Down in Virginia

Jimmy Reed

I went down in Virginia, honey, where the green grass grows
I tried to tell myself, you didn't want me no more
I told my baby, "Honey, stop doin' me wrong!
Why don't you pack your clothes, and bring your fine self home?"
Shut up, girl, you know you doing me wrongYou know I'm so tired, baby, tired of being alone
Shut up, girl, you know you doin' me wrong!
Why don't you pack your things, and bring your fine self home?
I went down in Virginia, honey, where the green grass grows

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