

# Bessie Smith, Black Mountain Blues

Back in Black Mountain, a child will smack your face  
Back in Black Mountain, a child will smack your face  
Babies cryin' for liquor, and all the birds sing bass

Black Mountain people are bad as they can be  
Black Mountain people are bad as they can be  
They uses gunpowder just to sweeten their tea

\_\_\_ in Black Mountain, can't keep a man in jail  
\_\_\_ in Black Mountain, can't keep a man in jail  
If the jury finds him guilty, the judge'll &lt;u>go they&lt;/u> bail

Had a man in Black Mountain, sweetest man in town  
Had a man in Black Mountain, the sweetest man in town  
He met a city gal, and he throwed me down

I'm bound for Black Mountain, me and my razor and my gun  
Lord, I'm bound for Black Mountain, me and my razor and gun  
I'm gonna shoot him if he stands still, and cut him if he runs

Down in Black Mountain, they all shoot quick and straight  
Down in Black Mountain, they all shoot quick and straight  
The bullet'll get you, if you start dodgin' too late

Got the devil in my soul, and I'm full of bad booze  
Got the devil in my soul, and I'm full of bad booze  
I'm out here for trouble, I've got the Black Mountain blues

"Note: I'm unsure of the underlined/blank lyrics-- any idea?"