

Walking Blues

Fluffy Hunter, Jesse Powell's Orchestra

I woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes
You know by that I got these old walkin' blues
Woke this mornin' feelin' round for my shoes
Well you know by that, I got these old walkin' blues I feel like blowin' my old lonesome horn
I got up this mornin', all I had was gone
Well I feel like blowin' my lonesome horn
You know I got up this mornin', all I, all I had was gone Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blinds
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this mornin', if I have to ride the blind
Babe, I've been mistreated, baby and I don't mind dyin' Some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad
Worst old feelin' I most ever had
Some people tell me these old worried old blues ain't bad
You know they're the worst old feelin', I most ever had Elgin movements from his head down to his toes
Breaks in on a dollar most anywhere he goes
He's got Elgin movements from his head down to his
Lord, he break in on a dollar, most anywhere he goes

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