

Bukka White, Fixin' To Die Blues

I'm lookin' funny in my eyes and I believe I'm fixin' to
I'm lookin' funny in my eyes and I believe I'm fixin' to
I know I was born to die but I hate to leave my children cryin'
Just as sho' as we livin', just as sho' we born to die, sho'
Just as sho' as we livin', sho' we born to die
I know I was born to die but I hate to leave my children cryin'
Your mother treated me, children, like I was her baby child, was her baby child
Your mother treated me like I was her baby child
That's why's I find it so hard to come back home to die
So many nights at the fireside, how my children's mother would cry, how my children&a
So many nights at the fireside, how my children's mother would cry
'Cause I told the mother I had to say goodbye
Look over yonder, on the burying ground, on the burying ground
Look over yonder, on the burying ground
Yon' stand ten thousand, standin' still to let me down
Mother take my children back, before they let me down, before they let me down
Mother take my children back, 'fore they let me down
I don't need for them to screamin' and cryin' on the graveyard g