

# Charley Patton, Moon Goin' Down

Oh well, where were you now, baby,  
Clarksdale mill burned down.  
Oh well, where were you now, baby,  
Clarksdale mill burned down.  
I were way down Sunflower,  
With my face all fulla frowns.

Lord, I think I heard the Helena whistle,  
Helena whistle,  
Helena whistle blow.  
Lord, I ain't gonna stop walkin'  
Till I get in my rider's door.