

Count My Blessings

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Mama gimme a nickel and a deck of cards
Said go on and play in the back yard
Walking down the alley come my Uncle Lonnie
Said lemme teach ya about Three-card MonteTake the ace of hearts and two black queens
Flip 'em over so they can't be seen
Spin 'em around four or five times
Bet a nickel find the ace and win a dimeTen minutes later I had thirty five dollars
Singing ain't misbehaving by the great Fats Waller
I believe I'm gonna count my blessings
I believe I'm gonna count my blessings
Now I saw a black crow on a fence post
Singing away like Sam Hopkins's ghost
He sang when you see I ain't breathing no more
Nail my feathers to an old barn doorOr drag my carcass out behind the shed
Just make sure you're pretty sure I'm dead
Ask an Ouija board if you can't quite tell
Or if I start to stink like the floors in hellGo to Navasota after I'm done dying
It don't do you no good sitting around crying
So I got me a pencil and a moleskin book
When I heard Bertha Franklin shot and killed Sam CookeWrote down December 11, 1964
Ain't gonna be twisting the night away no more
It took 15 minutes for the jury to decide
'Cause of death's justified homicide
Liza Boyer wasn't called by the prosecution
Later on she's arrested for prostitution
La Hacienda motel had a busted down door
Sam's wallet and his money was never accounted for
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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