

Hound Dog Taylor, Crossroads

(Robert Johnson)

I was standing at the crossroad
My head hung down and cried
Standing at the crossroads
My head hung down and cried
I was looking for my babe
And I know she can't be found

I was standing at the crossroad
She treats me like a king
Yeah I was standing there one night
Boy she treats me like a snake
I know she's tired of living
I'm gonna but her low in the grave, allow me

I was standing at the crossroads
Wondering where she is
I was standing there wondering about my woman
Yeah can you hurt me so bad, lord it hurts to be alone
Lookout girl