

Lightnin', Smokes Like Lightnin

Whoa it smoke like lightnin';;, yeah but shine like gold
Don't you hear me talking pretty baby,
Smoke like lightnin';;, yeah but shine like gold
Yeah you know I see my little fair one
Lying there on a cooling bowl

Yes I see the hearse one morning backed up to our door
Don't you hear me talking?
Soon one morning, backed up to our door
Well you know I could see my little baby
Lying there on a cooling bowl

Well my baby died and left me,
Laid her on a cooling bowl
Yes she died and she left me,
They laid her on a cooling bowl
Well they said, Lightnin'; she's gone and left you now boy,
You will never see her smiling face no more

Well it was sad...

Well I followed my baby, followed my baby
Down to her burying ground
Well I followed my baby, followed her
Down to her burying ground
Yeah it didn't hurt me so bad till I'd seen
Poor miss when they let her down

You know I done lost my little fair one
I guess the next thing will be me
I done lost my little fair one
I guess the next thing will be me
Whoa I ain't dead, no boys,
But Po'; Lightnin'; sinking by degree
By degree