

Robert Johnson, Preachin' 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 mam's child
and it tore me all upside down
travel on, poor Bob
just cain't turn you 'round
The blu-u-u-u-ues
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
I hope you never will
Well, the blues
is a schin' old heart disease
spoken: Do it. now.
You gon' do it?
Tell me about it.

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