Country Blues

Dock Boggs

I get later on in the evenin' time, I feel like, like blowin' my horn
I woke up this mo'nin, find my, my little baby gone, hmm
Later on in the evenin', main man, I feel like, like blowin' my horn
Well I, woke up this mo'nin' baby, find my little baby gone
A well now, some folks say they worry, worry blues ain't bad
That's a misery feelin' child, I most, most ever had
Some folks tell me, man I did worry, the blues ain't bad
Well that's a misery ole feelin', honey now, well gal, I most ever had
Well, brooks run into the ocean, ocean run in, into the sea
If I don't find my baby somebody gonna, gonna bury me, um-hm
Brook run into the ocean, child, ocean run into the sea
Well, if I don't find my baby now, well gal, you gonna have to bury me
Yes, minutes seem like hours an hours seem like days
Seems like my baby would stop her, her lowdown ways, hey
Minutes seem like hours child, an hours seem like days
Yes, seem like my woman now, well gal, she might stop her lowdown ways
Well now I'm, I'm leavin' this mo'nin' if I had-a, whoa ride the blind
I feel mistreated girl you know now, I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this mo'nin, tell ya I had-a now ride the blind
Yeah, been mistreated baby now, baby an I don't mind dyin

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