Praying Ground Blues

Lightnin' Hopkins

Well, I went down to my prayinÂ´ 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 cominÂ´ in my windows & doors /repeat/
Mama runnin cryinÂ´ Son, I never saw the like before

Yeah, you know the poor children runninÂ´ cryinÂ´
Now mama we ainÂ´t got no home
Oh, the poor children runninÂ´ cryinÂ´
Now mama we ainÂ´t got no home
Take heed to Mother fair,trust in the Maker your Lord

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