

Robert Johnson, Preacher Blues (Up Jumped The Devil)

Mmmmm mmmmm

I's up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man

I's up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man

Worried blues, give me your right hand

And the blues fell mama's child, tore me all upside down

Blues fell mama's child, and it tore me all upside down

Travel on, poor Bob, just can't turn you 'round

The blues, is a low-down shakin' chill

(spoken: Yes, preach 'em now)

Mmmmm mmmmm

Is a low-down shakin' chill

You ain't never had 'em I, hope you never will

Well, the blues, is a achin' old heart disease

(spoken: Do it now, you gon' do it? Tell me all about it)

The blues, is a low-down achin' heart disease

Like consumption, killing me by degrees

I can study rain, oh oh drive, oh oh drive my blues

I been studyin' the rain and, I'm 'on drive my blues away

Goin' to the 'stil'ry¹, stay out there all day

This is Robert Johnson's version of Preachin' The Blues Parts 1 and 2 that Son House Recorded in 1930.

Note 1: alternatively "steeray" instead of "stil'ry" as for distillery