

Skip James, Hard-Luck Child

I've been to the Indian nation, and I've been to the territo'
I've been to the nation, I've been to the territo'
And I'm a hard luck child, catch the devil everywhere I go...

You work out... long old lonesome road
You work out... Holler, long old lonesome road
I'm got to leave from here
Gotta catch the first train that blows

She used to be mine, but look who got her now
She used to be mine, but look who got her now
And he sure can't keep her
She don't mean him no good no now

Now I b'lieve to my soul, my mama's bad-luck child
I b'lieve to my soul, my mama bad-luck child
And if I wouldn't... women would run me wild