

# Walkin' Blues

Robert Johnson

I woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes  
Know 'bout 'at I got these, old walkin' blues  
Woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes  
But you know 'bout 'at I, got these old walkin' blues Lord, I feel like blowin' my woh old lonesome horn  
Got up this mornin', my little Bernice was gone  
Lord, I feel like blow ooohn' my lonesome horn  
Well I got up this mornin' woh all I had was gone Well ah leave this morn' of I have to, woh, ride the blind, ah  
I've feel mistreated and I don't mind dyin'  
Leavin' this morn' ah, I have to ride a blind  
Babe, I been mistreated, baby, and I don't mind dyin' Well, some people tell me that the worried, blues ain't bad  
Worst old feelin' I most ever had, some  
People tell me that these old worried old blues ain't bad  
It's the worst old feelin', I most ever had

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