

Praying Ground Blues

Lightnin' Hopkins

Well, I went down to my prayin' ground
Wooo, fell down on my bended knees
Yes I asked daddy and grandpa, oh Lord have mercy on me!

It was storm and rain comin' in my windows & doors /repeat/
Mama runnin cryin' Son, I never saw the like before

Yeah, you know the poor children runnin' cryin'
Now mama we ain't got no home
Oh, the poor children runnin' cryin'
Now mama we ain't got no home
Take heed to Mother fair, trust in the Maker your Lord

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