

John Lee Hooker And Canned Heat, Peavine

(Charley Patton, arranged by John Lee Hooker)

Well, I thought I heard that Pea Vine when she blow
Well, I thought I heard that Pea Vine when she blow
You know it blow just like it ain't gonna blow no more

I, hmm
I, I, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

I'm gonna catch my pony boys, saddle up my black mare
I'm gonna catch my little pony boys, gonna saddle up my black mare
I'm gonna find my baby, she's in the world somewhere

I ain't got no money boys, I can't ride the train
I ain't got no money boys, I can't ride that train
But I thought I heard this mornin', that Pea Vine when she blow

Carryin' my baby 'way
Carryin' my baby 'way
You know it blow just like, ain't gonna bring my baby back no more

I'm gonna catch my pony boys,
Gonna saddle up my black mare
I'm gonna leave ya joggin',
Joggin' on away from here