

Little Walter, Mean Old Frisco

Well, that mean old, mean old Frisco,
and that low down Santa Fe
Yes, that mean old Frisco,
low down Santa Fe
Gone took my babe away,
yes, and blow smoke out to me

Well my mother, she done told me,
and my father told me too
Yes, my mother she done told me,
father told me too
Son, every woman grins in your face,
well, she ain't no friend of you

Lord I wonder,
will she ever think of me
Lord I wonder,
will my baby think of me
Yes I wonder, I wonder,
will my baby think of me

Lord I ain't got no,
special rider here
Lord I ain't got no,
special rider here
I'm gonna leave,
'cause I don't feel welcome here