

Weeping Willow

Blind Boy Fuller

Lord, that weeping willow, and that mourning dove.

That weeping willow and that mourning dove.

I got a gal up the country, Lord, you know I sure do love.

Now, if you see my woman tell her I says hurry home (Aw shucks!)

You see my woman, tell her I says hurry home I ain't had no lovin' since my girl been gone.

Where it ain't no love mama ain't no gitt'n' along.

Where it ain't no love mama ain't no gitt'n' along.

My gal treats me so mean and dirty, sometime I don't know right from wrong.

Lord, I lied down last night, tried to take my rest.

I lied down last night, tried to take my rest (what happened, boy?)

You know my mind got to ramblin' just like wild gees in the west. Gwin'a buy me a bulldog, watch you whils' I sleep.

Gonna buy me a bulldog, watch you whils' I sleep.

Just to keep these men from making this early mornin' creep. Now, if you see my woman tell her I says hurry home.

You see my woman, tell her I says hurry home I ain't had no lovin' since my little girl been gone.

You gwine want my love, baby some lonesome day (yeah!).

You're gonna want my love, mama, some old lonesome day.

And it'll be too late, I'll be gone too far away.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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