

Nick Cave, Blind Lemon Jefferson

Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming.
Tap tap tappin with his cane.
Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming.
Tap tap tappin with his cane.
His last ditch lies down the road of trials
Half filled with rain.

O Sycamore, Sycamore!
Stretch your arms across the storm.
Down fly two greasy brother-crows
They hop'n'bop hop'n'bop hop'n'bop
Like the tax-man come to call.
They go knock knock! Knock knock!
Hop'n'bop hop'n'bop
They slap a death-writ on his door.

Here come the Judgement train
Git on board!
And turn that big black engine home.
O let's roll!
Let's roll!
Down the tunnel.
The terrible tunnel of his world.
Waiting at his final station
Like a bigger blacker third bird.
O let's roll!
Let's roll!

O his road is dark and lonely.
He don't drive no Cadillac.
O his road is dark and holy.
He don't drive no Cadillac.
If that sky serves as his eyes
Then that moon's a cataract.

Let's roll!
Yeah let's roll!

[Ad lib]