

Robert Johnson, If I Had Possession Over Judgment Day

If I had possession
over judgment day
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over judgment day
Lord, the little woman I'm lovin'; wouldn't
have no right to pray

And I went to the mountain
lookin'; far as my eyes could see
And I went to the mountain
lookin'; far as my eye could see
Some other man got my woman and the -'a
lonesome blues got me

And I rolled and I tumbled and I
cried the whole night long
And I rolled and I tumbled and I
cried the whole night long
Boy, I woke up this mornin';
my biscuit roller gone
Had to fold my arms and I
slowly walked away
spoken: I didn't like the way she done
Had to fold my arms and I
slowly walked away
I said in my mind, "Yo,"
trouble gon'; come some day

Now run here, baby
set down on my knee
I wanna tell you all about the
way they treated me