Talkin' To Myself

Blind Willie McTell

Scat ...
Good Lord, good Lord, send me an Angel down
"Can't spare you no angel but I'll sure send you a teasin' brown"
That new way of lovin', mama it must be best
These-a Georgia women just won't let Mr. Samuel rest
Look at the crowds out on the corner, wondered who could it be?
It wasn't a thing but the women trying to get to me
I even went down to the depot, with my suitcase in my hand
Crowd of women runned crying: "Mr. Samuel won't you be my man"?
My Mama she told me when I was a boy playin' mumble peg
"Don't drink no black cow's milk, don't you eat no black hen's egg
Black man give you a dollar mama, he won't think its nothin' strange
yellow
man will give a dollar but he'll want back ninety-five cents change
If they call me cheater, pretty boy I'll real cheat you
If you will allow me a chance, I'll gnaw your backbone half in two
I took a trip out on the ocean, want the sound of the deep blue sea
I found a crab with a swim trying to do the
shimmy
I want to tell you something mama, seem mighty doggone strange
You done made me mess around gal and break my jojo string
Honey I ain't gonna be the old work ox no more
You done 'mess around' let your doggone ox get hauled
My mama she got a
mojo, place she try to keep it hid
Papa Samuel got something to find that mojo with
I even heard a rumblin', deep down in the ground
It wasn't a thing but the women tryin' to run me down
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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