

Come On in My Kitchen

Robert Johnson

Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm

Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm You better come on in my kitchen

Well, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

Ah, the woman I love, took from my best friend

Some joker got lucky, stole her back again

You better come on in my kitchen

It's goin' to be rainin' outdoors Oh, she's gone, I know she won't come back

I've taken the last nickel out of her nation sack

You better come on in my kitchen

It's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

Oh, can't you hear that wind howl?

Oh, can't you hear that wind would howl?

You better come on in my kitchen

Well, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors When a woman gets in trouble, everybody throws her down Lookin' for her
good friend, none can be found

You better come on in my kitchen Babe, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

Wintertime's comin', it's gon' be slow

You can't make the winter, babe, that's dry, long, so

You better come on in my kitchen, 'cause it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors

Songwriters

ROBERT JOHNSON Published by

Lyrics © THE BICYCLE MUSIC COMPANY Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>