

Backwater Blues

B.B. King

It rained five days
The sky has turned black as night
Oh, it rained five days
And the sky has turned black as night
And theres trouble takin place
Way down in the lowlands tonightI woke up this mornin
And I couldnt get out of my front door
I woke up this mornin
And I couldnt get out of my front door
It was so much trouble
Make a poor man wonder where he wanna goThey rowed a little boat
About five miles cross the pond
They rowed a little boat
About five miles cross the pond
I packed up all of my things and threw em in
Boys and the boat rowed alongI climbed up on the high lonely hill
Oh, I climbed up on the high oh, lonely hill
And I looked down at the house
Baby, where I used to liveBackwater blues caused me
To pack my things and go
The backwater blues caused me
To pack my things and go
Cause my house fell down
And I cant live there no moreYeah, when its thunderin' and lightnin'
And the rain begin to pour
When its thunderin' and lightnin'
And the wind begin to blow
There are so many poor people
That didnt have no place to go

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