

B.B. King, Backwater Blues

It rained five days
The sky has turned black as night
Oh, it rained five days
And the sky has turned black as night
And there's trouble takin' place
Way down in the lowlands tonight
I woke up this mornin'
And I couldn't get out of my front door
I woke up this mornin'
And I couldn't get out of my front door
It was so much trouble
Make a poor man wonder where he wanna go
They rowed a little boat
About five miles