

# Robert Johnson, Preachin' Blues (Up Jumped Th

Mmmmm mmmmm I&#039;s up this mornin&#039;  
ah, blues walkin&#039; like a man  
I&#039;s up this mornin&#039;  
ah, blues walkin&#039; like a man  
Worried blues  
give me your right hand

And the blues fell mama&#039;s child  
tore me all upside down  
Blues fell mam&#039;s child  
and it tore me all upside down  
travel on, poor Bob  
just cain&#039;t turn you &#039;round  
The blu-u-u-u-ues  
is a low-down shakin&#039; chill  
spoken: Yes, preach &#039;em now.

Mmmmm mmmmm  
is a low-down shakin&#039; chill  
You ain&#039;t never had &#039;em, I  
I hope you never will  
Well, the blues  
is a schin&#039; old heart disease  
spoken: Do it. now.  
You gon&#039; do it?  
Tell me about it.

Let the blues  
is a low-down achin&#039; heart disease  
Like consumption  
killing me by degrees  
I can study rain  
oh, ohm drive, oh, oh, drive my blues  
I been studyin&#039; the rain and  
I&#039;m &#039;on drive my blues away  
Goin&#039; to the &#039;stil&#039;ry  
stay out there all day