

Robert Johnson, Come On In My Kitchen (Take 2)

Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm

You better come on in my kitchen, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors
When a woman gets in trouble, everybody throws her down
Lookin' for yo' good friend, none can be found
You better come on in my kitchen, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

Nnn, the woman I love, took from my best friend
Some joker got lucky, stole her back again
She better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors
(spoken: Mama, can't you hear that wind howl?
Oh how the wind do howl!)
You better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

Nnn, the woman that I love, I crave to see
She's up the country, won't write to me
Then, you better come on in my kitchen, goin' to be rainin' outdoors

I went to the mountain, far as my eyes could see
Some other man got my woman, lonesome blues got me
But she better come on in my kitchen, 'cause it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

My mamma dead, papa well's1 to be, ain't got nobody to love and care for me
She better come on in my kitchen, 'cause it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors