

Robert Johnson, Walking Blues

woke up this mornin
feelin round for my shoes
Know bout at I got these
old walkin blues
woke up this mornin
feelin round oh for my shoes
but you know bout at I got these
old walkin blues
Lord I feel like blowin my
woh-old lonesome home
Got up this mornin, my little
Bernice was gone , Lord
I feel like blowoon my
lonesome home
Well, I got up this mornin
woh-all I had was gone
Well-ah leave this mornin if I have to
woh ride the blind ah
I've feel mistreated and I
don't mind dyin
Levin this mornin ah
I have to ride a blind
babe, I been mistreated
baby, I don't mind dyin
Well, some people tell em that the worried
blues ain't bad
Worst old feelin I most
ever had
some people tell me that these
old worried, old blues ain't bad
Its the worst old feelin,
I most ever had
She got a
Elgin movement from her head down
to her toes
Break in on a dollar most any-
where she goes, ooo oooooooooo
To her head down to her toes
spoken: oh honey
Lord, she break in on a dollar
most anywhere she goes