

Catfish John

Hotcha!

Mama said, "Don't go near that river,
Don't be hanging around old Catfish John."
Come in the morning I'd always be there,
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn.

Take me back to another morning, to a time so long ago,
When the sweet magnolia blossomed, cotton fields as white as snow.

Catfish John was a river hobo who lived and died by the river's bed,
Looking back I still remember I was proud to be his friend.

Mama said, "Don't go near that river,
Don't be hanging around old Catfish John."
Come in the morning I'd always be there,
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn.

Born a slave in the town of Vicksburg, traded for a chestnut mare,
Lord her never spoke in anger though his load was hard to bear.

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