

TINER/MUSIC B27 - BLUES LYRICS

"Walk Down, Devils" – **James Wilson & Group**, Richmond, VA (1936) work song

LEADER: *Hey boys, got twelve down.*

GROUP: *Yeah!*

SPOKEN: *Come on. Come on!*

LEADER: *Hey boys, you got twelve dogs down.*

GROUP: *Yeah!*

LEADER: *Take 'em up some and put 'em in a hold' pen.*

GROUP: *Yeah!*

LEADER: *Hey boys, take 'em up some and put 'em on the mule, boss. Hey, boys, take 'em up some and put 'em in the street one time, son. Everybody get their hand on it!*

Jack the rabbit, (Heh!) jack the bear. (Heh!)

Can't you line 'em up (Heh!)

Just a hair? (Heh!)

Can't you line 'em? (Heh!)

Can't you shake 'em up? (Heh!)

Can't you line 'em up (Heh!)

Just a hair? (Heh!)

My old mistress promised me, buy me a [...] before she die.

Oh, boys, can't you line 'em (Heh!)

Oh, boys, just a hair? (Heh!)

Oh, boys, can't you line 'em (Heh!)

Oh, boys, just a hair?

All around the mountain, getting so cold.

Can't hear nothing but the driver roll.

All around the mountain, (Yeah!)

Getting so cold. (Yeah!)

Can't hear nothing, (Yeah!)

Driver roll. (Yeah!)

Oh boys, can't you line 'em? (Heh!) (Repeat 3X)

Oh boys, just a hair?

Walk down, devils.

Walk down, devils.

About four rails. (Yeah!) (Repeat)

Oh, boys, get your hand on it. (Yeah!)

Oh, let 'em go. (Yeah!)

Jack the rabbit...

"Wild Ox Moan" – **Rollie Lee Johnson**, Richmond, VA (1936) field holler

WHISTLING.

SPOKEN: *Get up here, mule, and [unintelligible]*

Oh, I think I heard the wild ox moan.

Blind tiger, oh blind tiger, oh, tell old gal.

SPOKEN: *Get up, mule, and walk along here.*

Oh, the big bald eagle, he done gone on down.

Blind tiger, oh, blind tiger, oh, and tell old gal.

SPOKEN: *Giddy-up there, and go on a little bit here.*

Oh, she's not my woman, just from my home.

I'd give her my money just to help her 'long.

I got nine feet of leather and a long head line.

Gonna knock him in his bottom 'til he go stone blind.

Oh, babe, 'til he go stone blind.

SPOKEN: *Get up here, Mutt. Walk along a little bit.*

Oh, she send my dinner, didn't know my name.

Oh, she give it to the whip boy with the bad, sharp hand.

Oh, big boat left Memphis, going round and round.

And she struck blue money (Monday?) and kept on down.

Oh, babe, she kept on down.

Oh, I think I heard the wild ox moan.

Blind tiger, oh, blind tiger, oh, and tell old gal.

“Cross Road Blues” – **Robert Johnson**, guitar and vocal (1936) *country blues*

I went to the crossroad, fell down on my knees
I went to the crossroad, fell down on my knees
Asked the Lord above “Have mercy now, save poor Bob if you please.”

Yeeoo, standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride
Woo-hoo-hee, I tried to flag a ride
Didn't nobody seem to know me babe, everybody pass me by

Standin' at the crossroad baby, risin' sun goin' down
Standin' at the crossroad baby, wee-hee risin' sun goin' down
I believe to my soul now, po' Bob is sinkin' down

You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown
'at I got the crossroad blues this mornin' Lord, babe I'm sinkin' down

And I went to the crossroad mama, I looked east and west
I went to the crossroad baby, I looked east and west
Lord, I didn't have no sweet woman, ooh-well babe, in my distress

“Terraplane Blues” – **Robert Johnson**, guitar and vocal (1936) *country blues*

Note: the Terraplane was a 1930's car model of the Hudson Motor Company.

And I feel so lonesome, you hear me when I moan
When I feel so lonesome, you hear me when I moan
Who been drivin' my Terraplane, for you since I been gone?

I'd said I flash your lights, mama, you horn won't even blow
(spoken: Somebody's been runnin' my batteries down on this machine)
I even flash my lights, mama, this horn won't even blow
Got a short in this connection, hoo well, babe, it's way down below

I'm goin' heist your hood, mama, I'm bound to check your oil
I'm goin' heist your hood, mama-mmm, I'm bound to check your oil
I got a woman that I'm lovin', way down in Arkansas

Now, you know the coils ain't even buzzin', little generator won't get the spark
Motor's in a bad condition, you gotta have these batteries charged
But I'm cryin', please, plee-hease don't do me wrong.
Who been drivin' my Terraplane now for, you-hoo since I been gone.

