

Robert Johnson, Stones In My Passway

I got stones in my passway
and all my roads seem dark at night
I got stones in my passway
and all my roads seem dark at night
I have pains in my heart
they have taken my appetite
I have a bird to whistle
I have a bird to sing
Have a bird to whistle
and I have a bird to sing
I have a woman that I'm lovin
boy, but she don't mean a thing
My enemies have betrayed me
have overtaken poor Bob at last
My enemies have betrayed me
have overtaken poor Bob at last
And 'eres one thing certainly
they have stones all in my pass
Now you tryin to take my life
and all my lovin too
You laid a passway for me
now what are you tryin to do
I'm cryin please
please let us be friends
And when you hear me howlin in my passway rider
ple-ease open your door and let me in
I've got three legs to truck home
boys please don't block my road
I've got three legs to truck home
boys please don't block my road
I've been fellin ashamed about my rider
babe, I'm booked and I got to go