

# Skip James, Cypress Grove

I would rather to be buried  
In some cypress grove  
I would rather to be buried  
In some cypress grove  
Than to have a contrary woman  
Lord, I never can control

And when yo' knee bones  
Go to achin'  
An your body gettin' cold  
When yo' knee bones  
Go to achin'  
And yo' body gettin' cold  
You know, you jes' gettin' ready  
Honey, for some cypress grove

Then I would rather be buried  
Six feet in the clay  
Then I would rather to be buried  
Six feet in the clay  
Then to be way up here  
In New York City  
Honey, treated this't-a-way

An I will drink muddy water  
I'll sleep in a hollow log  
I will drink muddy water  
Sleep in a hollow log  
Befo' I stay up here  
Honey, treated like a dog

Yes, I'm goin' away  
Honey, don't you want to go?  
Yes, I'm goin' away  
Honey, don't you wants to go?  
I'm scared to go back down south  
Them people goin' kill me, sho'

I'm gonna sing this song  
An I ain't goin' to sing no mo'  
I'm goin' to sing this song, an I  
I ain't goin' to sing no mo'  
Because my time has done got precious  
Baby, Lord, just got  
I've got to go, yeah.

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