

Hurt Mississippi John, Pay Day

Yeah, I did all I can do, and I can't get along with you
I'm gonna take you to your mama, pay day
Pay day, pay day
Well, the rabbit in a log, I ain't got no rabbit dog
And I hate to see that rabbit get away
Get away
Baby, did all I can do, and I can't get along with you
I'm gonna take you to your mama, pay day
Just about a week ago,
I'm gonna keep my skillet¹ greasy if I can
If I can, if I can
(spoken: You know what happened to me)
Well, the hounds is on my track, and the knapsack on my back
I'm gonna make it to my shanty² 'fore day
'Fore day, 'for day
Baby, I did all I could do, an' I
I'm gonna take you to your mama, pay day
Well, and I ain't got no rabbit dog
Lord, I hate to see that rabbit get away
Get away
Baby, did all I can do, and I can't get along with you
I'm gon'