he's done
been here and gone.
I tell you this furniture man,
already done been here and
gone.
Taken all my furniture, never
left nothin' for me to sit down
on.

Well, it's tough to be alone,
when I got to have my biscuits
browned.
I say, it's tough to be alone,
when I've got to have my
biscuits browned.
The most of these women I
know, cook it with their
damper down.

I miss my baby in the mornin',
Lord, miss her late at night.
I miss my baby in the mornin',
Lord, I miss her late at night.
I miss that midnight lovin',
and you know I ain't feelin'
right.

I feel so disgusted, mama, I
hate to be alone.
I feel so disgusted, and I hates
to be alone.
I'm gettin' some other man's

lovin' when I oughta be gettin'
my own.

My love is like a storm that
blowed the wires all down.
I say my love is like a storm,
mama, that blowed the wires
all down.
Sooner you get used to my
lovin', they can't keep you out
of town.

Saturday Night Spender Blues
Chicago c. March 1929, Pm
12771
E position pitched E flat

Every Saturday, works and I
draws my pay
Every Saturday, mama, I go to
work and I draw my pay
But soon as night come, I goes
out for a spendin' fling.

I have five, six and seven
women, and I sure do love
their corn
Five six and seven women, and
I sure loves their corn
Then we go out and break 'em
down, until early morn.

I don't mind no men friends,
but I'm afraid they might
cramp my style
I don't mind no mens, but I'm
afraid they might cramp my
style
I didn't like me plenty of
women, but man I likes them
wild.

All through the week, I works
hard and I'm regularly' paid
All through every week, I works
hard and I'm regularly' paid
So on a Saturday night, I can
get all the lovin' I crave.

Now I can't have the good
times like I once have had
And now I can't have good
times like I once have had
My regular found out I's a
Saturday night spender, and it
sure did make her mad

That Black Snake Moan No. 2

Chicago c. March 1929, Pm
12756

C position pitched at B

Well, folks, Lemon is yet
lookin' for his black snake
mama.

Mmmmmm, gonna run that
black snake down,
Ohhhh, gonna run that black
snake down,
I ain't seen my mama, since
black snake taken her away
from town.

Mmmmmm, black snake is so
hard to find,
Mmmmmm, black snake is so
hard to find,
I am worried 'bout my mama, I
can't keep her off my mind.

Ohhhhh, better find my mama
soon,
Ohhhhh, better find my mama
soon,
I woke up this morning, black
snake was makin', this here
ruckus [pronounced "rookus"]
in my room.

Black snake is evil, black snake
is all I see,
Black snake is evil, black snake
is all I see,
I woke up this mornin', black
snake was movin' in on me.

Mmmmmm, mmm, black snake
was hangin' round,
Mmmmmm, black snake was
hangin' round,
He occupied my livin' room,
and broke my ? down.

Peach Orchard Mama
c. August, 1929
A position, G# pitch

Peach orchard mama, you
swore nobody'd pick your fruit
but me.

Peach orchard mama, you
swore that no one picked your

fruit but me.
I found three kidmen shakin'
down your peaches tree.

One man bought your
groceries, another joker paid
your rent.

One man bought your
groceries, another joker paid
your rent.

While I work in your orchard
and givin' you every cent.

Went to the police station,
begged the police to put me in
jail.

Went to the police station,
begged them to put me in jail.
I didn't wanna kill you, mama,
but I hate to see your peaches
tree fail.

Peach orchard mama, don't
treat your papa so mean.
Peach orchard mama, don't
treat your papa so mean.
Chase out all those kidmen and
let me keep your orchard
clean.

Peach orchard mama, don't
turn your papa down.
Peach orchard mama, don't
turn your papa down.
Because when I gets mad I acts
just like a clown.

Big Night Blues

Chicago c. August 1929, Pm
12801

A position and pitch

My feets is so sore, can hardly
wear my shoes.

Well, my feets so sore, can
hardly wear my shoes.

Out last night with wild
women, and it's give me the big
night blues.

I grabbed my baby and I
danced 'til the clock struck

twelve.

I grabbed my baby and I
danced 'til the clock struck
twelve.

I had to razzle so hard with my
good gal, I just ain't feelin' so
well.

I'm goin' back to that party,
get with them wild women
again.

I'm goin' back to that party,
get with them wild women
again.

Well, I ain't gonna leave my
home, 'til I order me a quart of
gin.

Wild women likes their liquor,
their gin and their rock-and-
rye.

Wild women likes their liquor,
their gin and their rock-and-
rye.

My gal wouldn't let me go
home last night, wouldn't tell
me the reason why.

Turned my face to the walls
and my baby made an awful
moan.

