

# Charley Patton, Tom Rushen Blues

Laid down last night, hopin' I would have my peace, eee  
I laid down last night, hopin' I would have my peace, eee  
But when I woke up, Tom Rushen<sup>1</sup> was shakin' me

When you get in trouble, it's no use to screamin' and cryin', hmm  
When you get in trouble, it's no use to screamin' and cryin', hmm  
Tom Rushen will take you, back to the prison house flyin'

It were late one night, Halloway was gone to bed, hmm  
It were late one night, Halloway was gone to bed, hmm  
Mister Day<sup>2</sup> brought whiskey taken from under Halloway's head

An' it's boozy booze, now, Lord, to cure these blues  
It takes boozy boo', Lord, to cure these blues  
But each day seems like years in the jailhouse where there is no boo'

I got up this mornin', Tom Day was standin' around  
I got up this mornin', Tom Day was standin' around  
If he lose his office now, he's runnin' from town to town

Let me tell you folksies just how he treated me  
Let me tell you folksies just how he treated me  
Aw, he caught me yellin', I was drunk as I could be

<sup>1</sup>Note 1: Tom Rushen was the town sheriff of Merigold, Mississippi, around the time Patton recorded  
<sup>2</sup>Note 2: Tom Day had been the predecessor in office. This couplet undoubtedly remarks on the pro