

Tom T. Hall, Coot Marseilles Blues

(This story was told to me by Jerry Clover at the 1971 discjockey convention

I told Jerry I's gonna write a song about it

My brother Hillman gonna play the cigarette paper and the comb play)

(paper & comb)

Coot Marseilles was an old black man from down Mississippi way

He worked out in the white man's yard and he loved to sing and play

Ol' Coot worked hard God rest his soul he never was much to roam

His entire band was an old guitar a cigarette paper and a comb

(paper & comb)

Now ol' Coot had one song that he would sing when his long days were put in

There ain't nobody knows that song now cause I reckon that it died with him

His songs were made up 'o dry bones from pain and sweat and tears

And Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy was sometimes all you'd hear

Now on Saturdays ol' Coot didn't work much 'cepten he built a fire in the stove

And when he get through he'd mosey on down and sit by the gravel road

He'd hum that song as he walked along with the faraway look in his eyes

And he sat there by the road all day watched them fine Ford cars go by

Now on Saturday night the white folks danced and ol' Coot he'd pick and sing

He had an old RC bottle neck that he'd slide up and down them strings

Now Coot didn't care much for lyrics he just made 'em up as he went along

And Lord I wish they had tape back then cause I'd sure love to hear them songs

Well his clothes were old and his hair was gray and hard work had bent his back

His songs were never recognized by statuettes or flags

His songs were all about the working man and Coot never owned a tie

The only thing he ever really had to do was die

(paper & comb)

Now ol' Coot's gone and maybe I'm wrong to bring it all back again

But I know his friends down in Mississippi sure thought a lot of him

So rock on Coot and enjoy your rest your long day's work is done

And if they got Fords up in Heaven sir I sure hope you're driving one

(paper & comb)

Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lord