Mmmmmmmmm, my baby
made an awful moan.

"Well, I needs my daddy, 'cause
my clock is run down at
home."

Bed Spring Blues

Richmond 24 September 1929,
Pm 12872

A position pitched Ab

Got something to tell you,
make the hair rise on your
head.

I've got somethin' to tell you,
make the hair rise on your
head.

Got a new way of gettin' down,
make the springs tremble on
your bed.

My gal got a new way of
tremblin' down, make a crazy
man leave his home.

Got a new way of tremblin'
down make, a crazy man leave
his home.

When she grabs you and turns
you loose, makes the flesh
tremble on your bones.

(Tell me, why do them springs
tremble so on your bed, baby?)

Well, my gal's got something at
home that I sure do lack.
Well, my gal's got something at
home that I sure do lack.
A soft foldin' bed, the cover all
right back.

Don't blame me mama for
talkin' out my head.
I say, don't blame me mama,
talking out my head.
I'm worried about the
movements you've got and
those springs tremblin' on your
bed.

Yo Yo Blues
Richmond September 24 1929,
Pm 12872
E position and pitch, slightly #

I would go yo-yoin' but I broke
my yo-yo string.
I say, I would go yo-yoin' but
I've broke my yo-yo string.
I believe my baby's goin' crazy,
losin' her mind, Lord, the
woman is goin' insane.

Don't a man feel bad when he
can't yo-yo no more.
Don't a man feel bad when he
can't yo-yo no more.
Broke my yo-yo string last
night and I can't come home
no more.

My sugar got ways, partner, I
can't understand.
My sugar got ways, partner, I
can't understand.
Leave me home in my bed, go
yo-yo with some other man.

I love my yo-yo better than
anything I know.
Man, I love my yo-yo better

than anything I know.
I'm feelin' funny and foolish, I
can't shake that thing no more

Mosquito Moan
Richmond 24 September 1929,
Pm 12899
C position pitched at B

Now, I'm sittin' in my kitchen,
mosquitoes all around my
screen.
Now, I'm sittin' in my kitchen,
mosquitoes all around my
screen.
If I don't arrange to get a
mosquito bomb, I'll be seldom
seen.

I'm gon' sleep under a tin tub,
try my best to brad their bill.
I believe I'll sleep under a tin
tub, try my best to brad their
bill.
Well, mosquitoes so bad in this
man's town, keep me away
from my whiskey still.

I love my whiskey better than
some people likes to eat.
I say I love my whiskey better
than some people likes to eat.
Mosquitoes botherin' me so, I
can't hardly stay on my feet.

I bought a spray last night, and
I sprayed all over my house.
I bought a spray last night and
I sprayed all over my house.
Mosquitoes all around my door,
won't leave nobody come out.

Mosquitoes all around me,
mosquitoes are everywhere I
go.
Mosquitoes all around me,
mosquitoes everywhere I go.
No matter where I go, well,
they sticks their bill in me.

I would say a gabbernipper,
these gabbernickers bites too
hard.
I would say a gabbernipper,

some gabbernickers bites too
hard.
I've stepped back in my
kitchen, and they're springin'
up in my back yard.

NOTES
2.1/2 BRAD is the sound,
effectively here meaning 'blunt'.
6.1/2 GABBERNIPPER is a
variation of 'gallinipper', a large
mosquito (Merriam-Webster).

Southern Woman Blues
Richmond 24 September 1929,
Pm 12899
A position pitched at G

Way down south, you oughta
see the women shimmy and
shake
I said, way down south, you
oughta see the women shimmy
and shake
I mean they way that they
wiggle, make a weak man break
his neck

Stew fat meat and greens and I
mean that they really can cook
Stew fat meat and greens and I
mean that they really can cook
Make the jelly roll, and I mean
it's out the book

I was down south and I pulled
out my whiskey cup
If I was down south, pull out
my whiskey cup
Just lookin' at them women
makes me want to get my gage
up

Southern women, man, they's
hard to beat
I said Southern women sure is
hard to beat
Ain't so easy to get along with
but, Lo-o-ord, so sweet

I'm goin' down South and I
believe I'll take my hook
Well I'm goin' down South and I
believe I'll carry my hook
I'm gonna fish these Southern
women and declare it's out the
book

Me and my sugar hoppin out
the boat
I said me and sugar, hoppin
out the boat
I would go to fishin', mama, I
done broke my pole

Bakershop Blues

Richmond 24 September 1929,
Pm 12852
C position pitched Bb

I'm standin' front of the
bakershop, and I'm feelin' low
down in mind.
Standin' fore the bakershop, I
was feelin' low down in mind.
Hungry as could be, lookin' at
those cakes so kind.

