

Peavine

Canned Heat & John Lee Hooker

Well, I thought I heard that pea vine when she blow
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You know it blow just like it ain't gonna blow no more I'm gonna catch my pony boys, saddle up my black
mare, oh, yeah
I'm gonna catch my pony boys; gonna saddle up my black mare
I'm gonna find my baby--she's in the world somewhere I ain't got no money, boys--I can't ride the train
I ain't got no money, boys--I can't ride the train
But I thought I heard this mornin' that pea vine when she blow Carryin' my baby 'way, carryin' my baby 'way
Carryin' my baby 'way, carryin' my baby 'way
Carryin' my baby 'way You know it blow just like
Ain't gonna bring my baby back no more I'm gonna catch my pony, boys
Gonna saddle up my black mare
I'm gonna leave you joggin'
Joggin' on away from here

Songwriters

HOOKER, JOHN LEE Published by

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