

Bessie Smith, Backwater Blues

When it rained five days and the sky turned dark as night
When it rained five days and the sky turned dark as night
Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night

I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
There's enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she wanna go

Then they rowed a little boat about five miles cross the pond
Then they rowed a little boat about five miles cross the pond
I packed all my clothes, throwed 'em in and they rowed me along

When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow
When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go

And I went and stood up on some high old lonesome hill
And I went and stood up on some high old lonesome hill
Then looked down on the house were I used to live

Backwater blues done called me to pack my things and go
Backwater blues done called me to pack my things and go
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more

Mmm, I can't move no more
Mmm, I can't move no more
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go