Girl's in the bakershop, she
hollered, "Papa don't look so
sad."
Girl in the bakershop, she
hollered, "Papa don't look so
sad.
Come and try some of my
cakes, and you won't feel so
bad."

There were sweet rolls in the
window, honey and light bread
that's cold.
Sweet rolls in the window,
honey and light bread cold.
I wanted to buy me some
cakes, but I had shot dice and
lost my roll.

I'm crazy 'bout my light bread,
and my pigmeat on the side.
I say, I'm crazy 'bout my light
bread, and my pigmeat on the
side.
If I could taste your jelly roll,
honey, I'd be satisfied.

I wanna know if your jellyroll's
fresh, I wanna know if your
jellyroll's stale.

Wanna know if your jellyroll is
fresh, I wanna know if your
jellyroll's stale.
I'm gonna haul off and buy me
some, if I have to break-a loose
in jail.

It's hard to be broke, and so
hungry you about to drop.
I say, it's hard to be broke, so
hungry you about to drop.
If I don't get a break soon, I'll
fall dead front of this
bakershop.

Pneumonia Blues

Richmond September 24 1929,
Pm 12880
E position pitched at D

Achin's all over, believe I've got
the pneumonia this time.
I'm achin' all over, believe I've
got the pneumonia this time.
And it's all on account of that
low-down gal of mine.

Sneakin' 'round the corners,
runnin' up alleys, too.
I say, I'm sneakin' 'round
corners and runnin' up alleys,
too.
Watchin' my woman, tryin' to
see what she gon' do.

Stood out in the street one
cold, dark stormy night.
I stood out in the street one
dark and stormy night.
Try and see if my good gal gon'
make it home all right.

I believe she's found
something, that probably made
her fall.
She must've found something,
and I believe it's made her fall.
I've stood out in the cold all
night and she didn't come
home at all.

Wearin' BVDs in the winter,
prowlin' round in the rain.
Wearin' BVDs in the winter and

prowlin' round in the rain.
Runnin' down my baby give me
this pneumonia pain.

Now, when I die, bury me in a
Stetson hat.
I say, when I die, bury me in a
Stetson hat.
Tell my good gal I'm gone, but
I'm still a-standin' pat.

Long Distance Moan

Richmond 24 Sept 1929, Pm
12852
C pitched at B flat

I fly into South Carolina, I
gotta go there this time.
I fly into South Carolina, I
gotta go there this time.
Woman in Dallas, Texas, is
'bout to make me lose my
mind.

Long distance, long distance,
will you please give me a credit
call?
Long distance, long distance,
will you give me a please to a
credit call?
Wanna talk to my gal in South
Carolina, who looks like a
Indian squaw.

Just wanna ask my baby, what
in the world is she been doin'.
Wanna ask my baby, what in
the world is she been doin'.
Give your lovin' to another
joker and it's sure gon' be my
ruin.

Hey, long distance, I can't help
but moan.

**Mmmmmmmmm, I can't help
but moan.
My baby's voice sounds so
sweet, almost wrecks the
telephone.**

**You don't know you love your
rider till she's so far from you.
You don't know you love your
rider until she's so far from
you.
You can get long distance
moan and you don't care what
you do.**

**I think I'll use telephonin' to
get my darlin' off my mind.
So I'll use telephonin', get my
baby off my mind.
This long distance moan 'bout
to worry me to death this time.**

That Crawlin' Baby Blues

Richmond 24 September 1929,
Pm 12880
G position, pitched at F

**Heard a baby cryin', crawlin' up
to his mama's knee.
Heard a baby cryin', up to his
mama's knee.
He's cryin' 'bout his sweet milk
and she won't feed his Jersey
cream.**

**Crawl from the fireplace and he
stopped in the middle of the
floor.**

**Well, he crawled from the
fireplace and stopped in the
middle of the floor.
Said "Mama, ain't that your
second daddy standin' back
there in the door?"**

**Well, she grabbed my baby and
spanked him, I tried to make**

**her leave him alone.
She just grabbed my baby and
spanked him, I tried to make
her leave him alone.
I tried my best to stop her and
she said this baby ain't none of
mine.**

**Some woman rocks the cradle,
and I declare she rules her
home.**

**Woman rocks the cradle, and I
declare she rules her home.
Many a man rocks some other
man's baby and the fool thinks
he's rockin' his own.**

**Went out late last night when I
learnt the crawlin' baby's news.
I say, it was late last night
when I learnt the crawlin' baby
news.**

**My woman threw my clothes
outdoors, now I got the
crawlin' baby blues.**