Mr. highway man, plee-hease don't block the road
Puh hee hee, please don't block the road
'Cause she's reachin' a cold one hundred and I'm booked and I got to go

Mmm-mmm, mmm-mmm-hmm
Yoo-ooo, you hear me weep and moan
Who been drivin' my Terraplane now for, you-hoo since I been gone

I'm gon' get deep down in this connection, keep on tanglin' with your wires
I'm gon' get deep down in this connection, hoo-well, keep on tanglin' with these wires
And when I mash down on your little starter, then your spark plug will give me fire

"Lost Your Head Blues" – **Bessie Smith** (1926) *classic blues*

I was with you baby, when you didn't have a dime
I was with you baby, when you didn't have a dime
Now since you got plenty money, you have throwed your good gal down

Once ain't for always, two ain't for twice
Once ain't for always, two ain't for twice
When you get a good gal, you better treat her nice

When you were lonesome, I tried to treat you kind
When you were lonesome, I tried to treat you kind
But since you've got money, it's done changed your mind

I'm gonna leave baby, ain't gonna say goodbye
I'm gonna leave baby, ain't gonna say goodbye
But I'll write you and tell you the reason why

Days are lonesome, nights are long
Days are lonesome, nights are so long
I'm a good ol' gal, but I've just been treated wrong

"I Ain't Gonna Play No Second Fiddle" – **Bessie Smith w/Louis Armstrong** (1925) *classic blues*

Let me tell you daddy,
momma ain't gonna sit here and grieve
Pack up your stuff and get ready to leave
I stood your foolishness long enough,
so now I'm gonna call your bluff
On certain things, I'm gonna call your hand,
so, now daddy here's my plan:
I ain't gonna play no second fiddle,
I'm used to playin' lead

You must think that I am blind,
you've been cheatin' me all the time
Why did you still flirt?
And you know just how it hurts,
to see you with my chum
Do you think that I am dumb?
You cause me to drink,
when I sit down and think
And see that you never take heed

I called to your house the other night,
caught you and your good gal havin' a fight
I ain't gonna play no second fiddle 'cause
I'm used to playin' lead

I caught you with your good-time vamp,
so now, poppa I'm gon' put out your lamp
Now, poppa, I ain't sore
You ain't gonna mess up with me no more
I'm gonna flirt with another sheik,
then you're gonna hang your head an' weep
I ain't gonna play no second fiddle 'cause
I'm used to playin' lead

"Devil Got My Woman" – **Skip James**, guitar and vocal (1931) *country blues*

Note: the song was inspired by his broken marriage.

I'd rather be the devil, to be that woman's man
I'd rather be the devil, to be that woman's man

Aw, nothin' but the devil, changed my baby's mind
Was nothin' but the devil, changed my baby's mind

I laid down last night, laid down last night
I laid down last night, tried to take my rest
My mind got to ramblin', like a wild geese
From the west, from the west

The woman I love, woman that I loved
Woman I loved, took her from my best friend
But he got lucky, stoled her back again
And he got lucky, stoled her back again

"Three O'Clock Blues" – **B.B. King** (1951) *urban blues*

Now it is three o'clock in the mornin', can't even close my eyes
Oh, it's three o'clock in the mornin' baby, can't even close my eyes
Well I can't find my baby, Lord and I can't be satisfied

Lord I look around me, well my baby can't be found
Well, I look all around me people, well my baby can't be found
Well if I don't find my baby, I'm going down to the bowlin' grounds
(spoken: That's where the mens hang out at, well I'm bound to find her...)

[guitar solo by B.B. King with spoken responses]

Well goodbye everybody, Lord I believe this is the end
Oh-ohh, goodbye everybody, Lord I believe this is the end
Well, you can tell my baby, to forgive me for my sins

"(I'm Your) Hoochie Coochie Man" – **Muddy Waters** (1954) *Chicago blues*

The gypsy woman told my mother, before I was born
You got a boy-child comin', he gonna be a son-of-a-gun
He gonna make pretty womens, jump and shout
Then the world wanna know, what it's all about
But you know I'm here, everybody knows I'm here
Well you know I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man, everybody knows I'm here

I got a black cat bone, I got a mojo too
I got a John the Conqueror, I got to mess wit' you
I'm gonna make you girls, lead me by my hand
Then the world'll know, I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man
But you know I'm here, everybody knows I'm here
Well you know I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man, everybody knows I'm here

On the seventh hour, on the seventh day
On the seventh month, the seventh doctor say:
"He was born for good luck, and that you'll see"
I got seven hundred dollars, and don't you mess with me
But you know I'm here, everybody knows I'm here
Well you know I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man, everybody knows I'm here

“Back Door Man” – **Howlin' Wolf** (1960) *Chicago blues*

"**Back Door Man**" is a song written by Willie Dixon and originally performed by Howlin' Wolf. The Doors later covered the song on their 1967 self-titled album. The song has also been covered by the Grateful Dead, Shadows of Knight and Bob Weir. The phrase "Back door man" refers to a man having an affair with a married woman, and presumably comes and goes through the back door of her house. (–Wikipedia)

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but the little girls understand

When everybody's tryin' to sleep
I'm somewhere making my, midnight creep
In the morning, when the rooster crow
Something tell me, I got to go

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but little girls understand

They, take me to the doctor, shot full o' holes
Nurse cried, "Please save the soul"
Killed him for murder, first degree
Judge's wife cried, "Let the man go free"

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but little girls understand

Stand out there, cop's wife cried, "Don't take him down"
Rather be dead, six feet in the ground
When you come home you can eat, pork and beans
I eats mo' chicken, any man seen

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man

“Bo Diddley” – **Bo Diddley (a.k.a. Ellas McDaniel)** (1955) *rhythm and blues*

Bo Diddley bought his babe a diamond ring,
If that diamond ring don't shine,
He gonna take it to a private eye,
If that private eye can't see
He'd better not take the ring from me.

Bo Diddley caught a nanny goat,
To make his pretty baby a Sunday coat,
Bo Diddley caught a bearcat,
To make his pretty baby a Sunday hat.

Mojo come to my house, ya black cat bone,
Take my baby away from home,
Ugly ole mojo, where ya bin,
Up your house, and gone again.

Bo Diddley, Bo Diddley have you heard?
Mah-hy pretty baby said she wasn't for it.